

GOLD
KEY

SNOOPER and BLABBER

NOW ONLY 12c

SNOOPER and BLABBER DETECTIVES

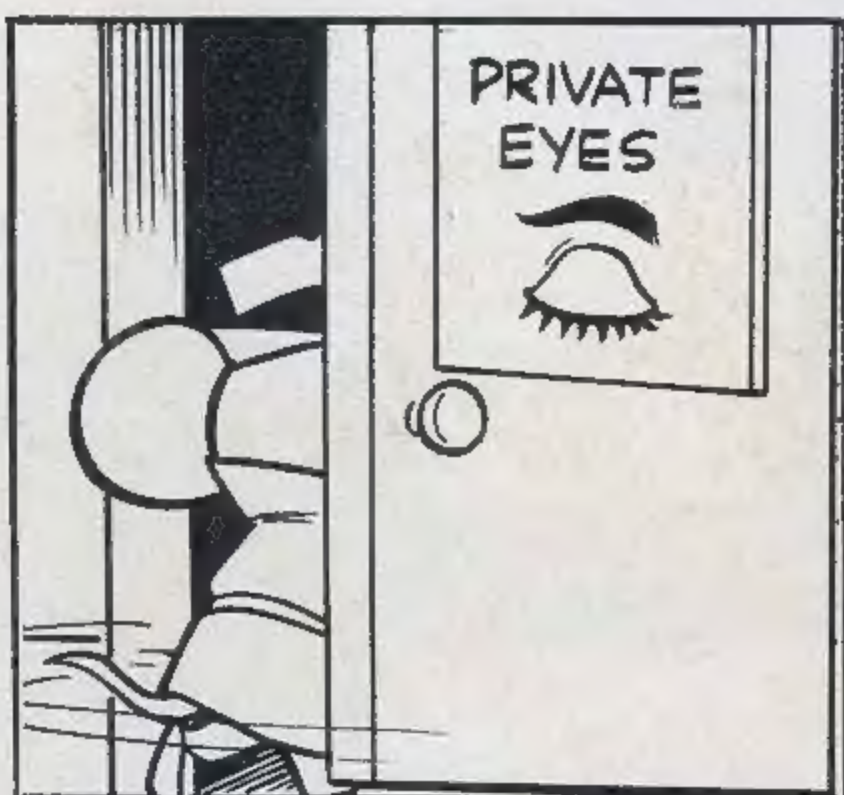
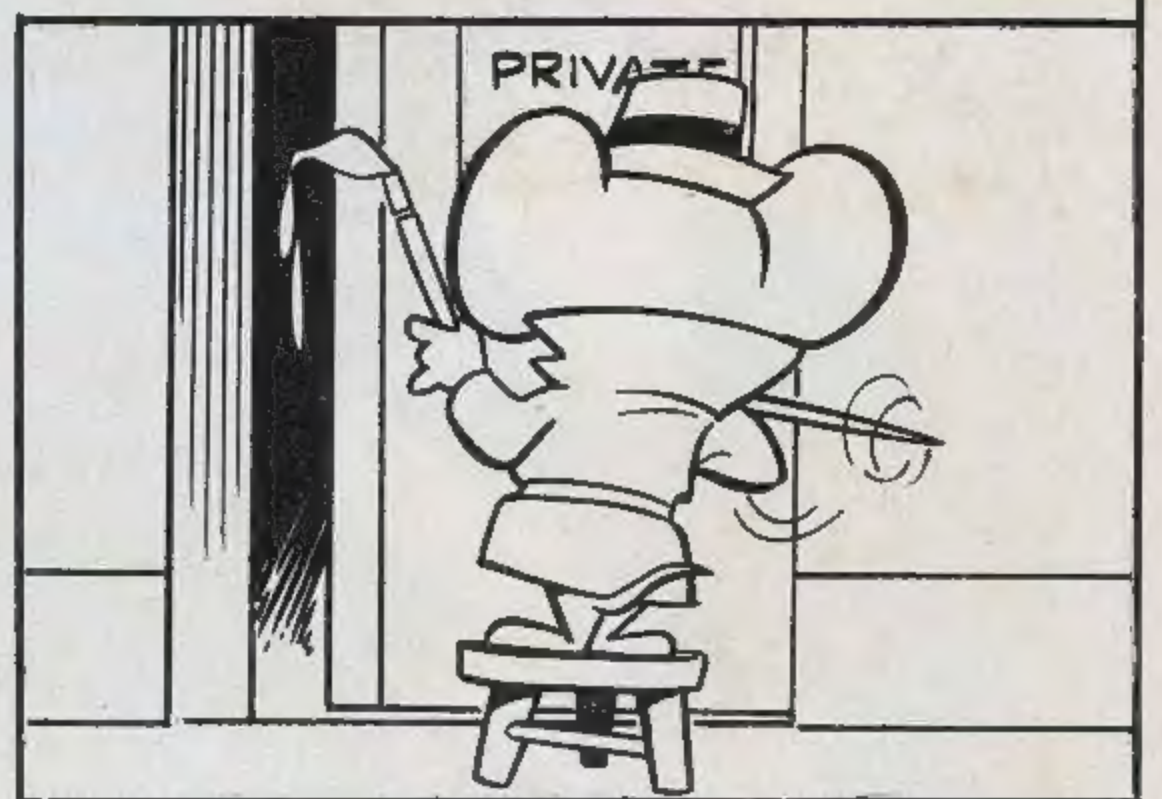
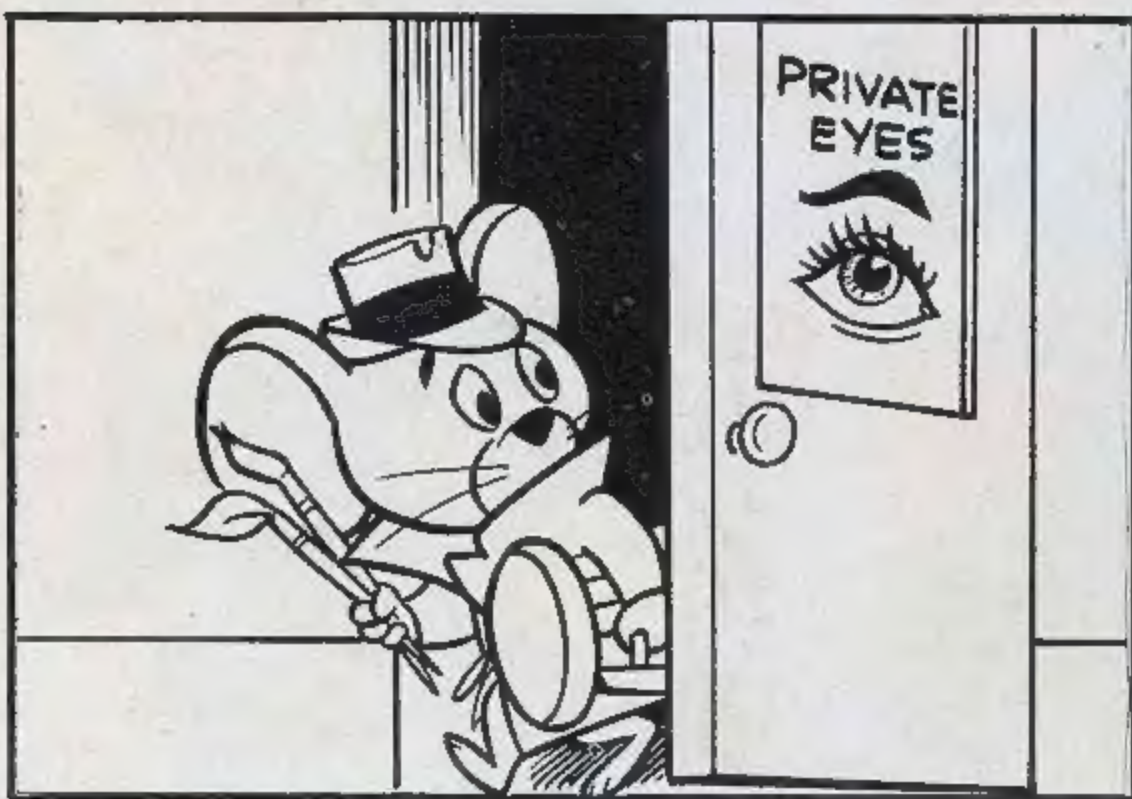
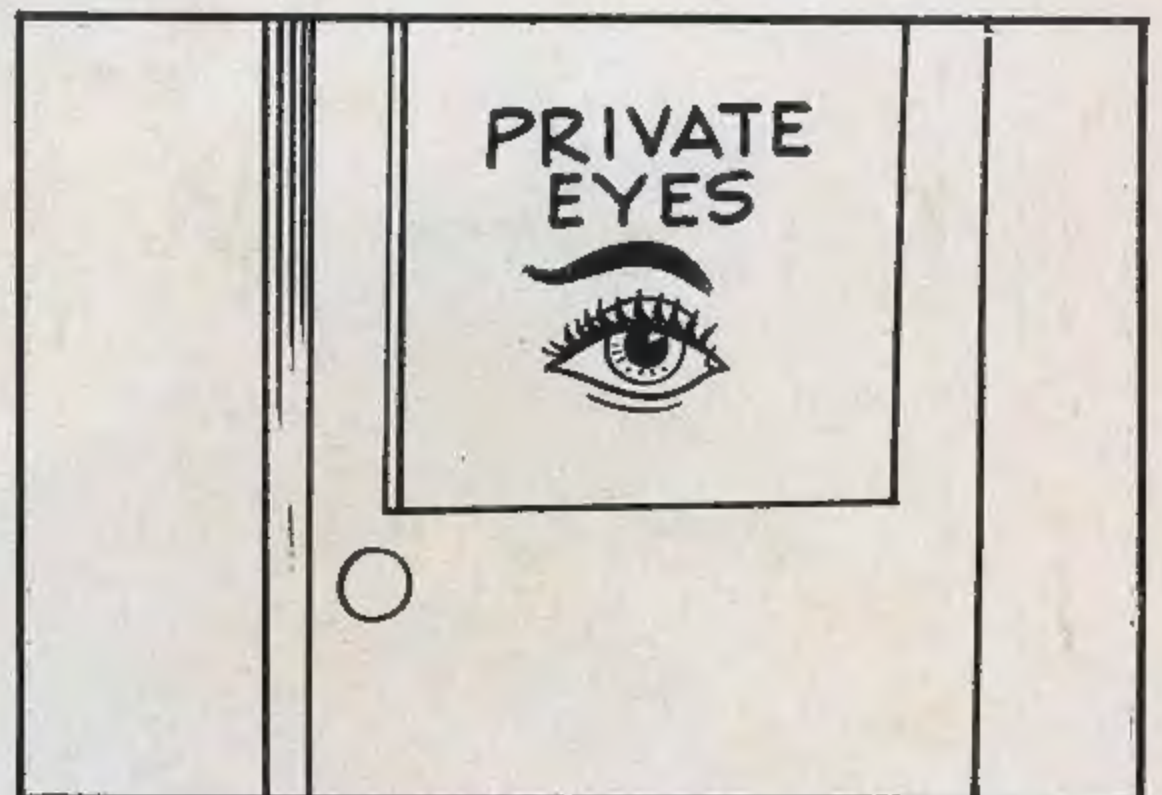
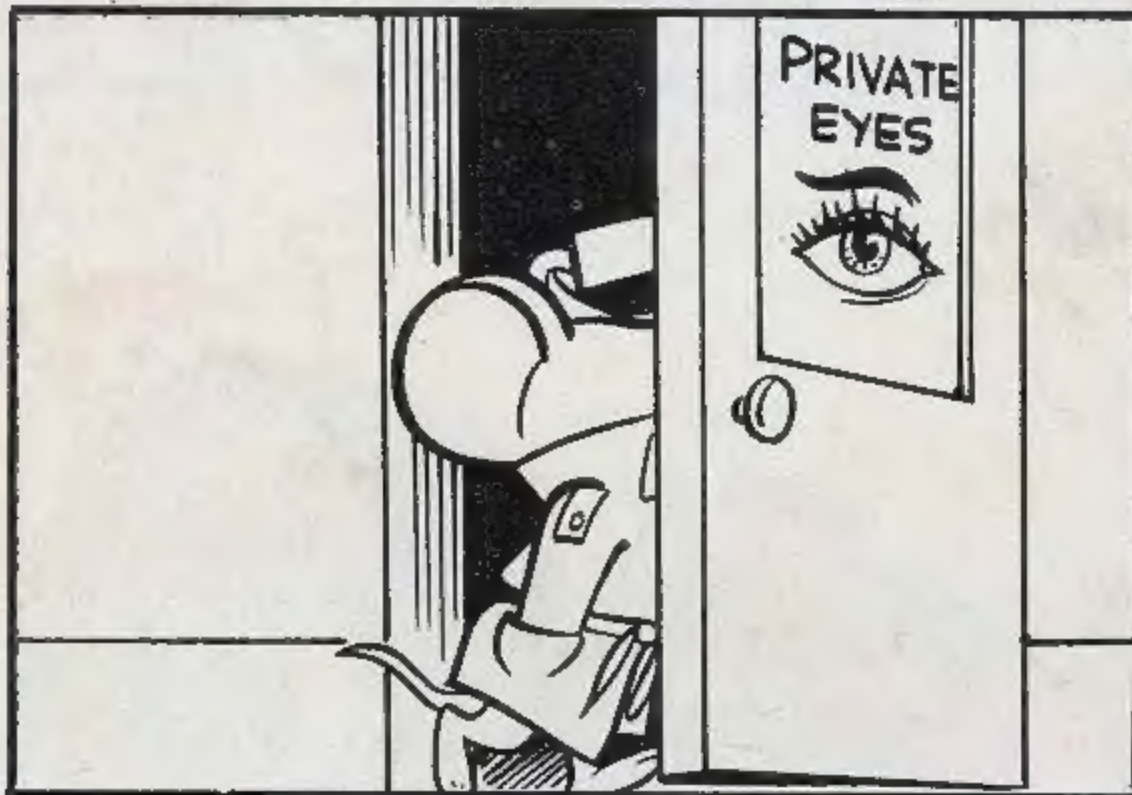
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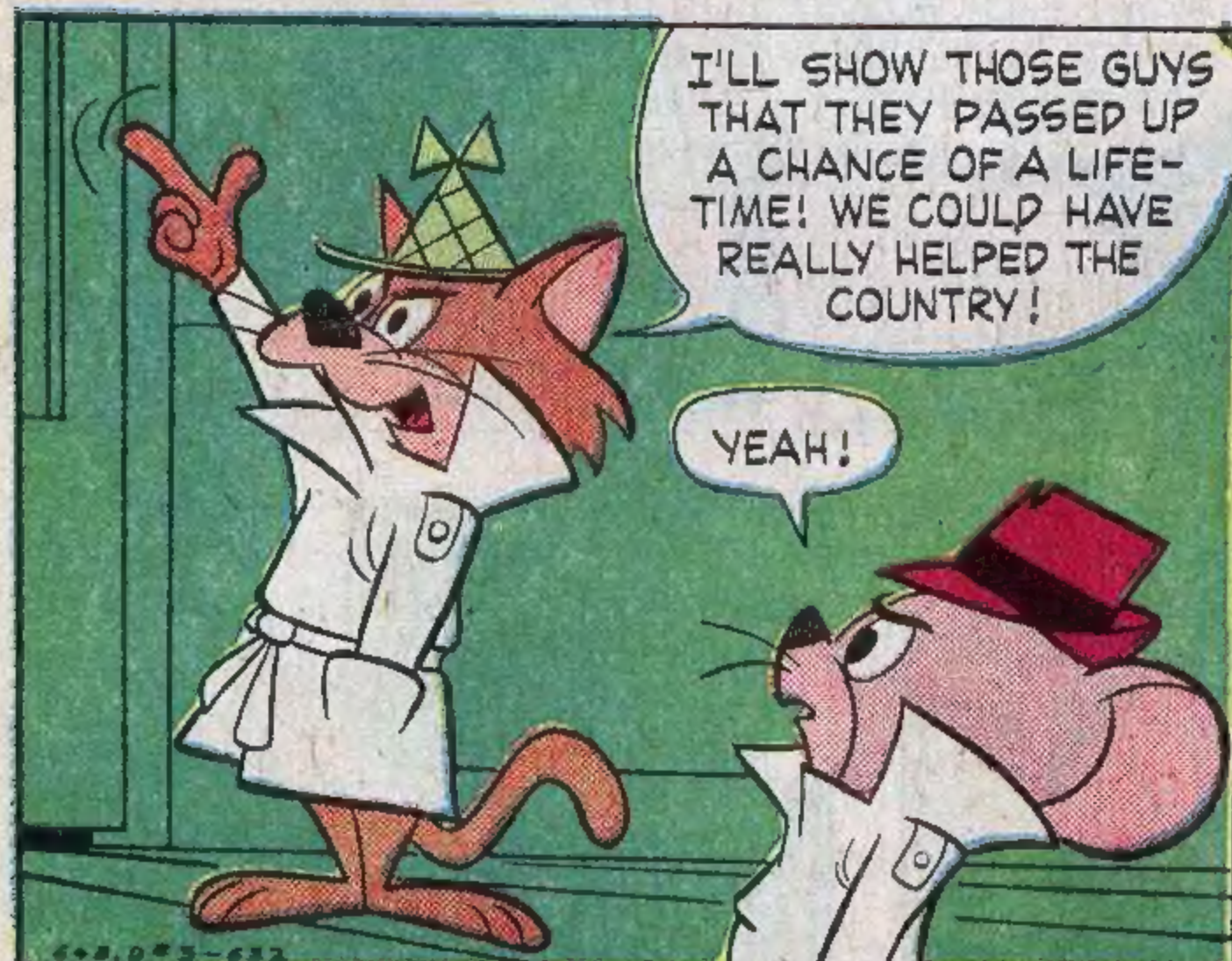
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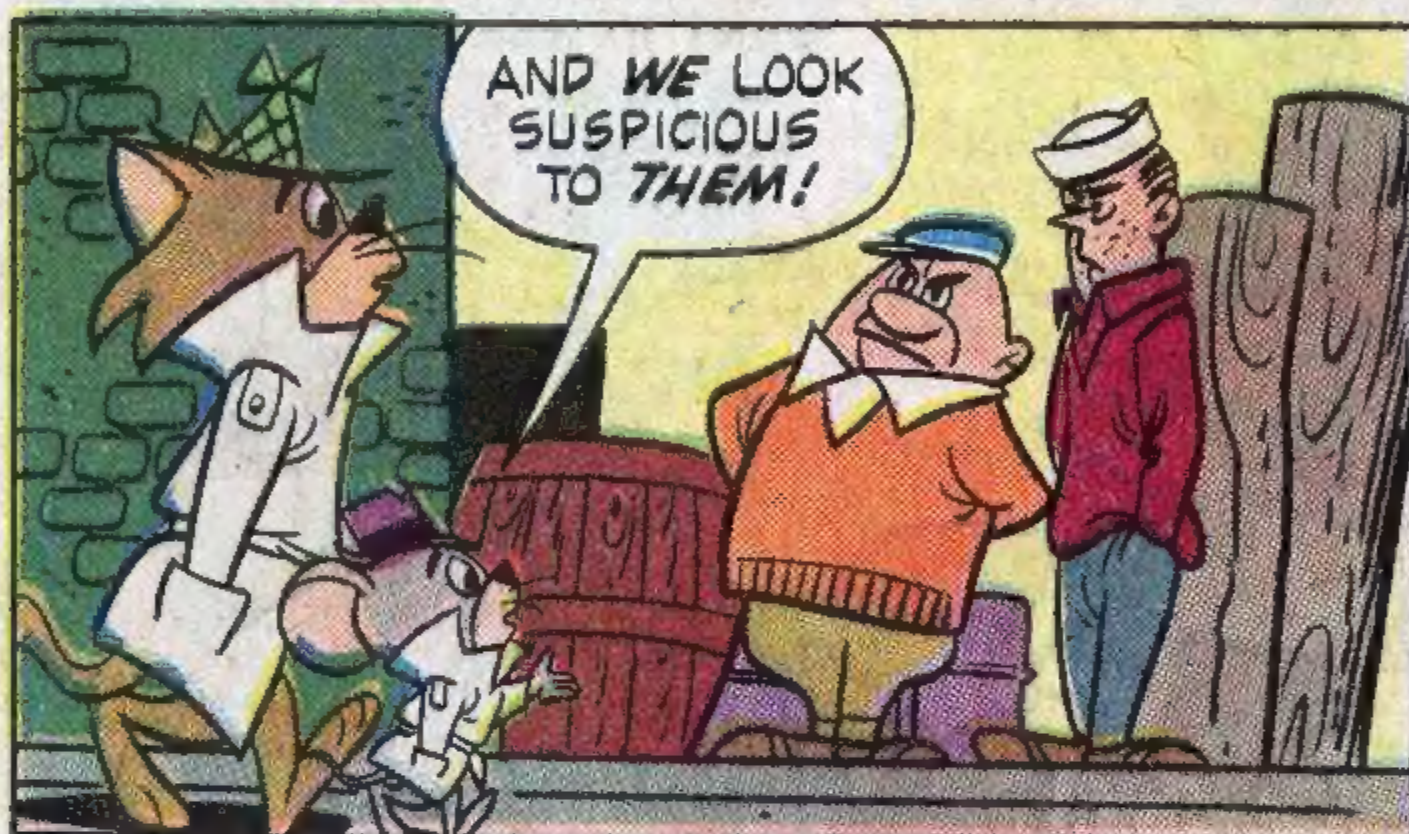
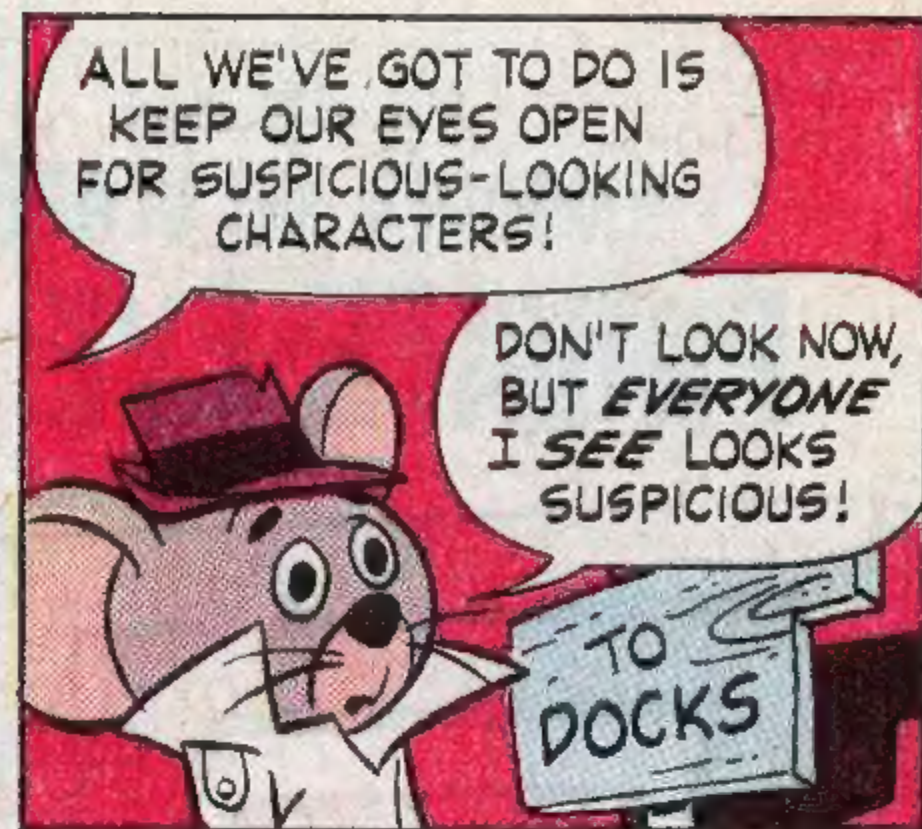
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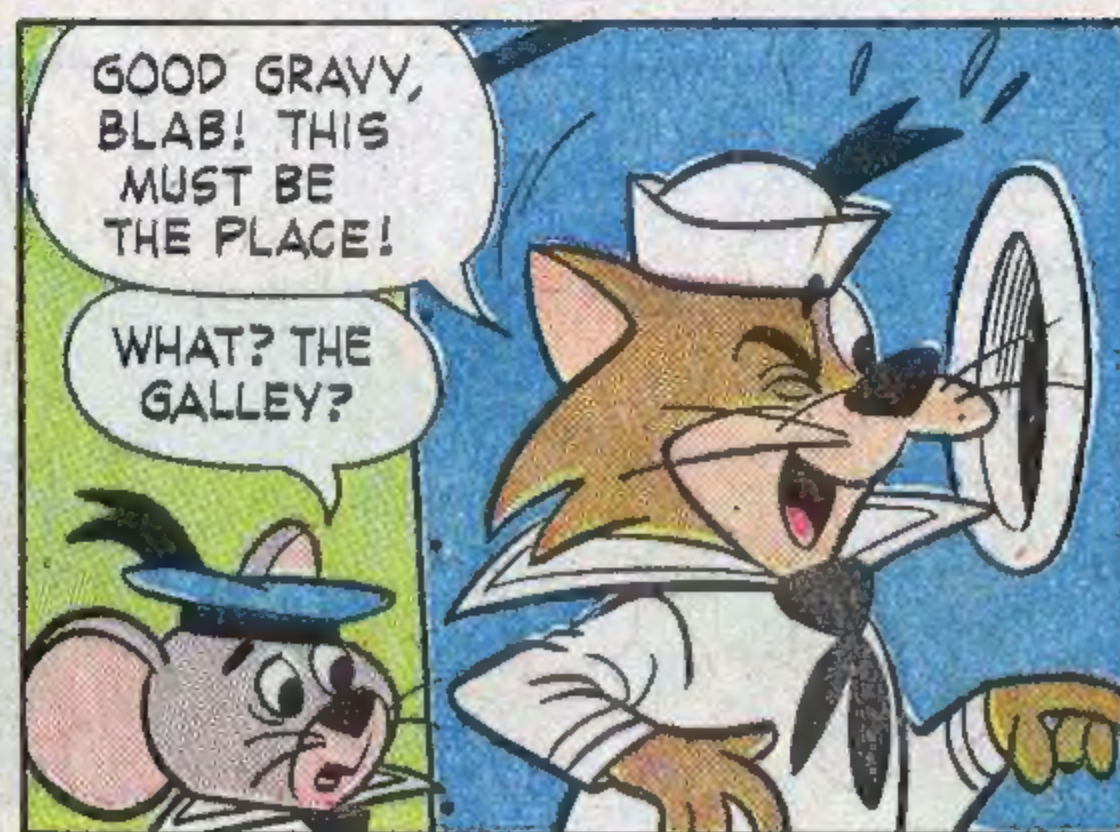


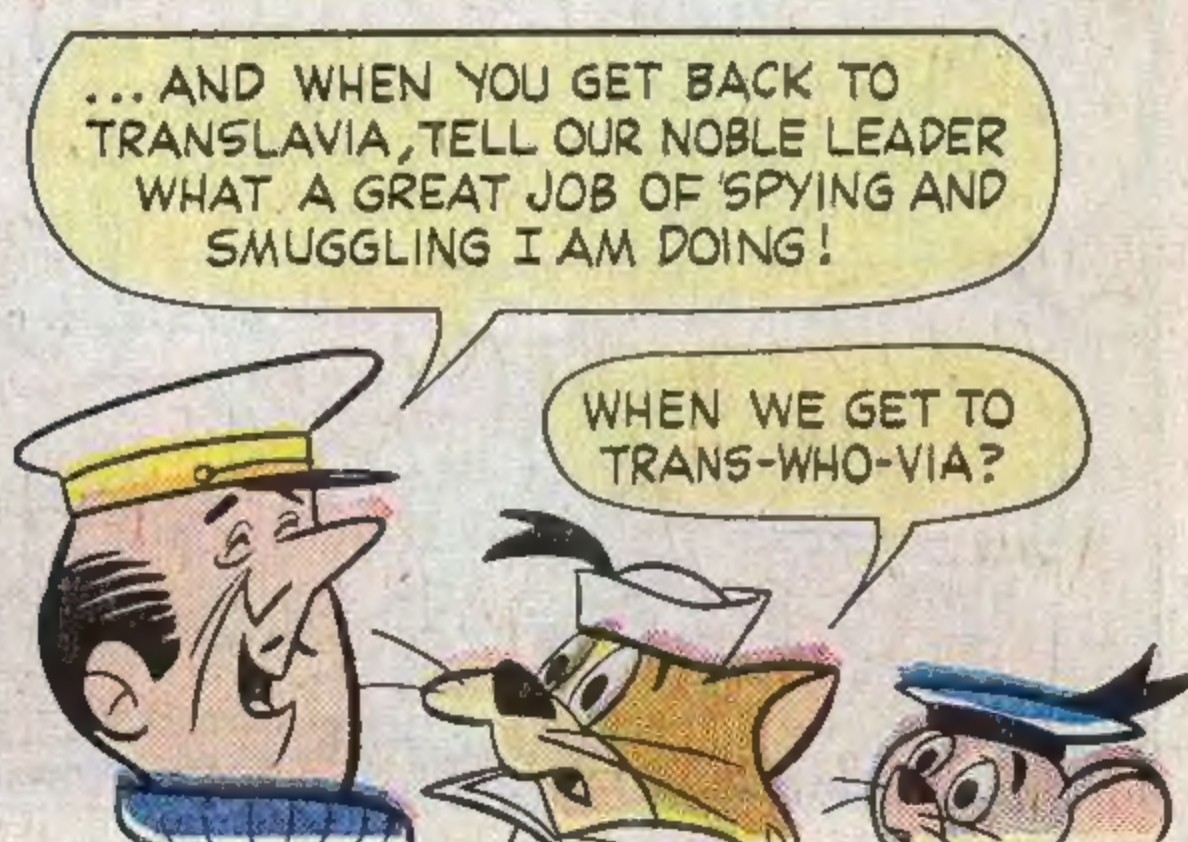
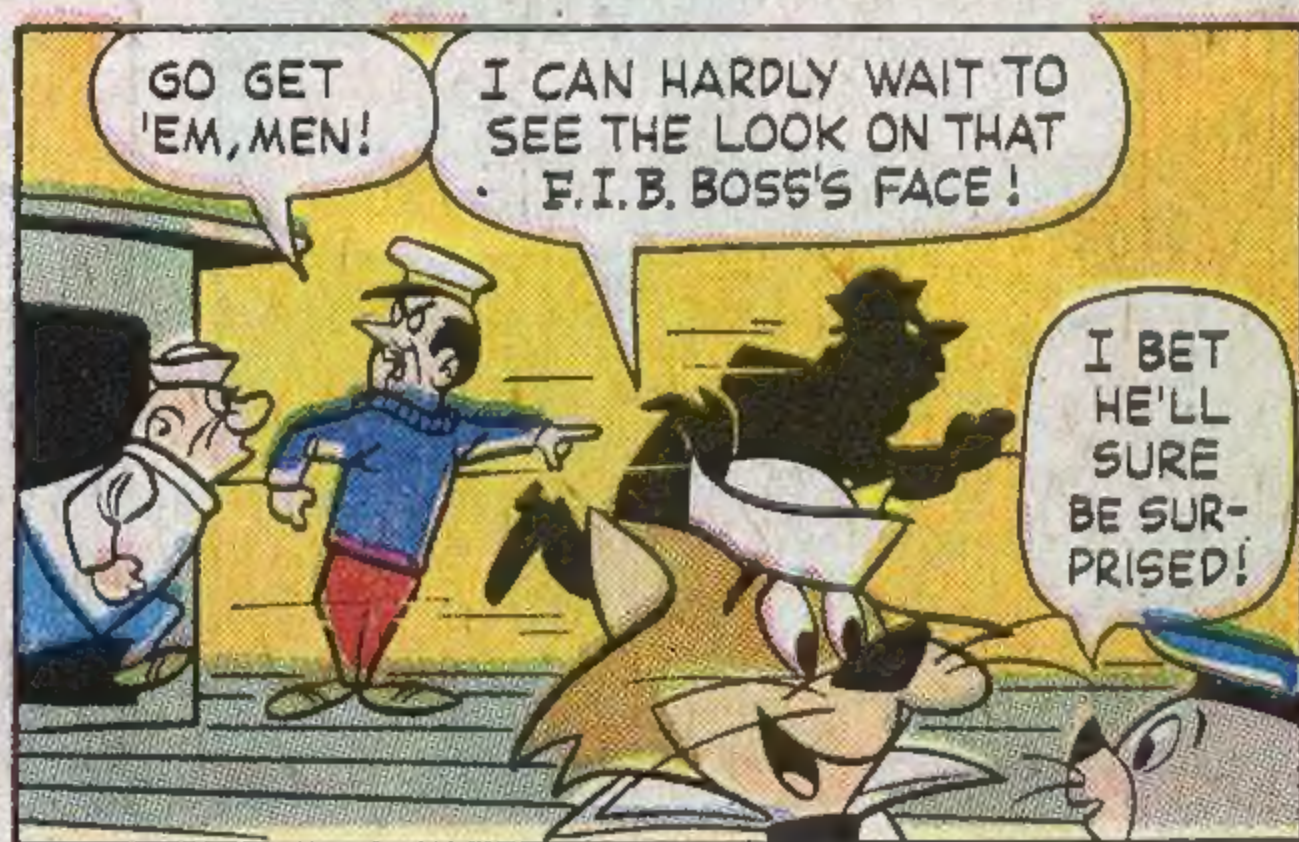
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SNOOPER and BLABBER
PRIVATE-EYE SPIES



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YES...HE WILL BE VERY PLEASED!
AFTER ALL, IT ISN'T EVERY DAY WE
MANAGE TO CAPTURE F.I.B. UNDER-
COVER MEN IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY!
HAW! HAW!



YOU MEAN YOU
CREEPY-LOOKING
GUYS ARE F.I.B. MEN
IN DISGUISE?

YES, AND WE HAD
EVERYTHING UNDER
CONTROL UNTIL *YOU*
CAME ALONG!



WHAT ARE YOU... SOME KIND OF
NEW ENEMY SECRET WEAPONS
OR SOMETHING?

IT KIND OF
LOOKS
THAT WAY!



HEY, CAPTAIN... THERE'S THE SUB
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO MEET US!

GOOD! WE'LL
TRANSFER THE
PRISONERS
TO IT!



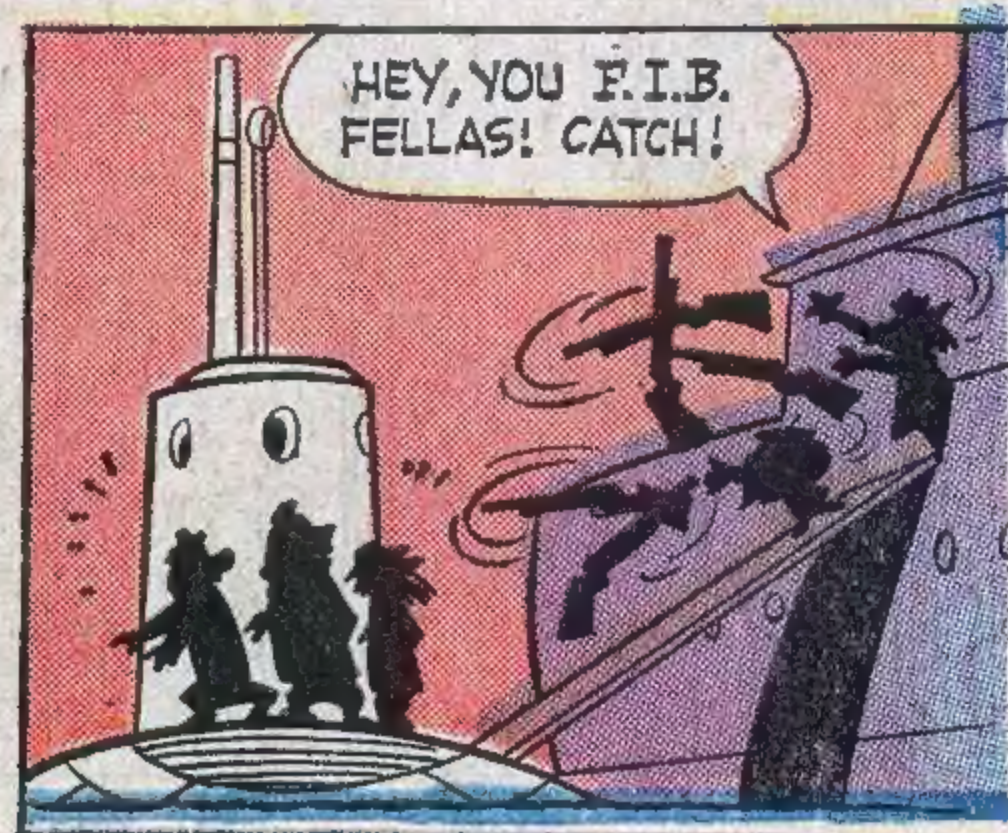
YOU MEN HAVE THE HONOR OF
TAKING THE PRISONERS ABOARD
THE SUB! GET SOME GUNS!

YES,
SIR,
SIR!



WHAT ARE YOU TAKING
ALL THOSE GUNS FOR?

WE WANT
TO BE SURE
ONE WORKS,
IN CASE THEY
TRY TO
ESCAPE!



HEY, YOU F.I.B.
FELLAS! CATCH!



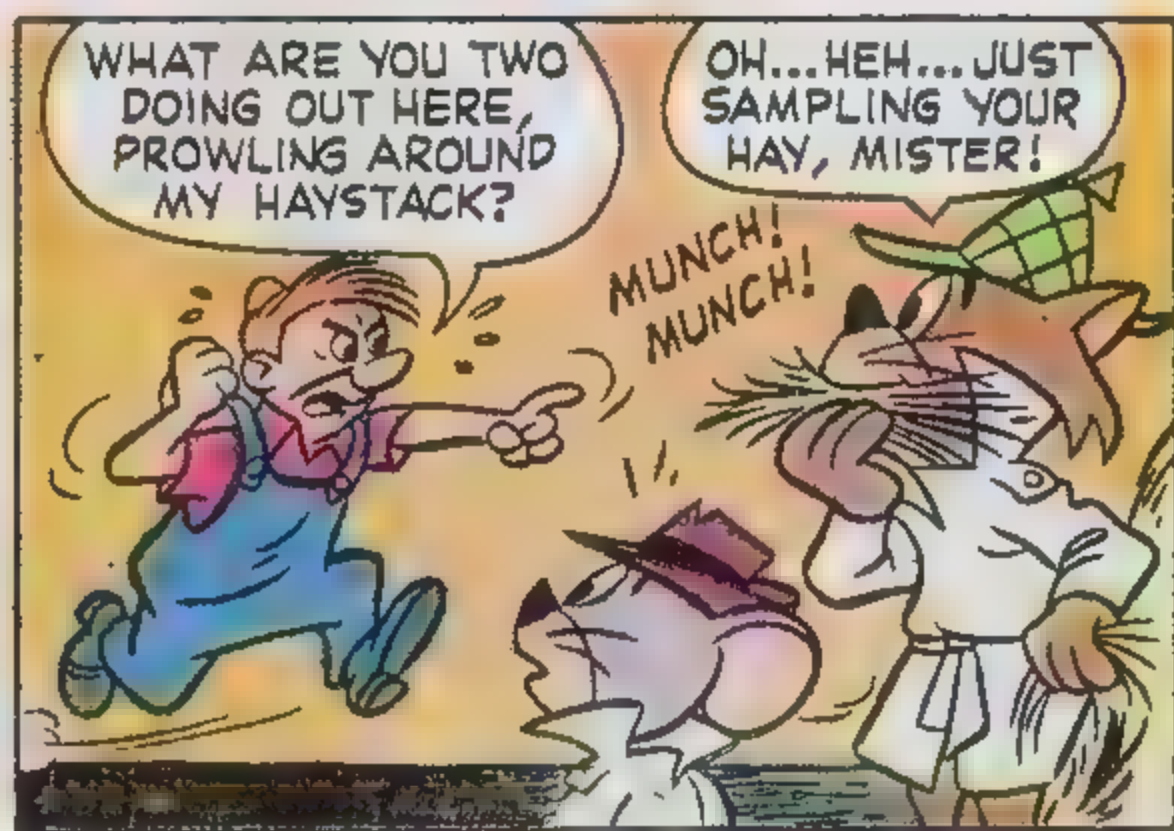
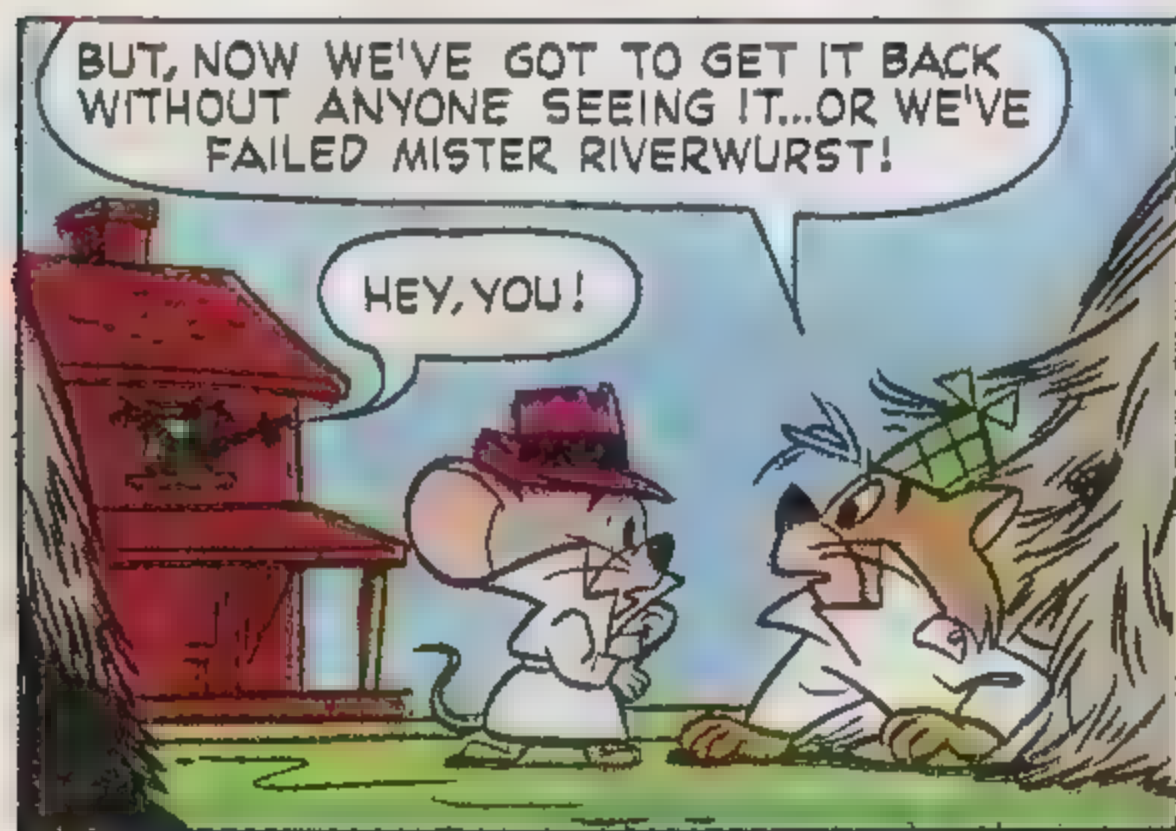
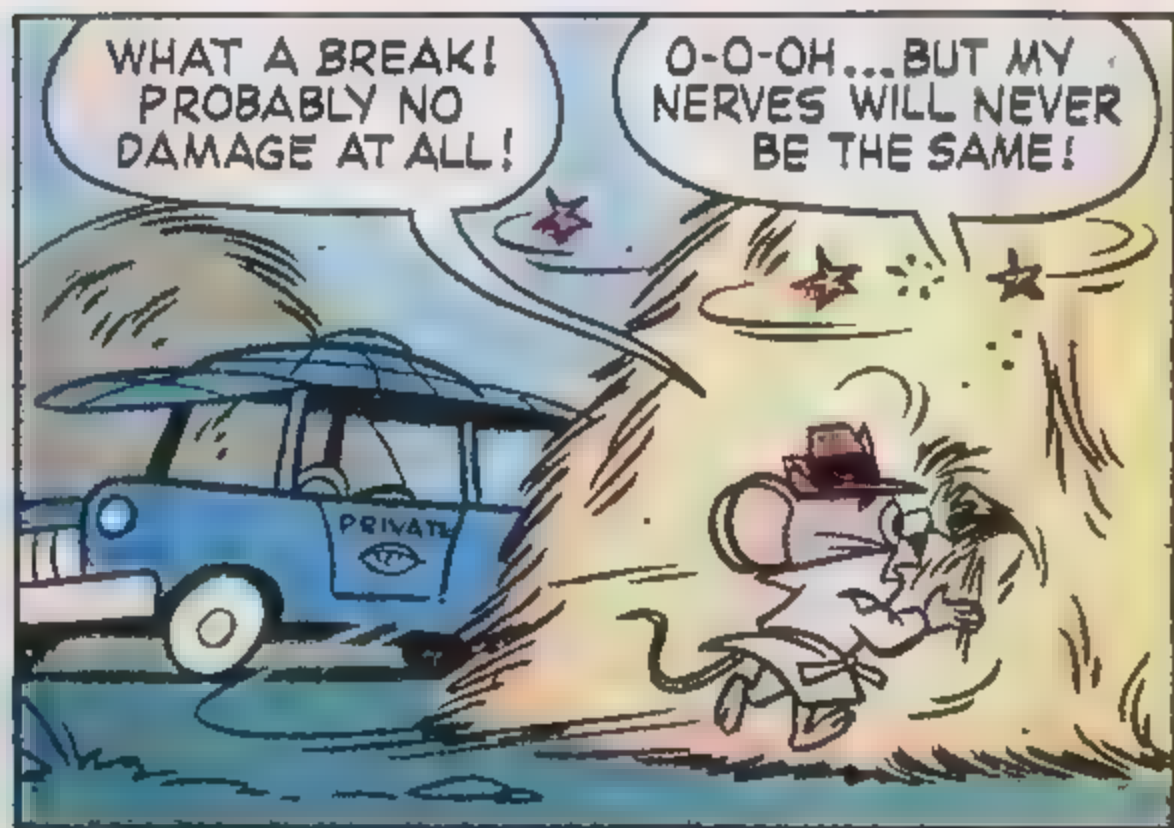
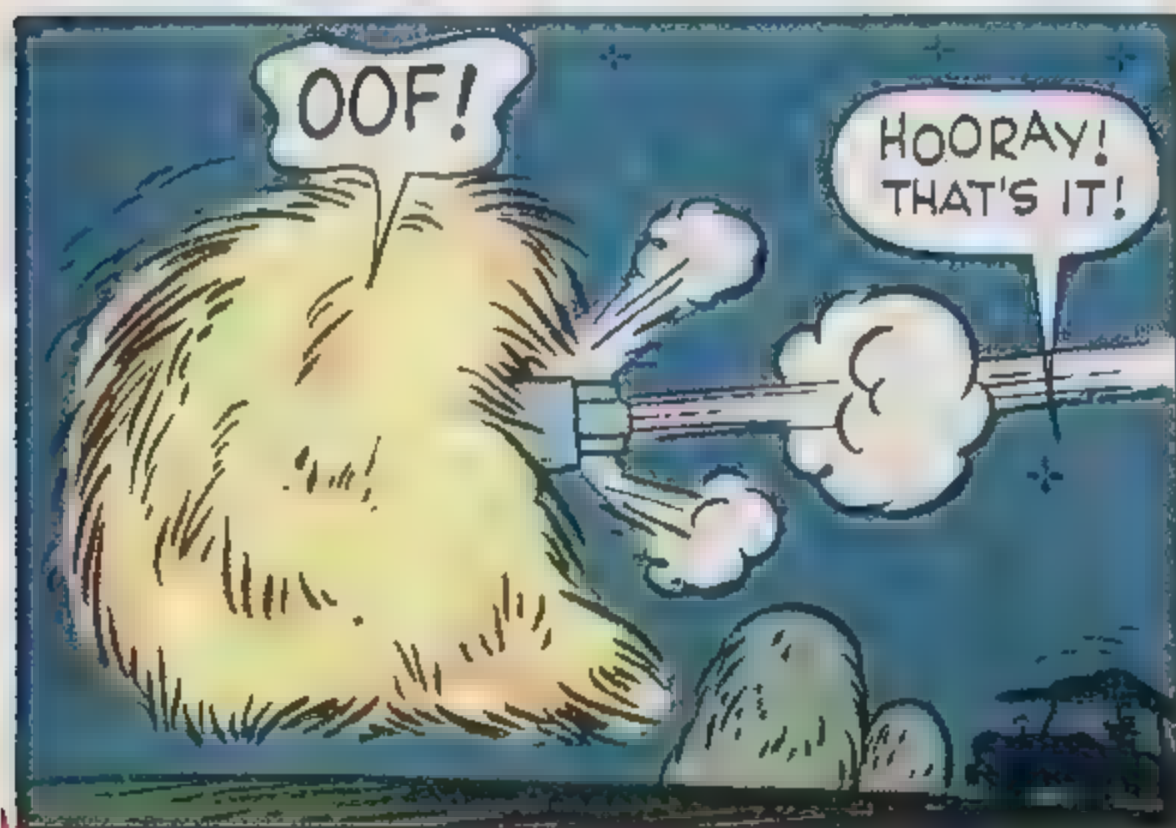
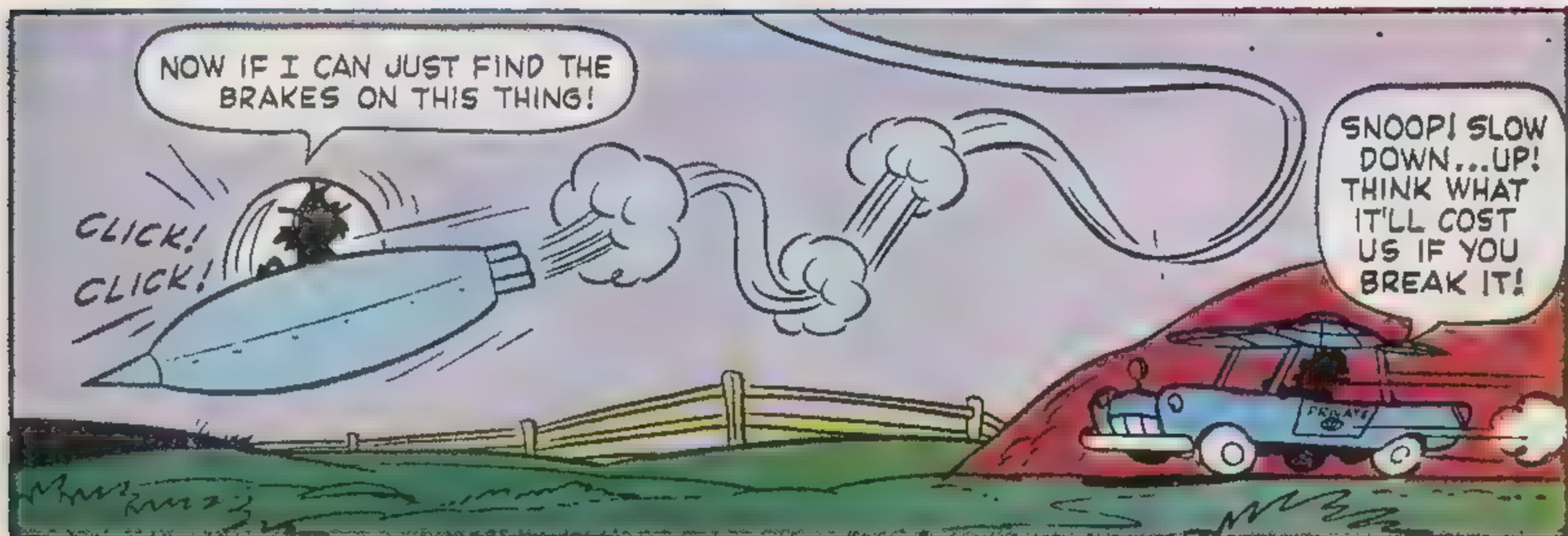
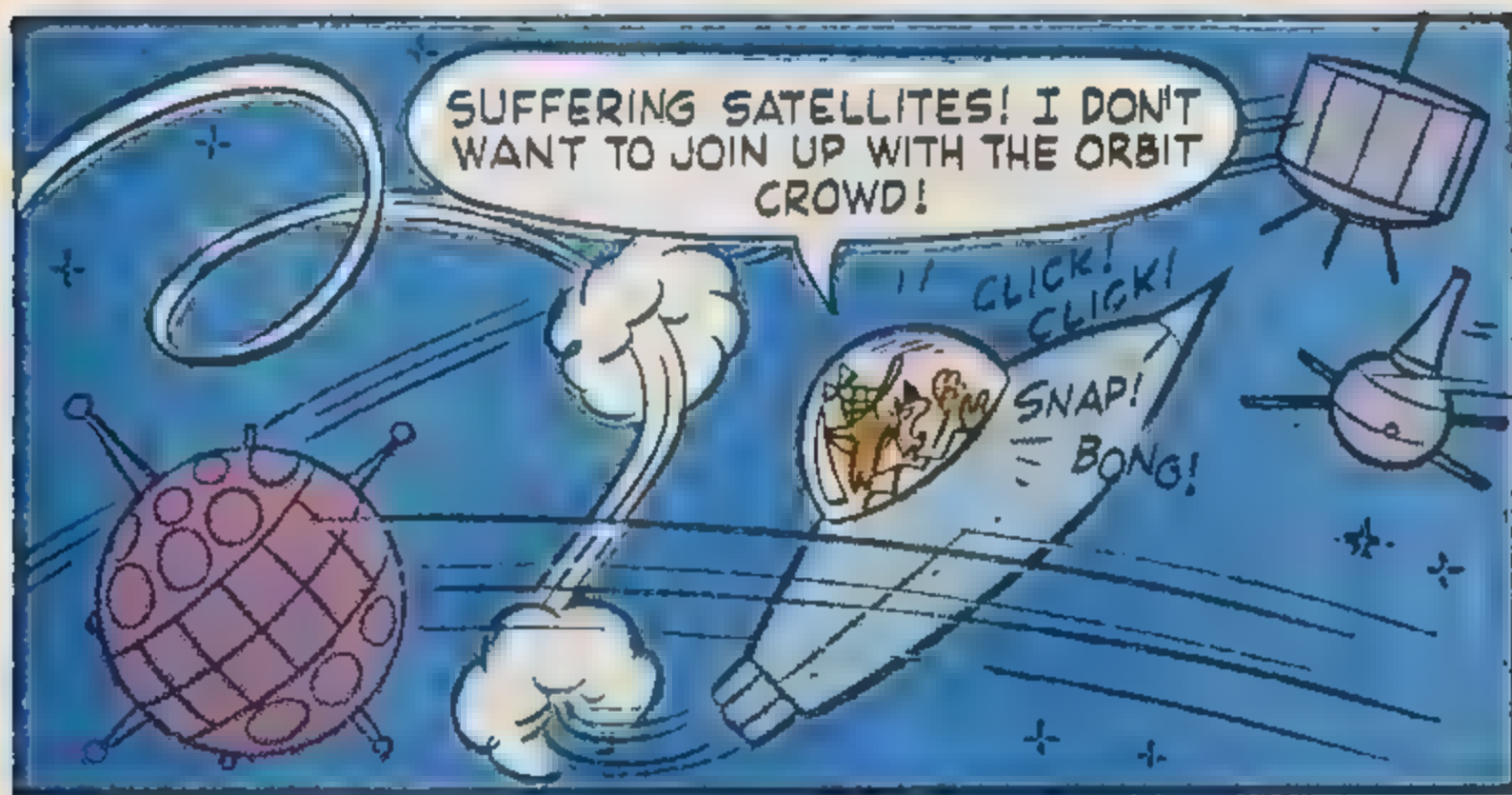
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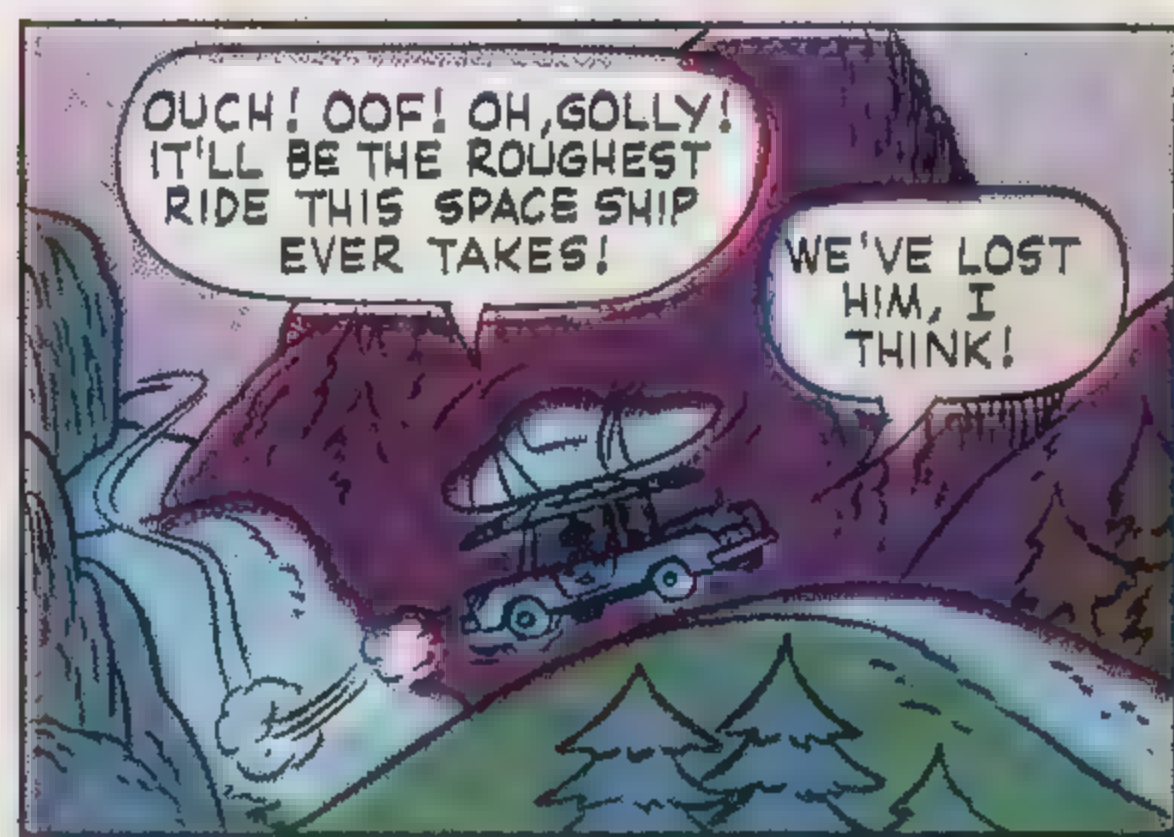
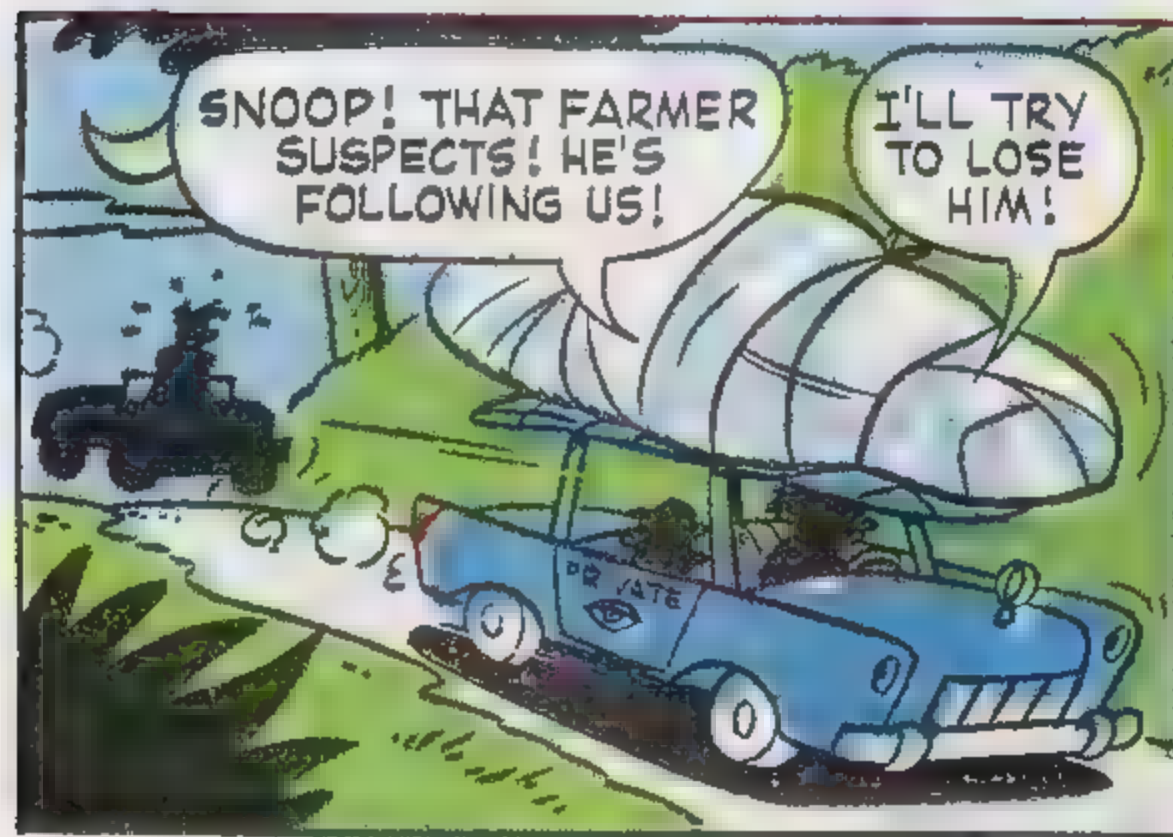
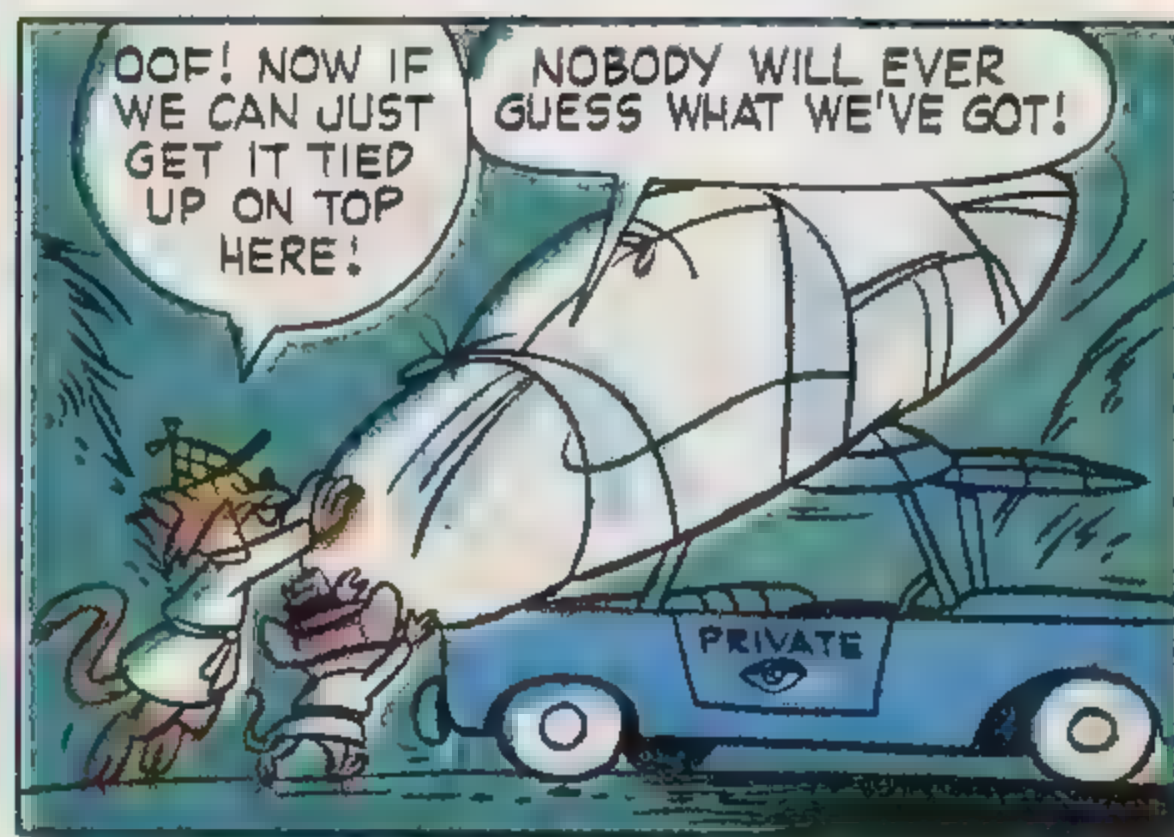
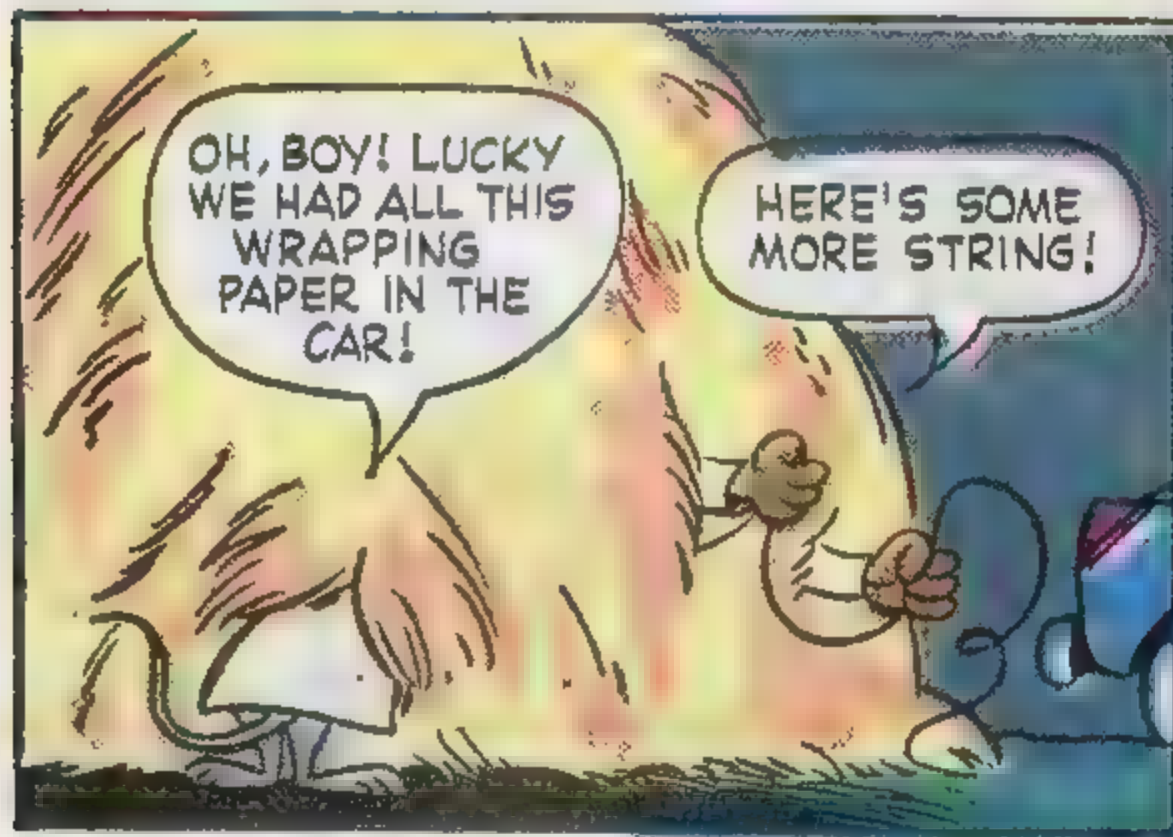
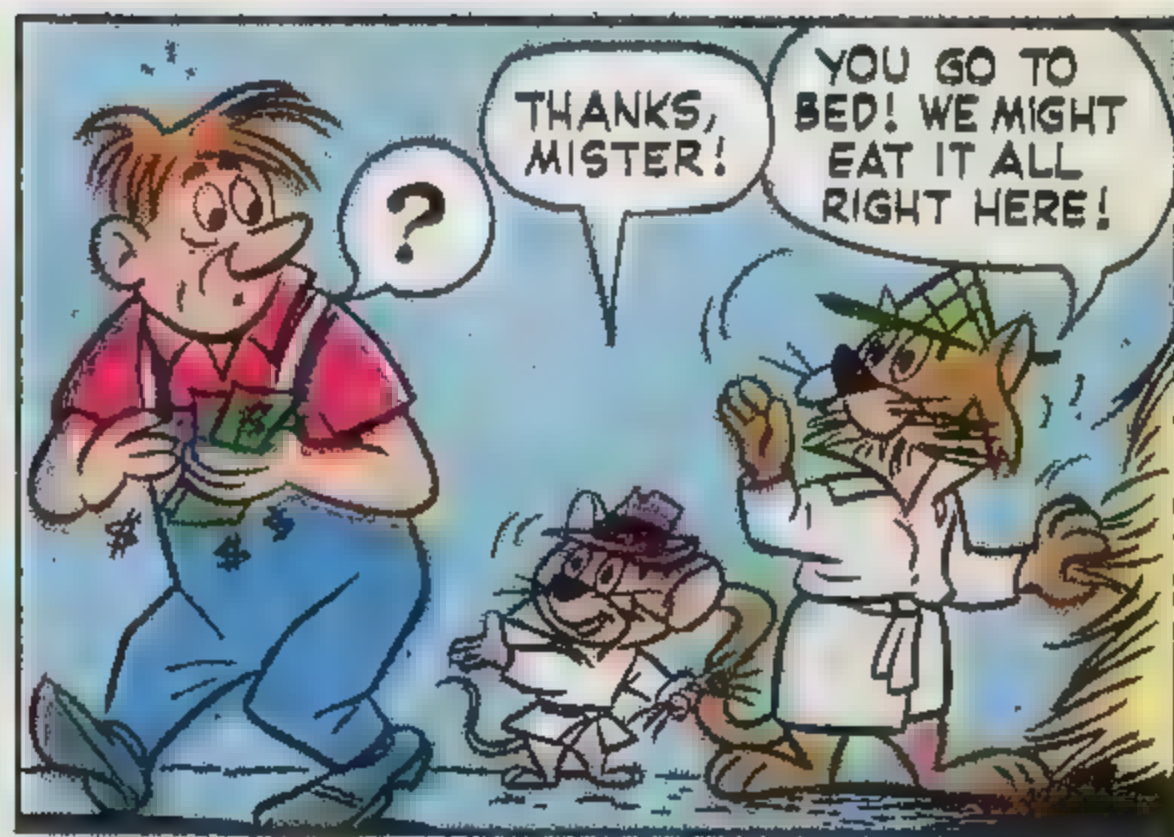
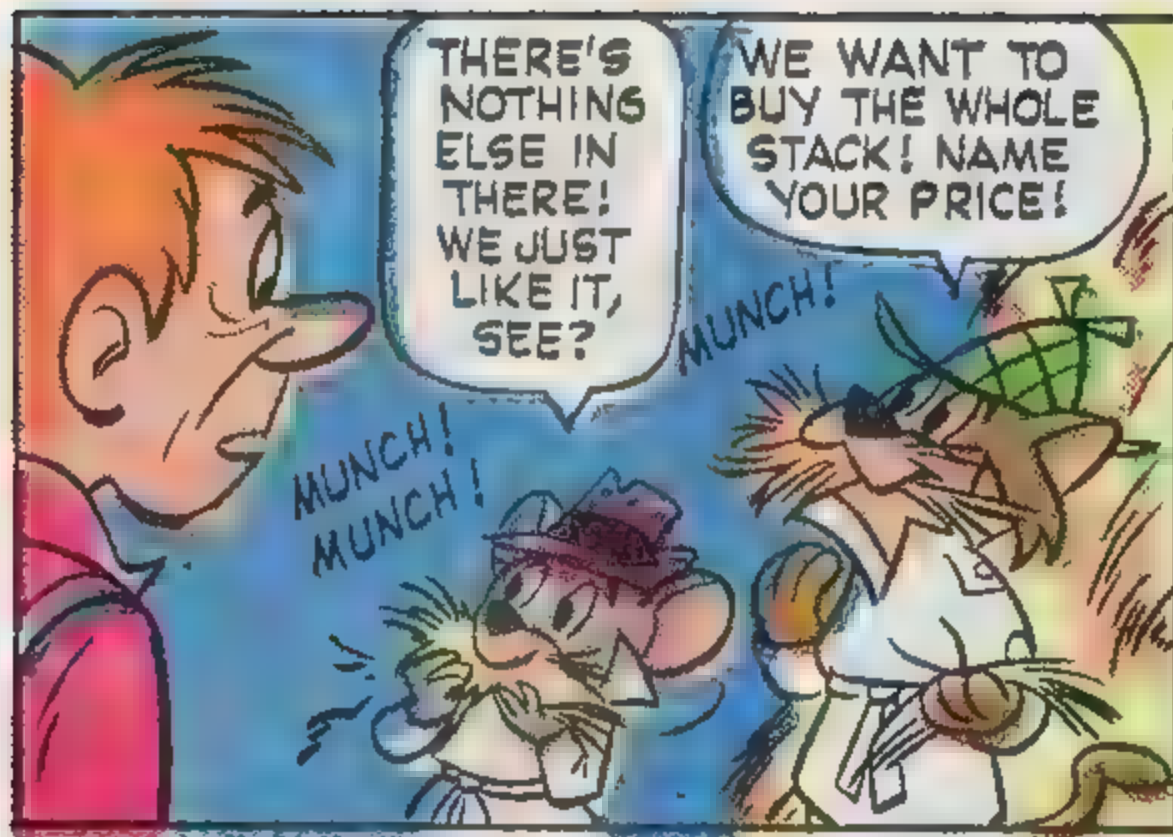
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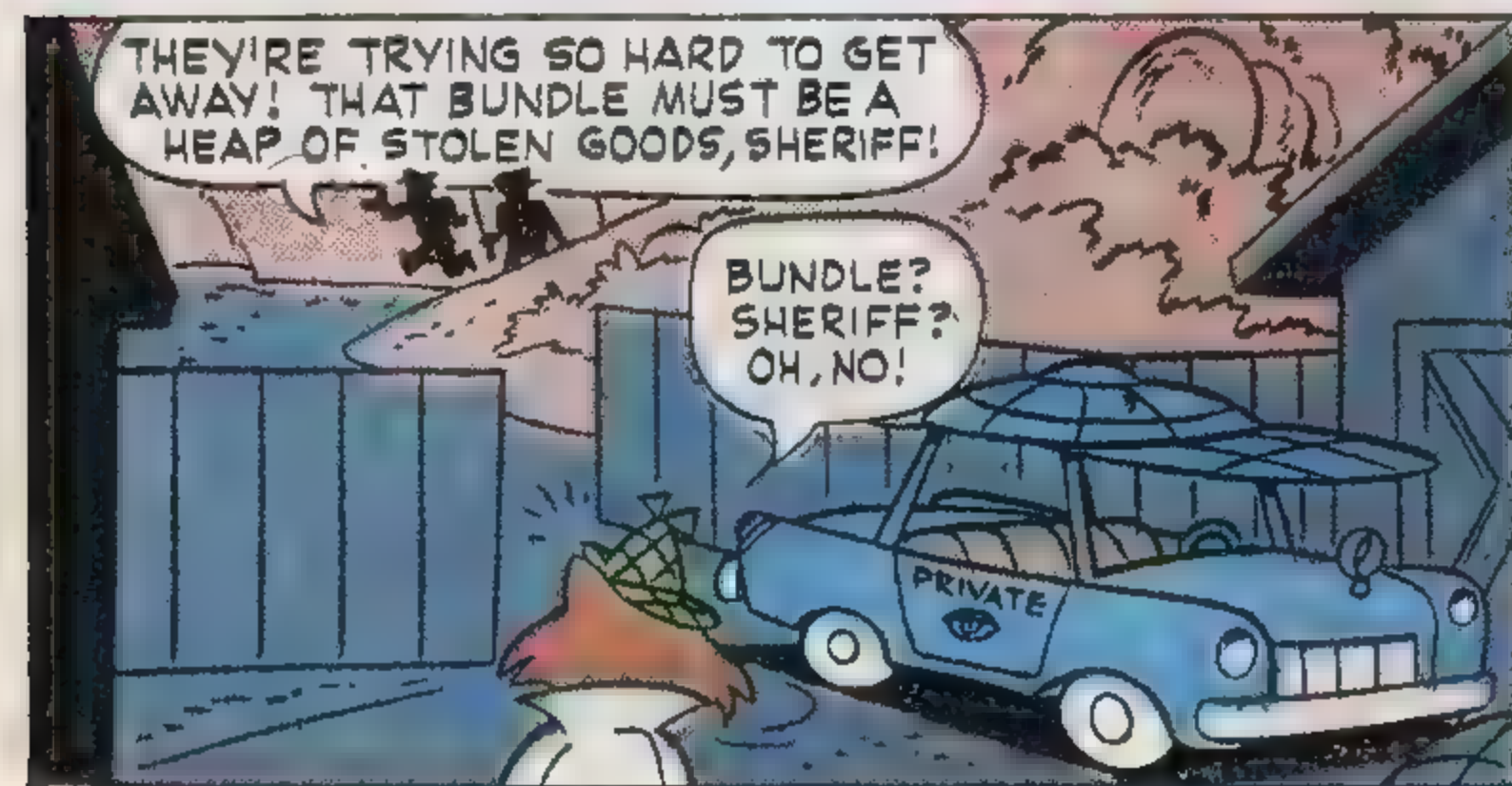
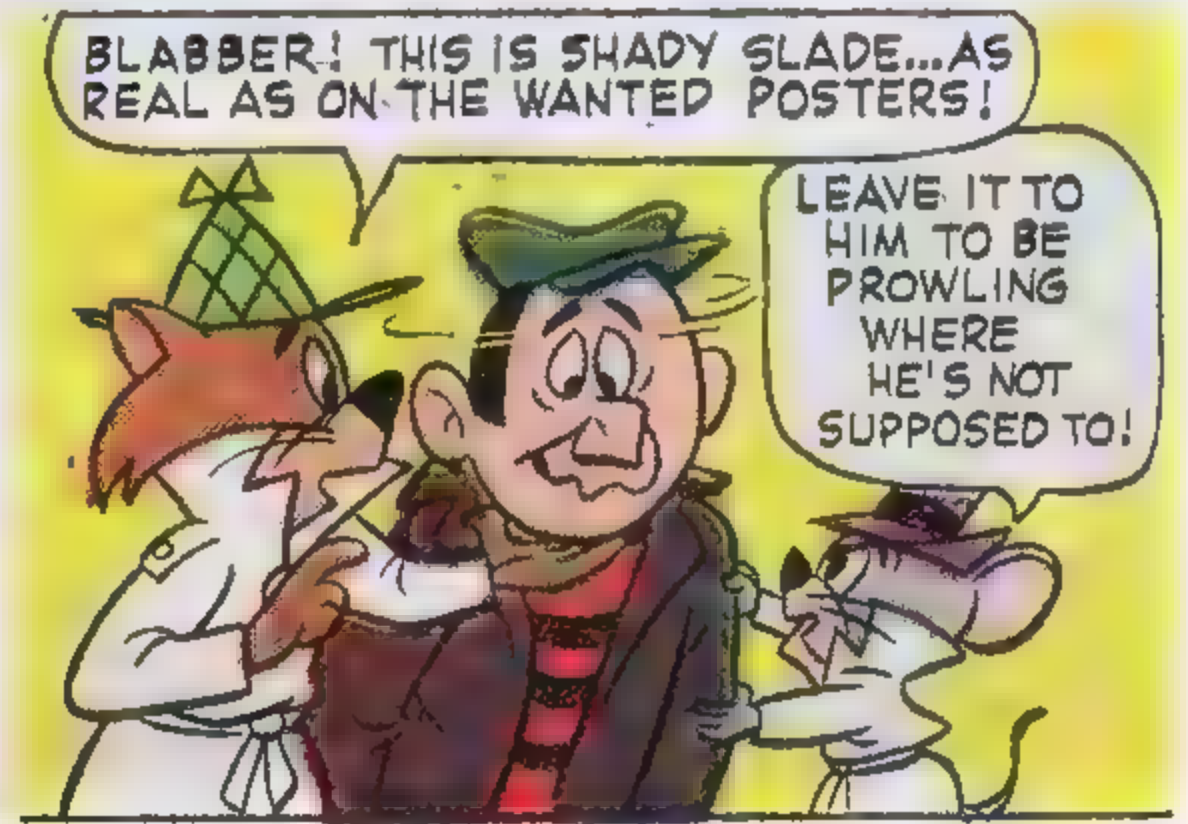
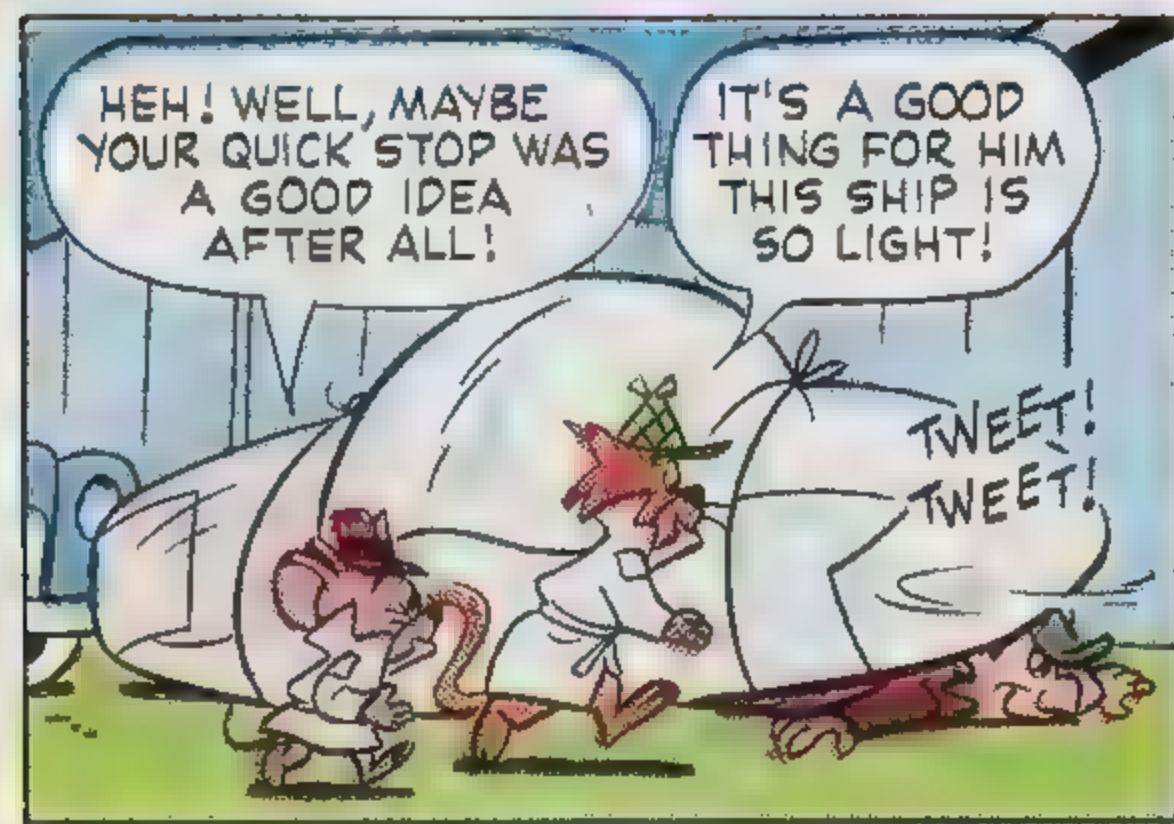
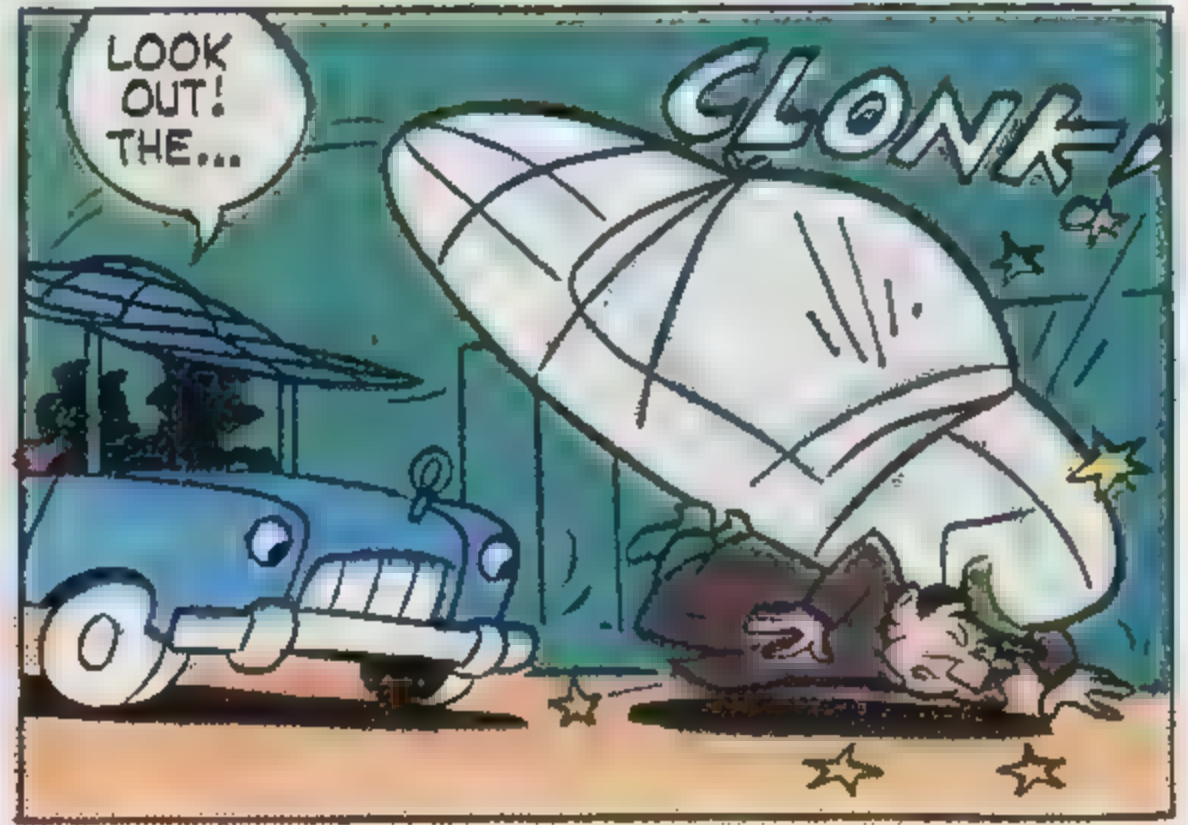
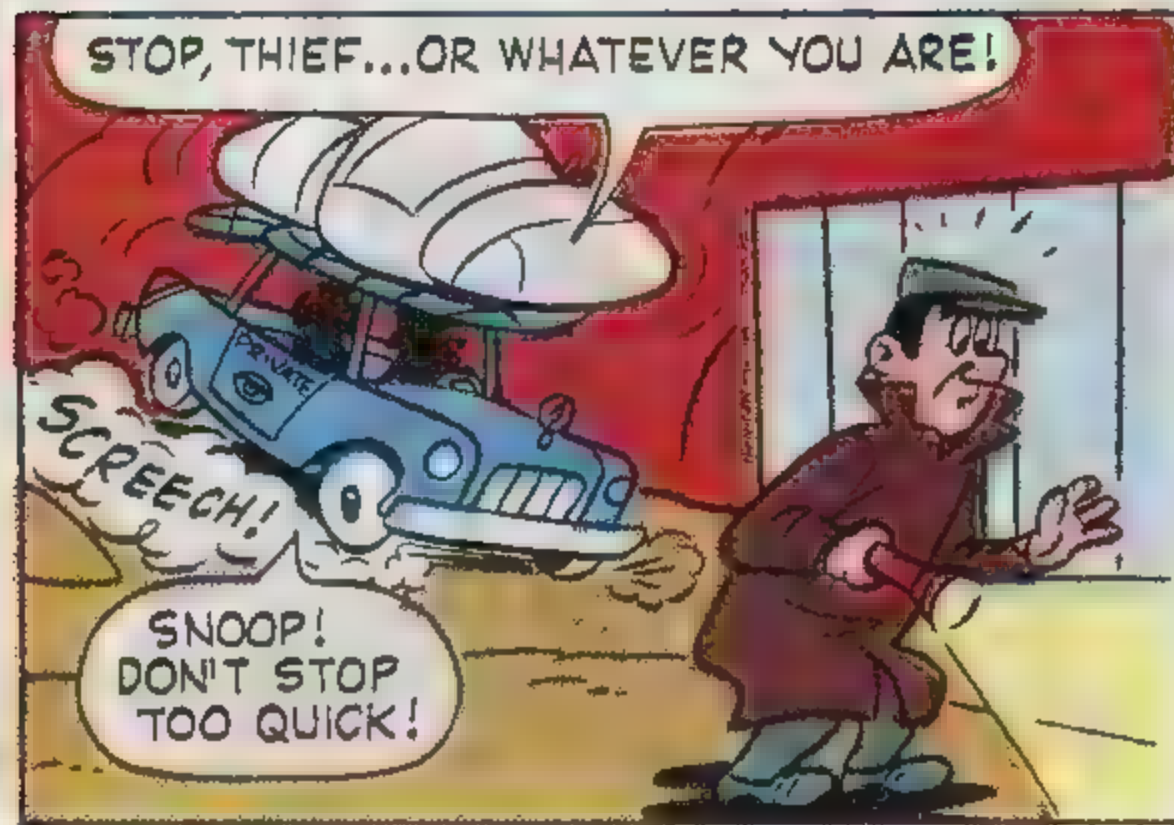
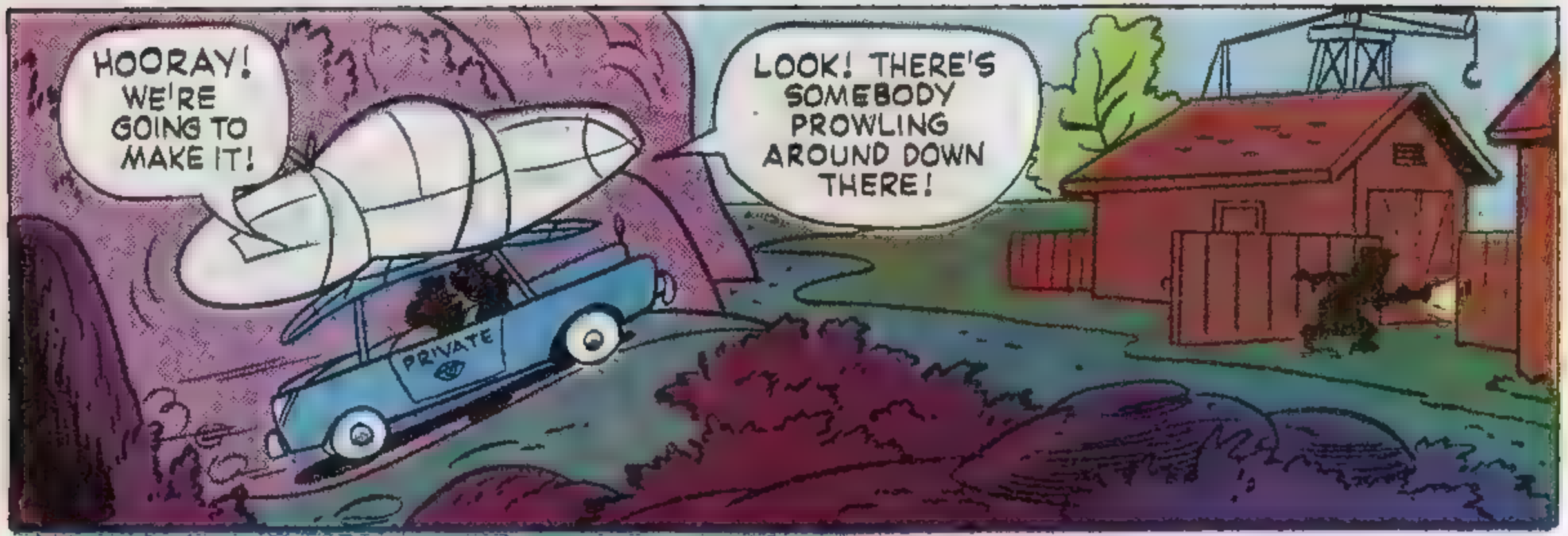


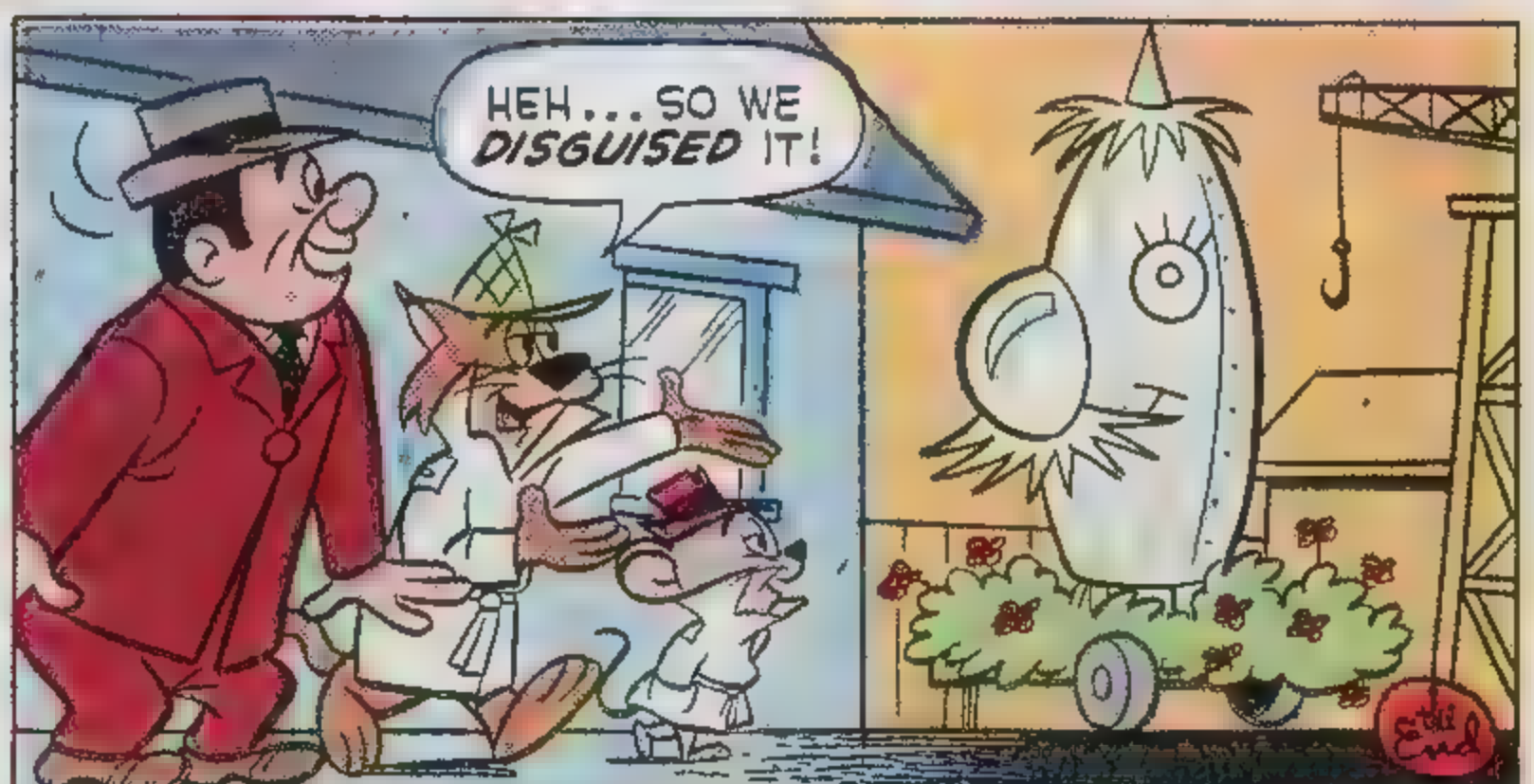
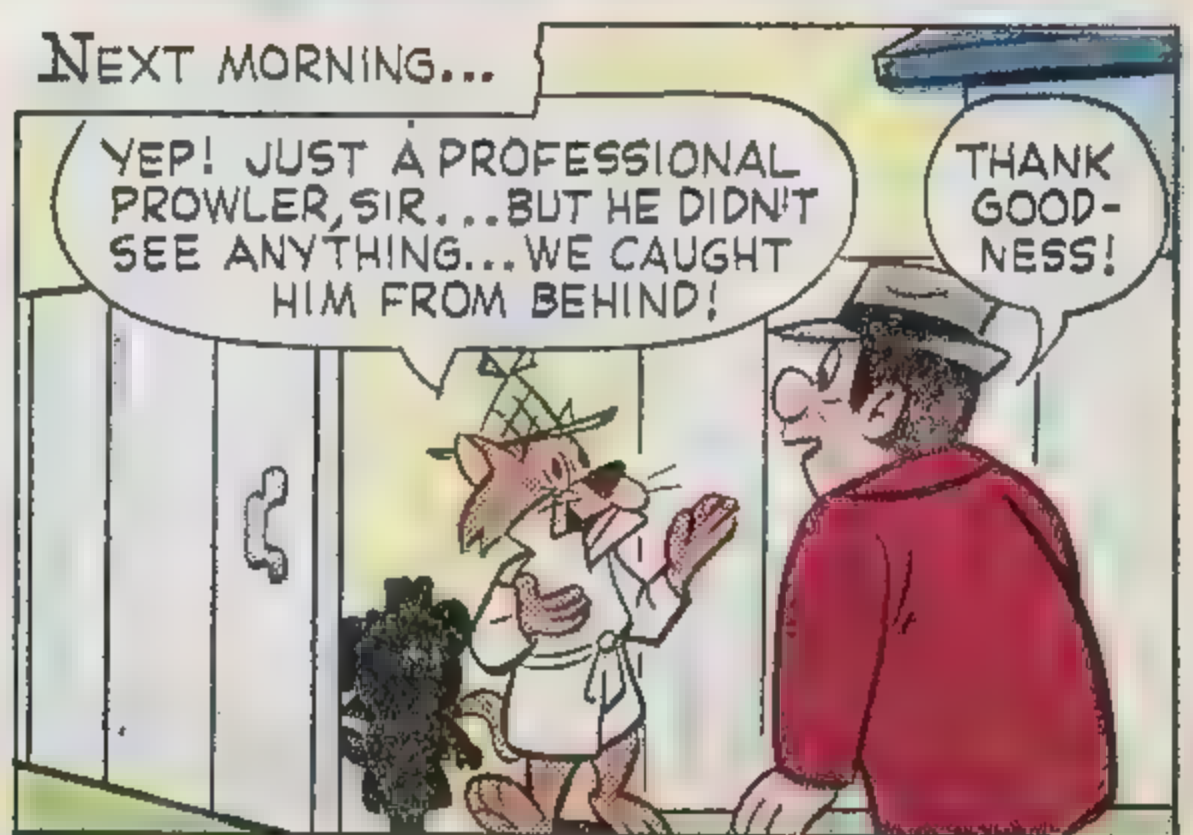
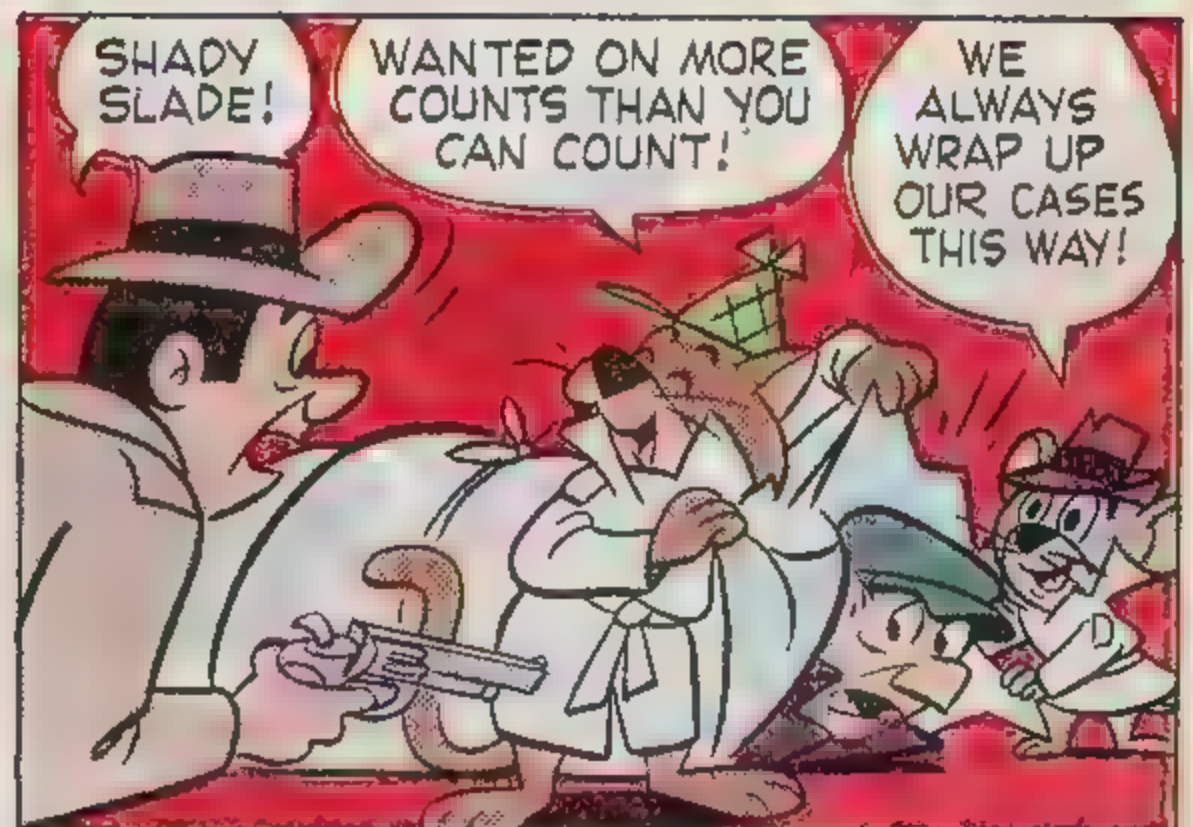
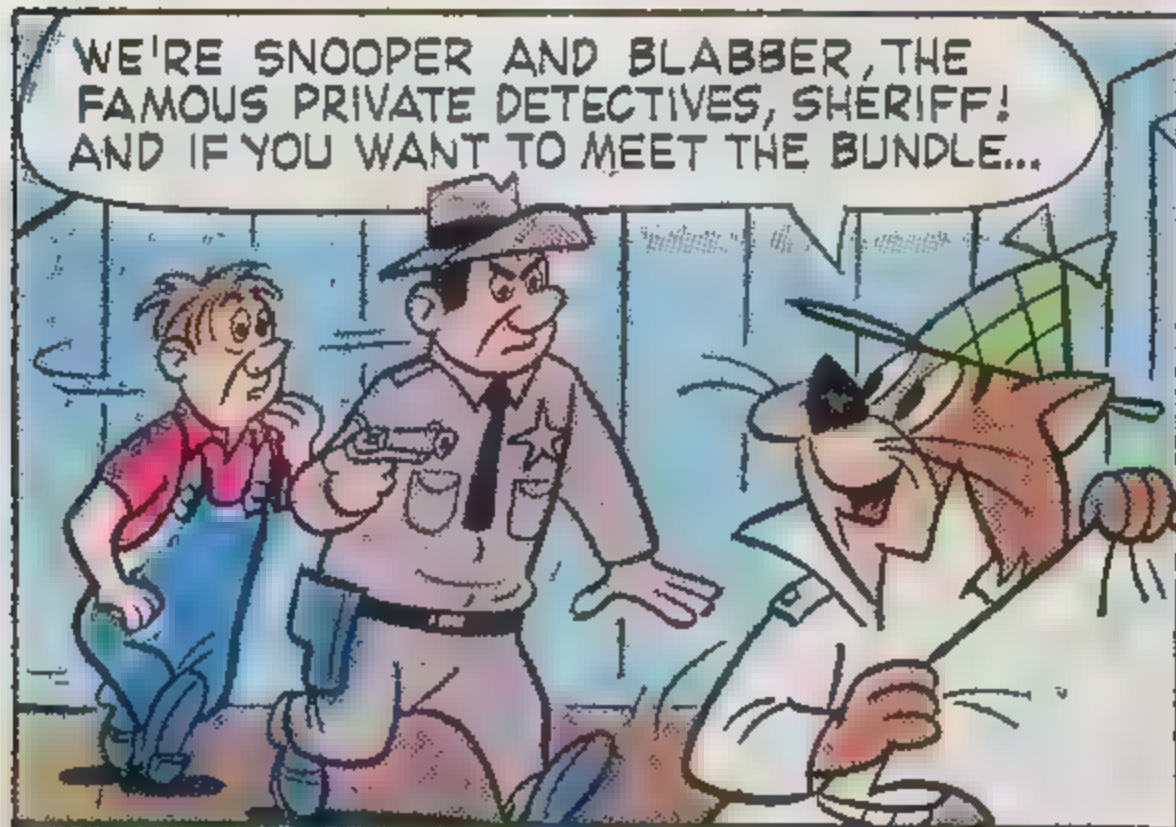
BUT AFTER A FEW HOURS...



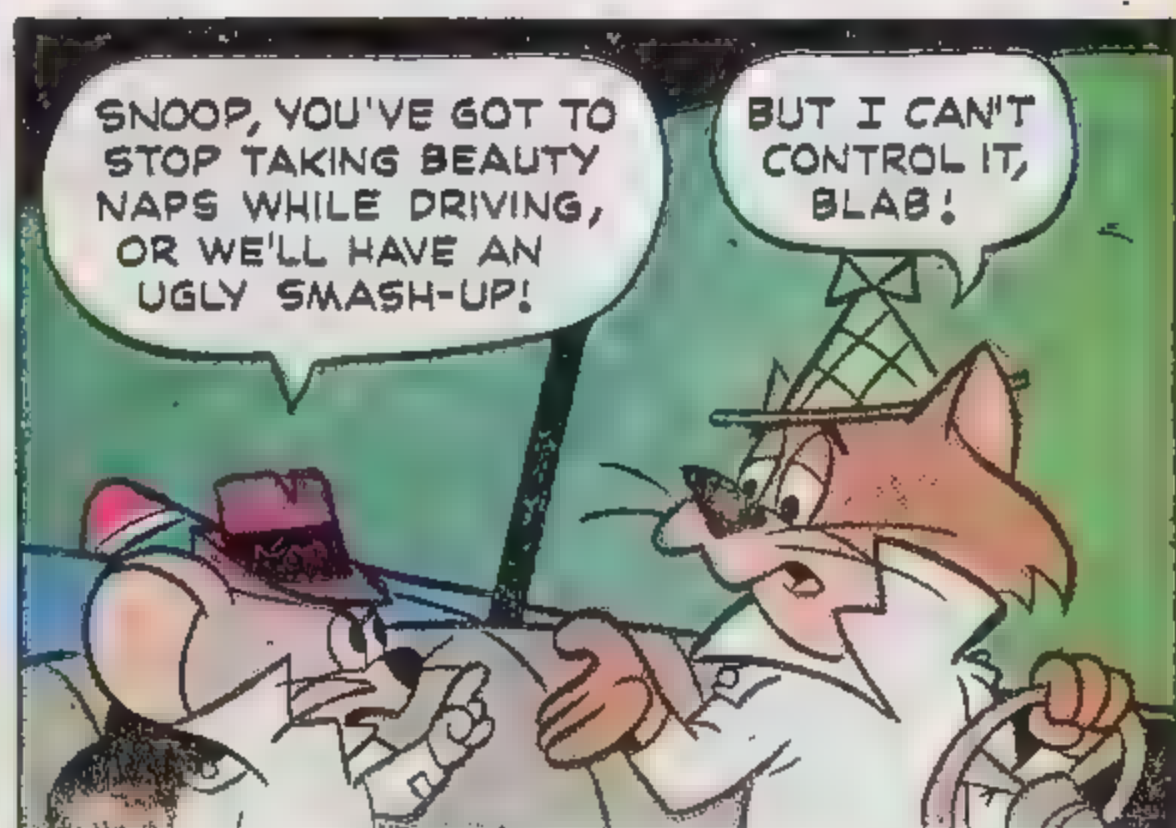
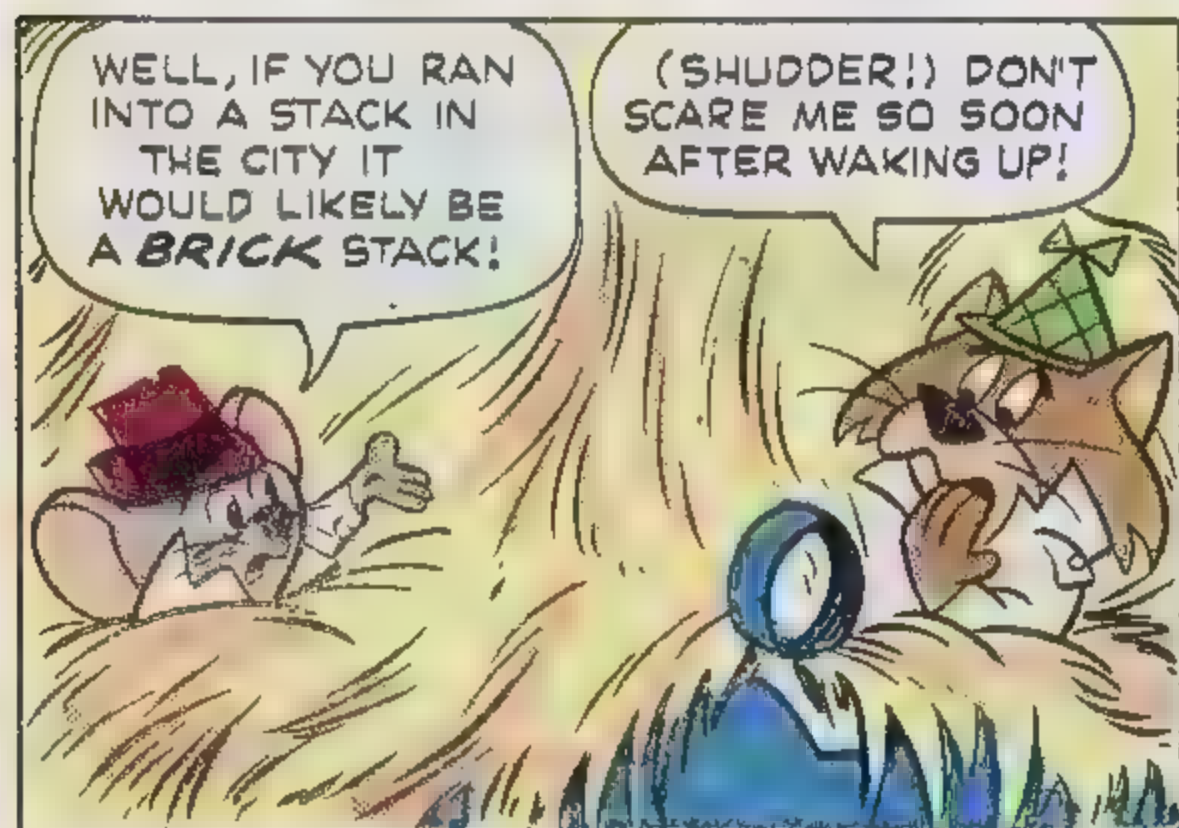
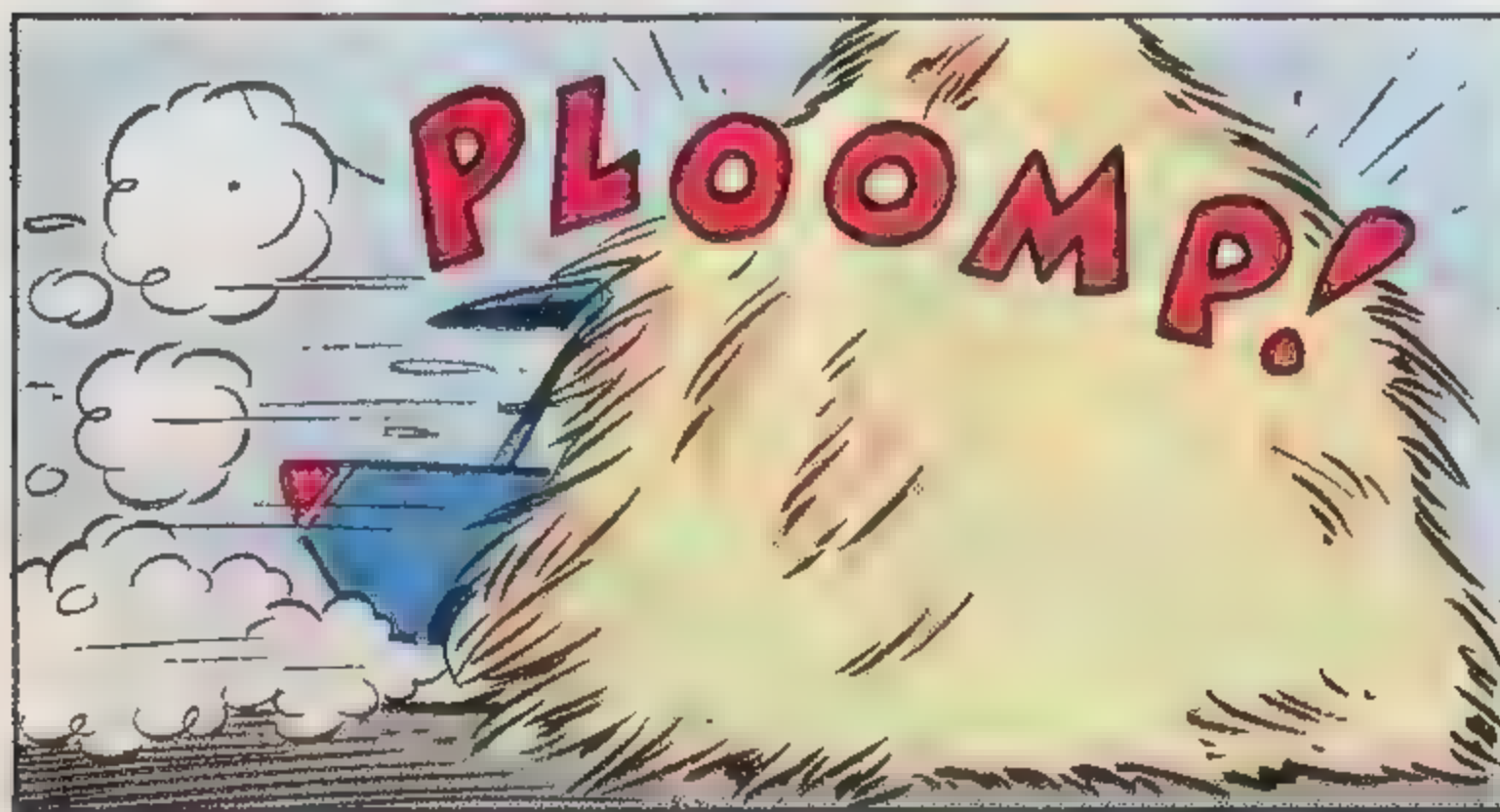
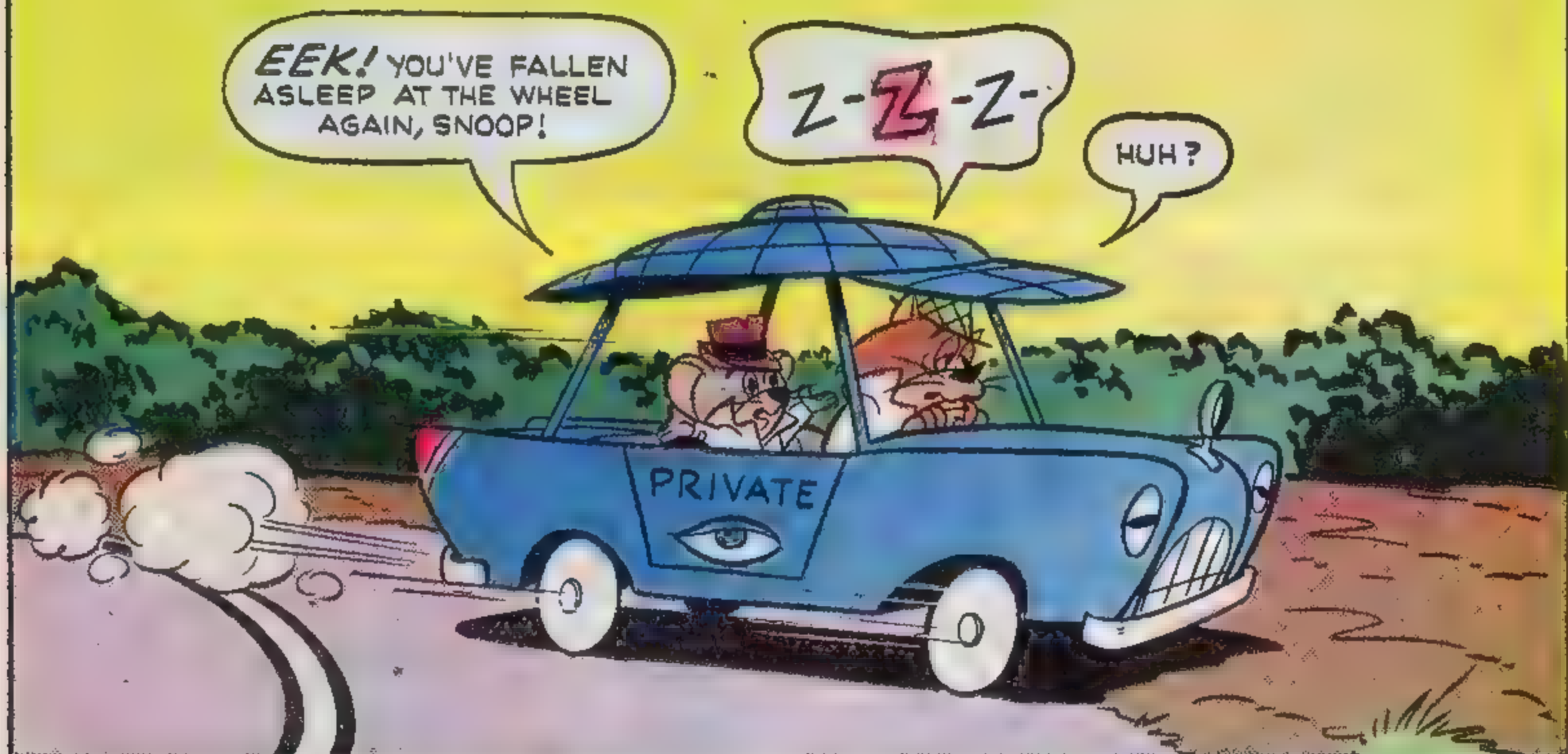


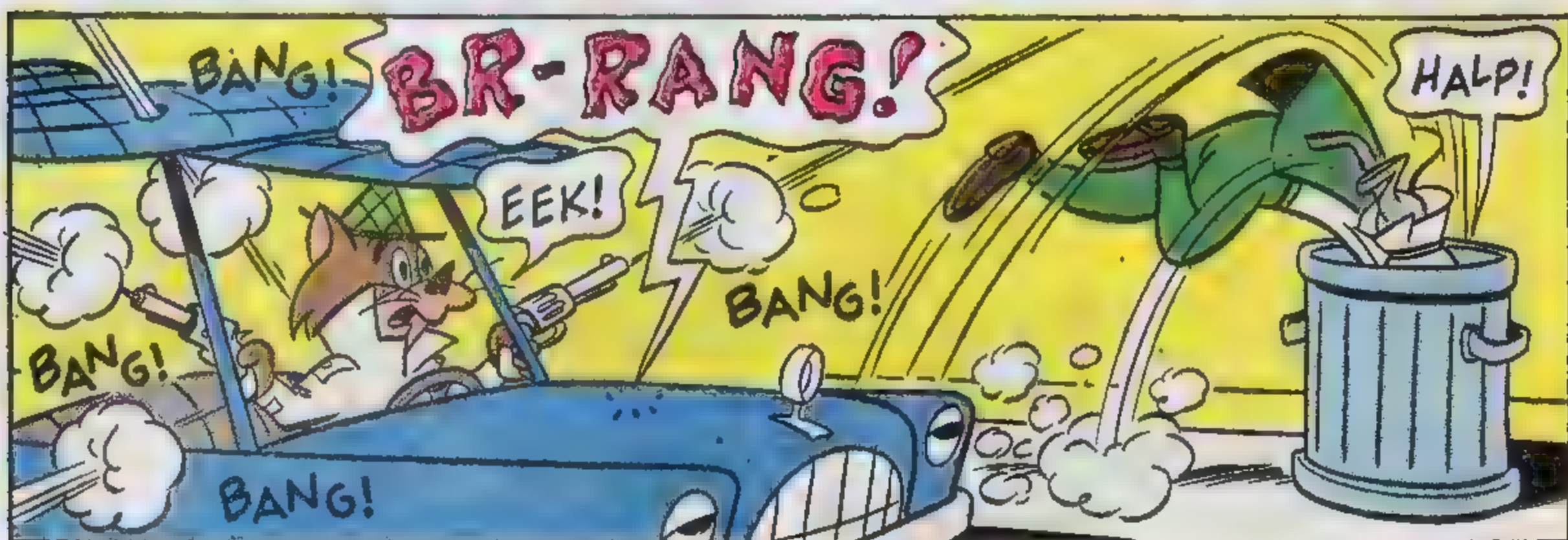
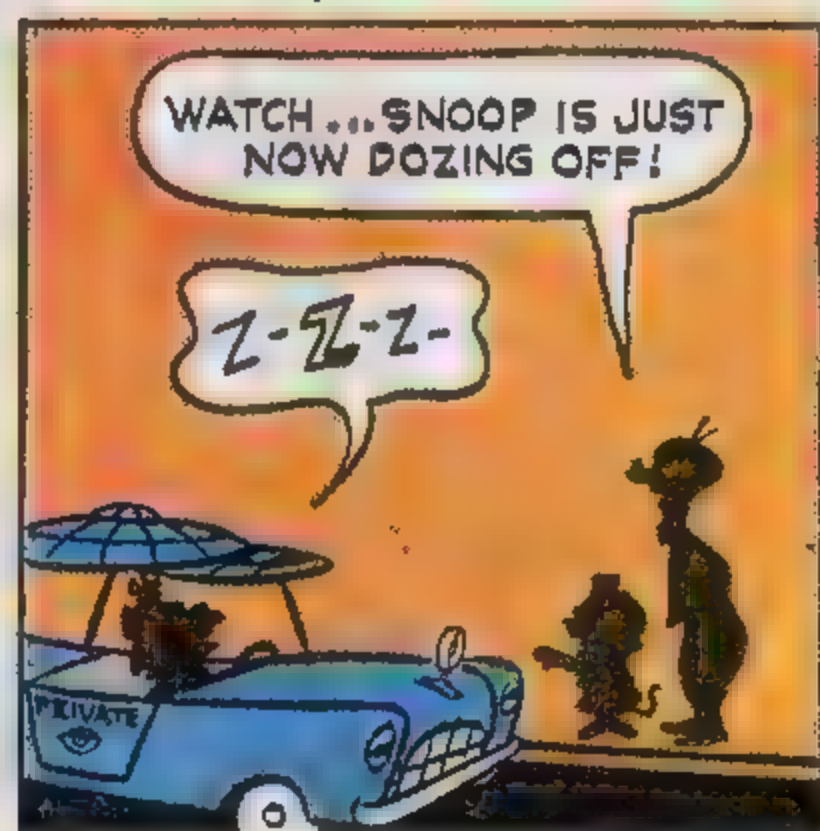
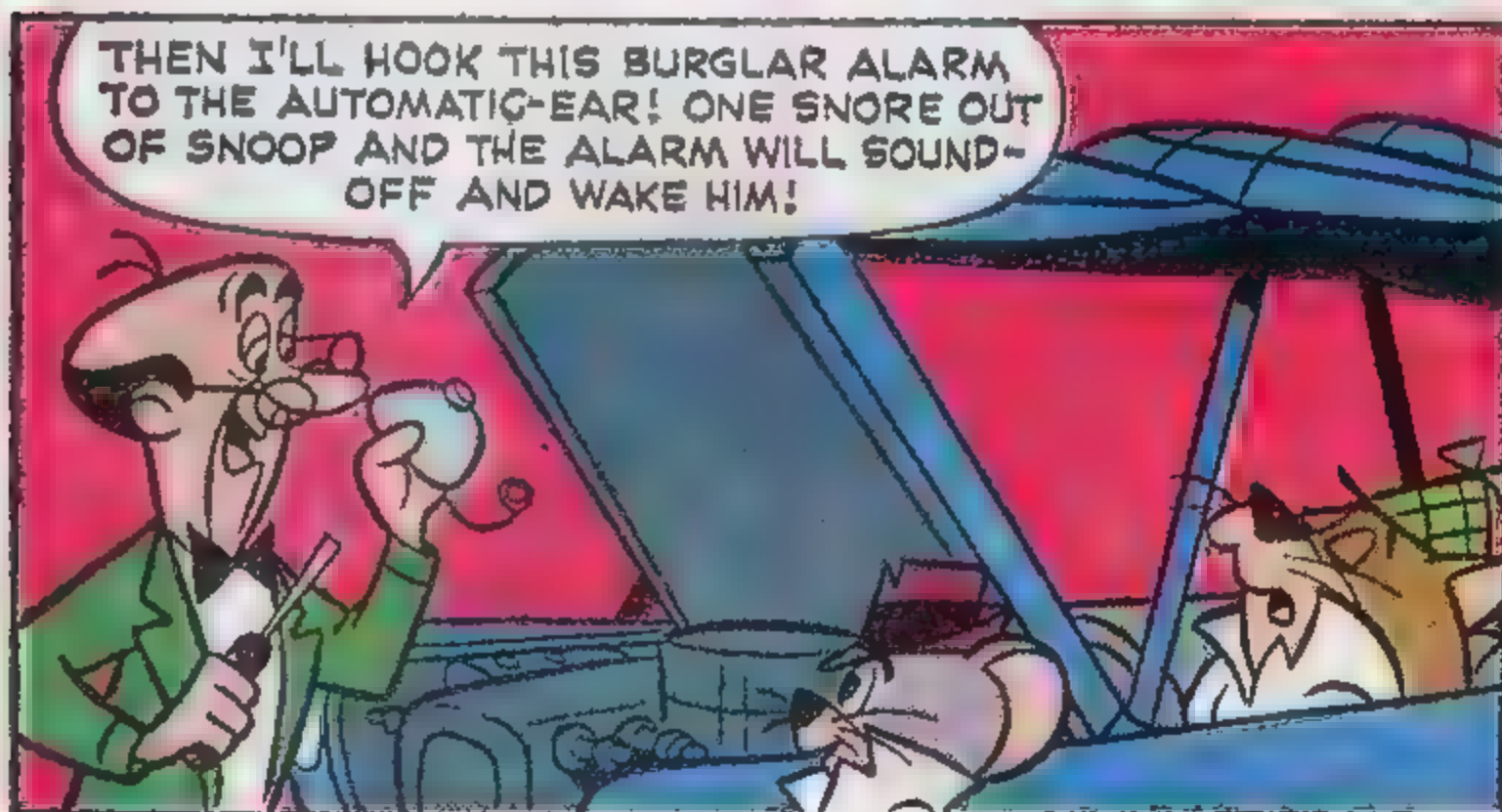
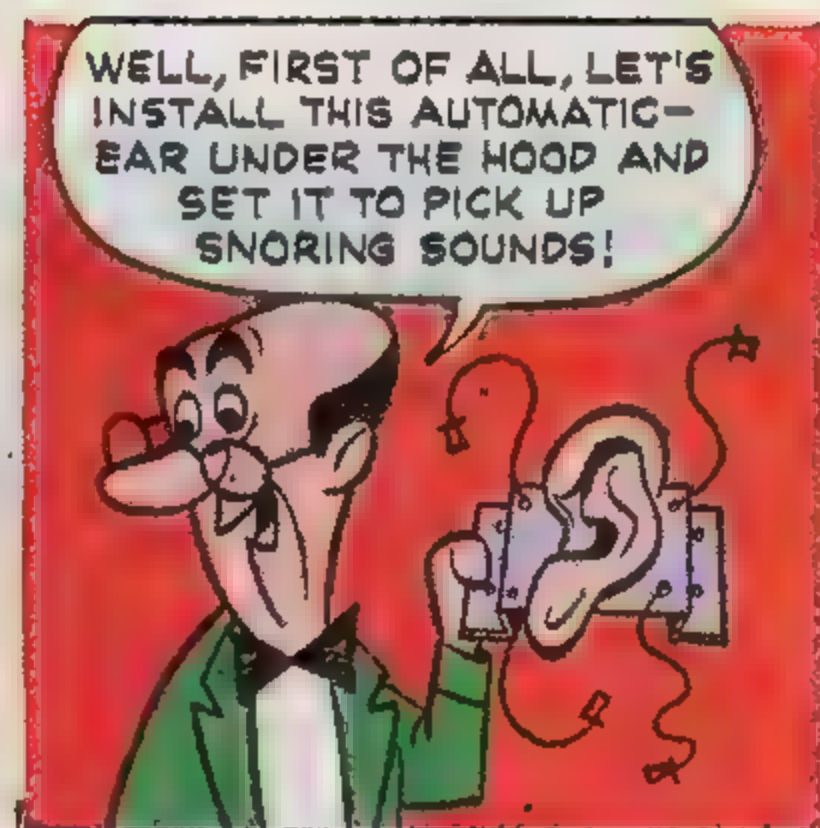
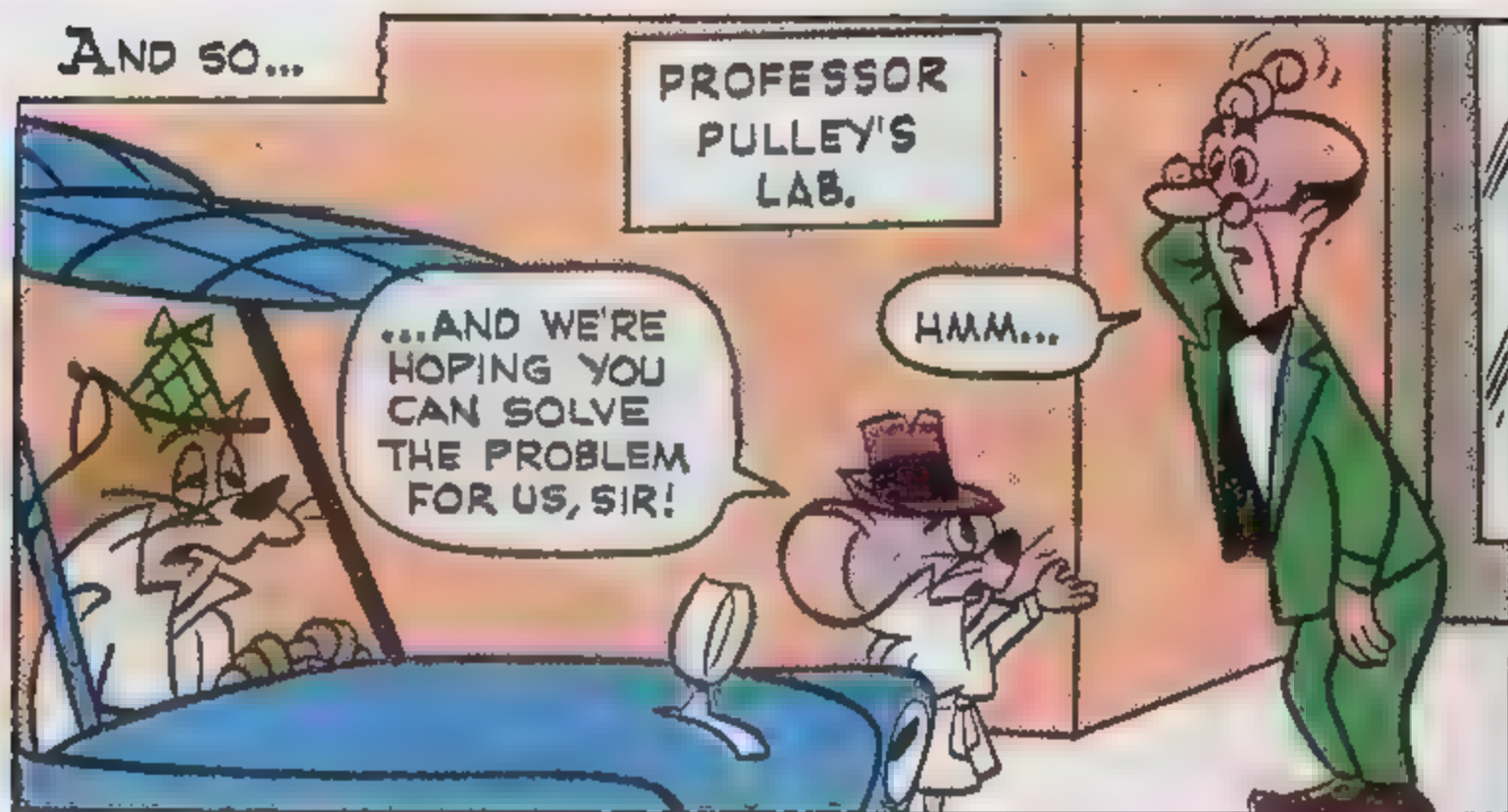


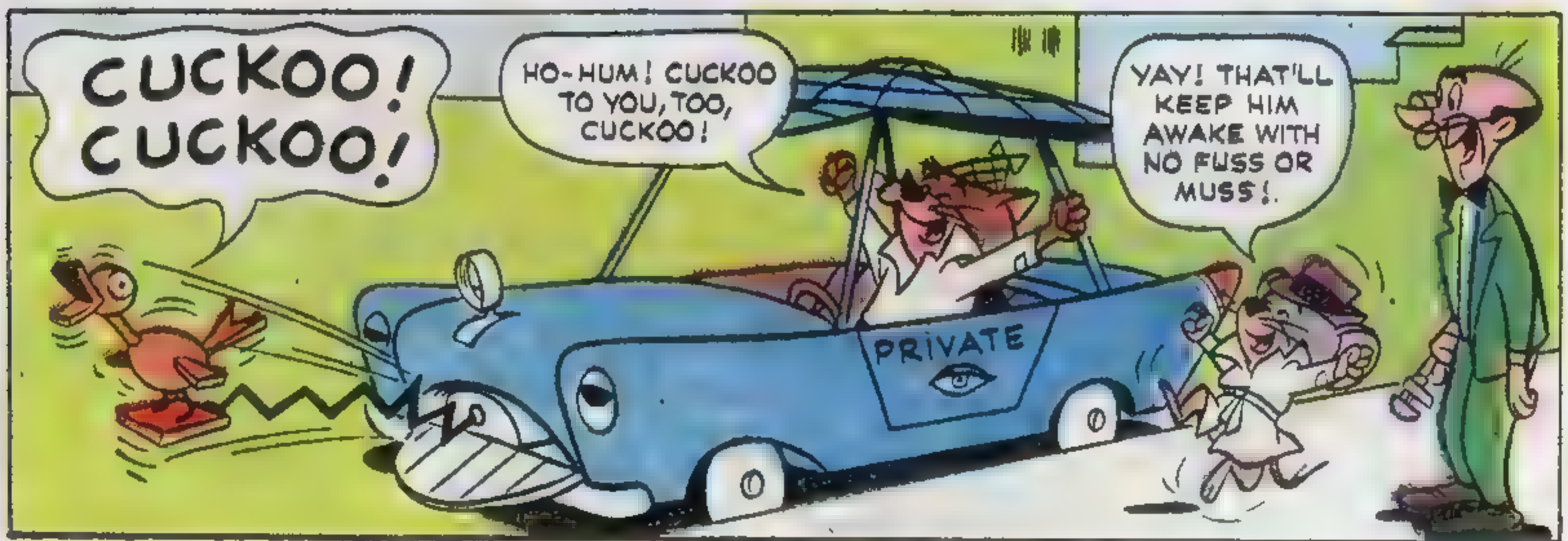
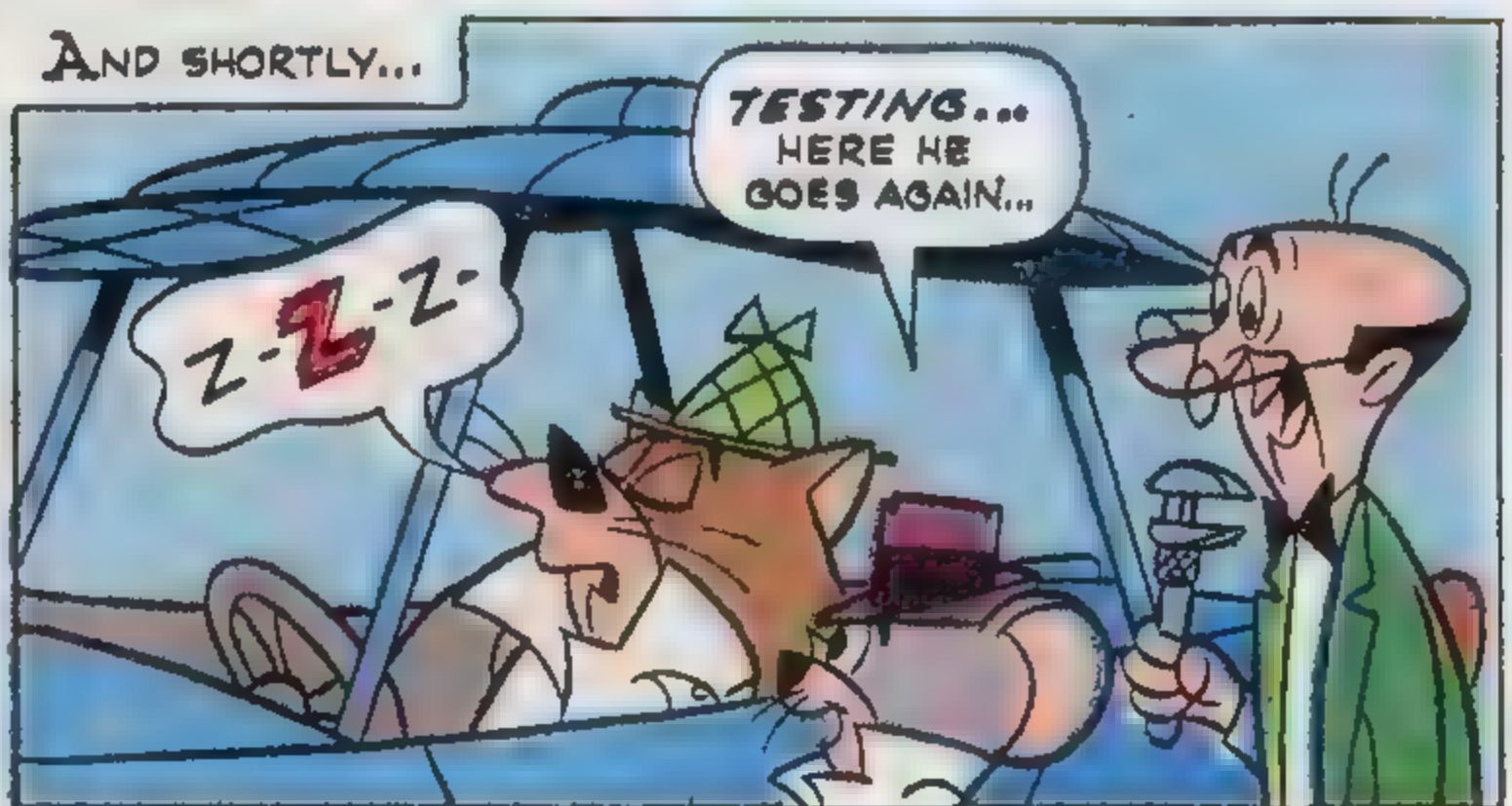
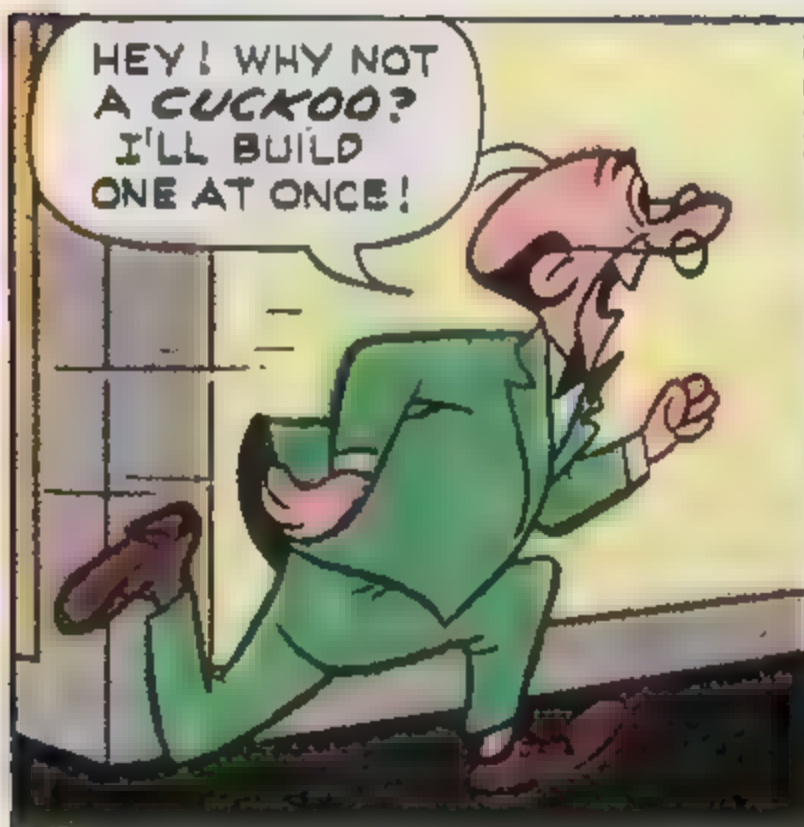
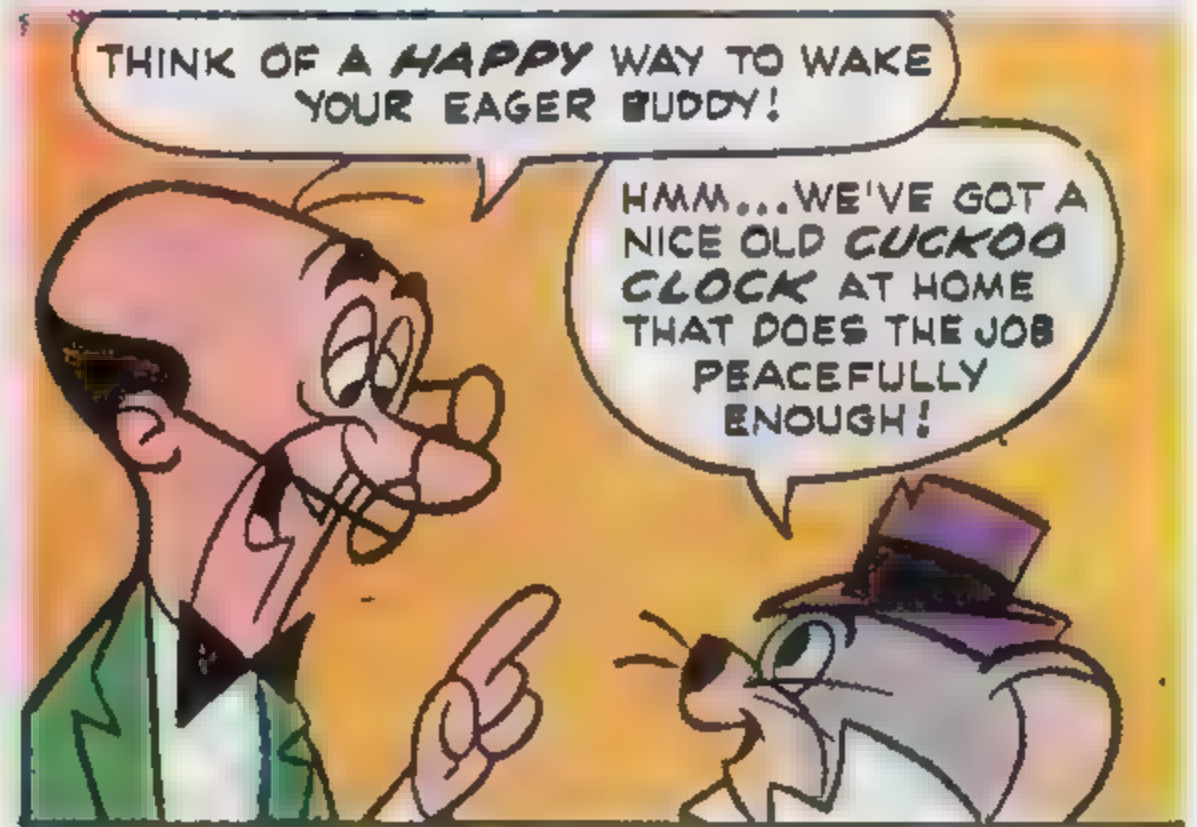
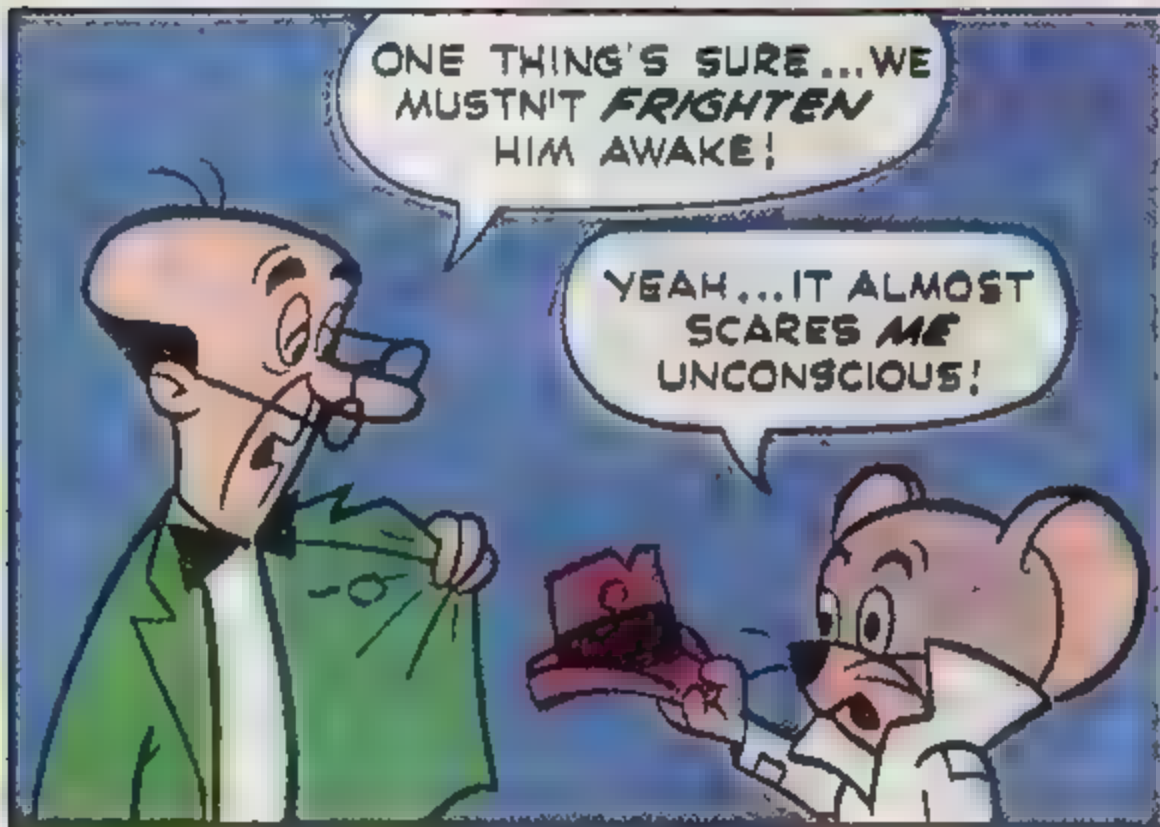
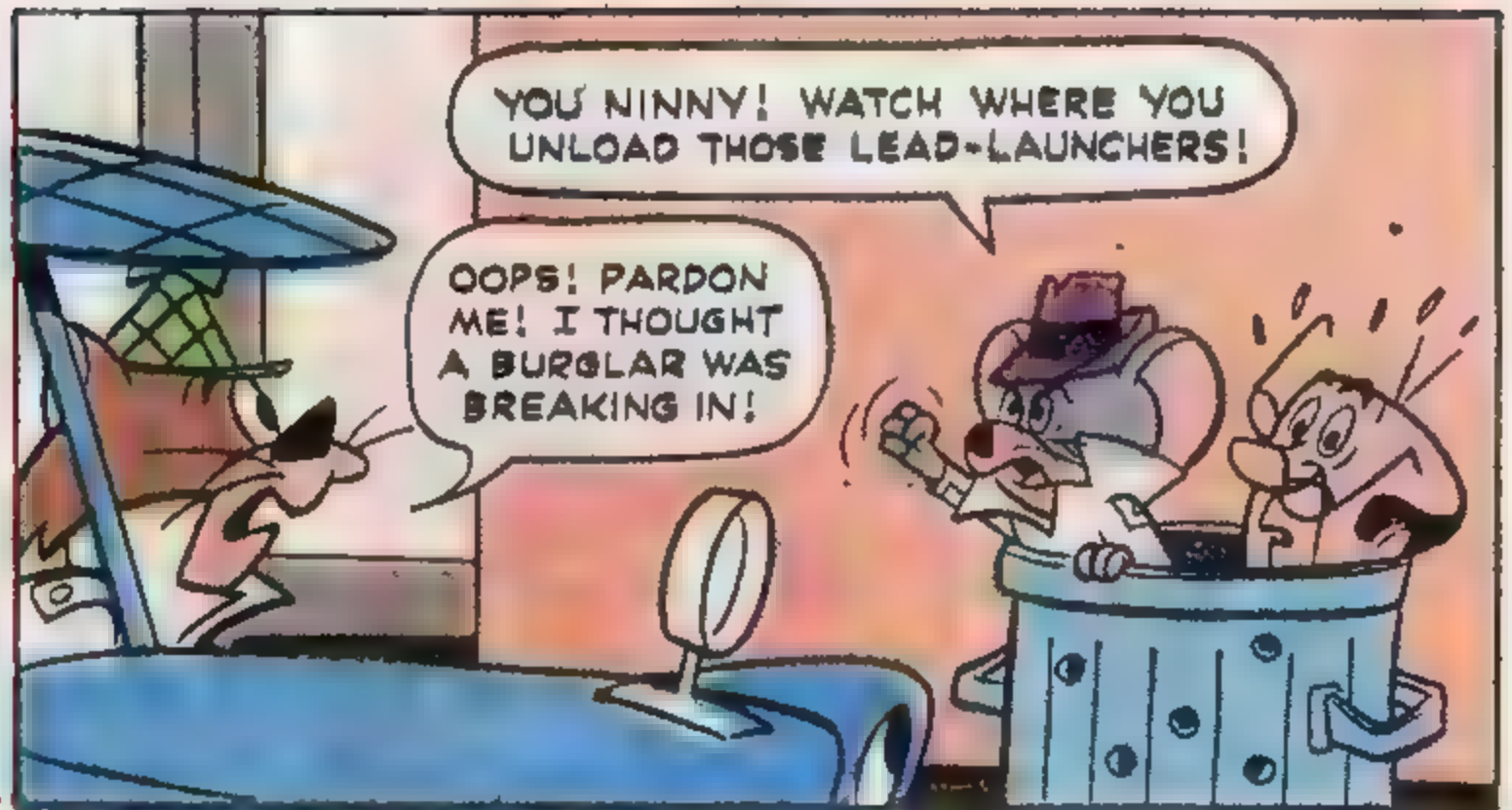


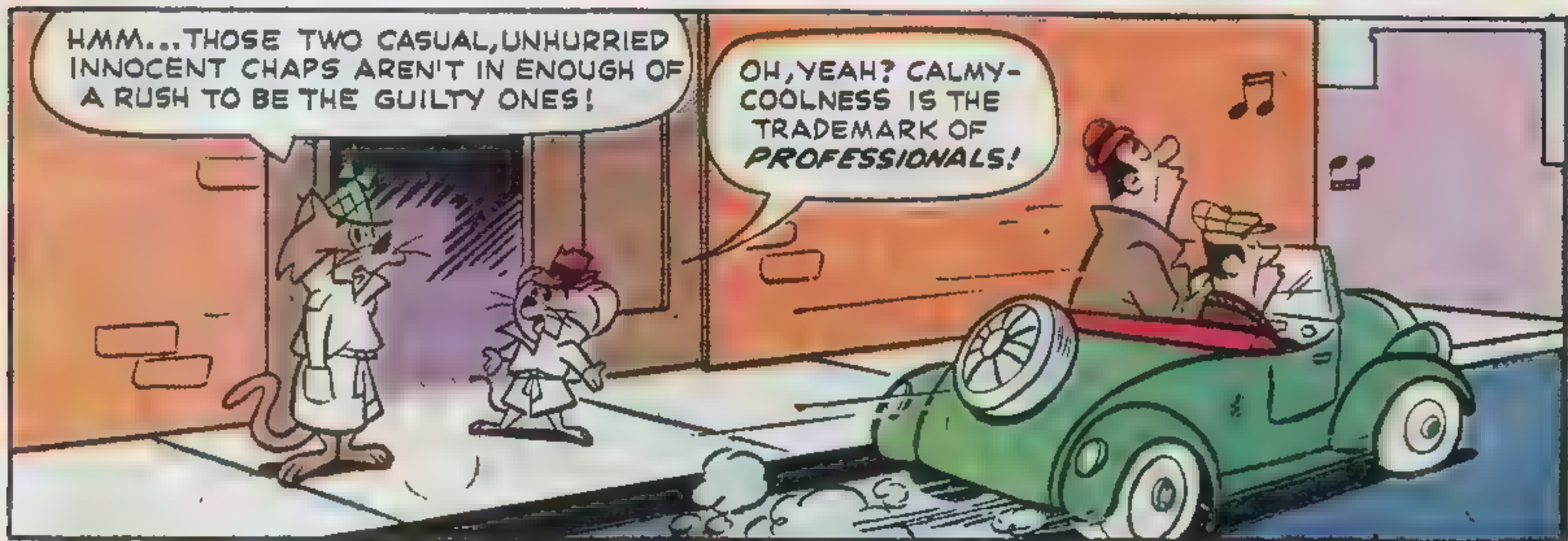
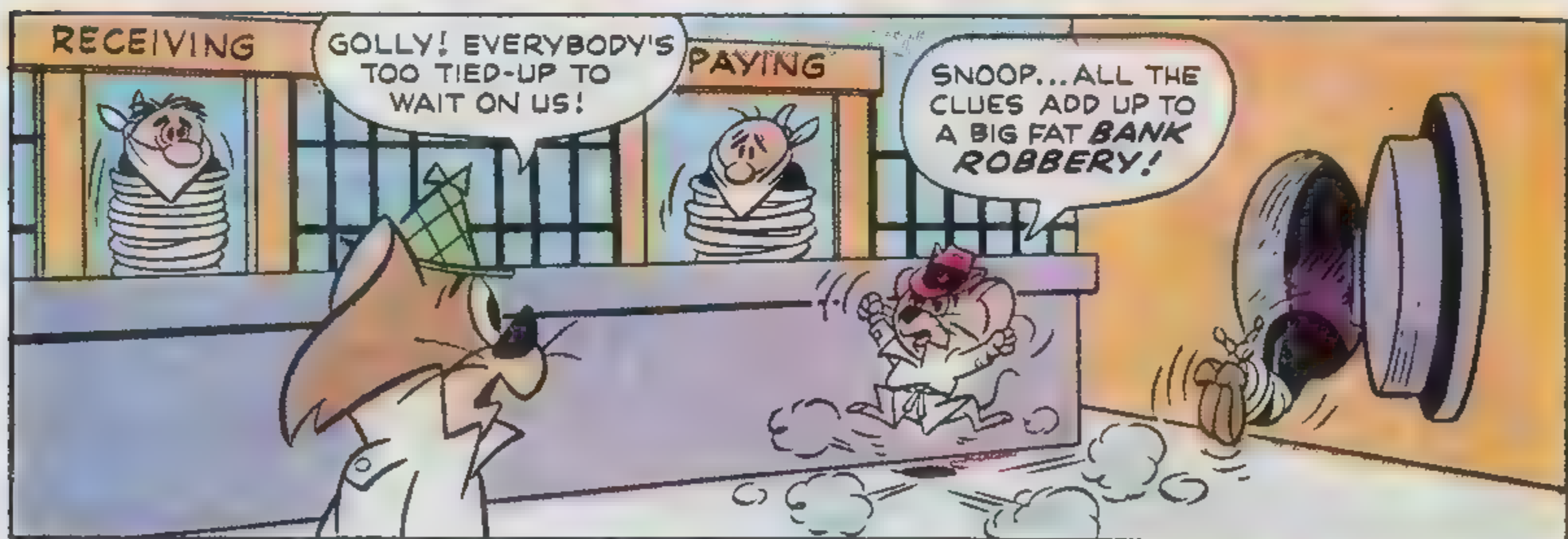
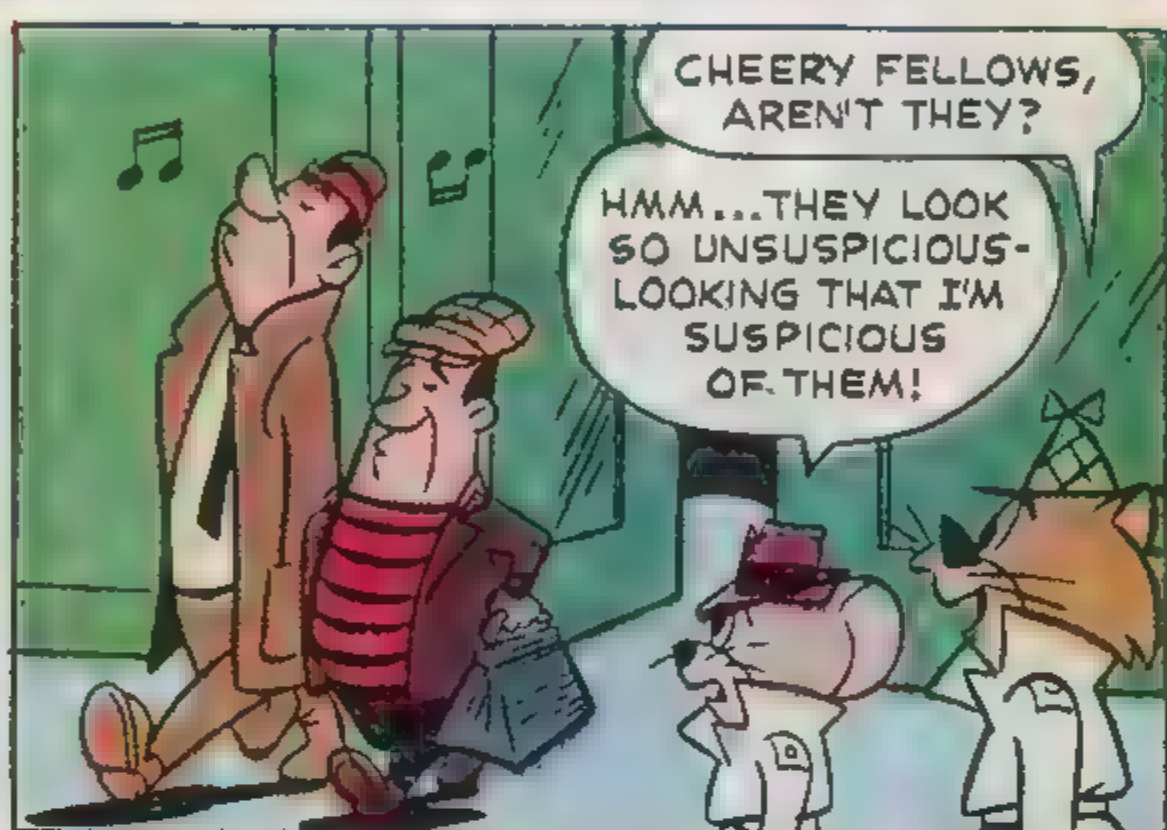
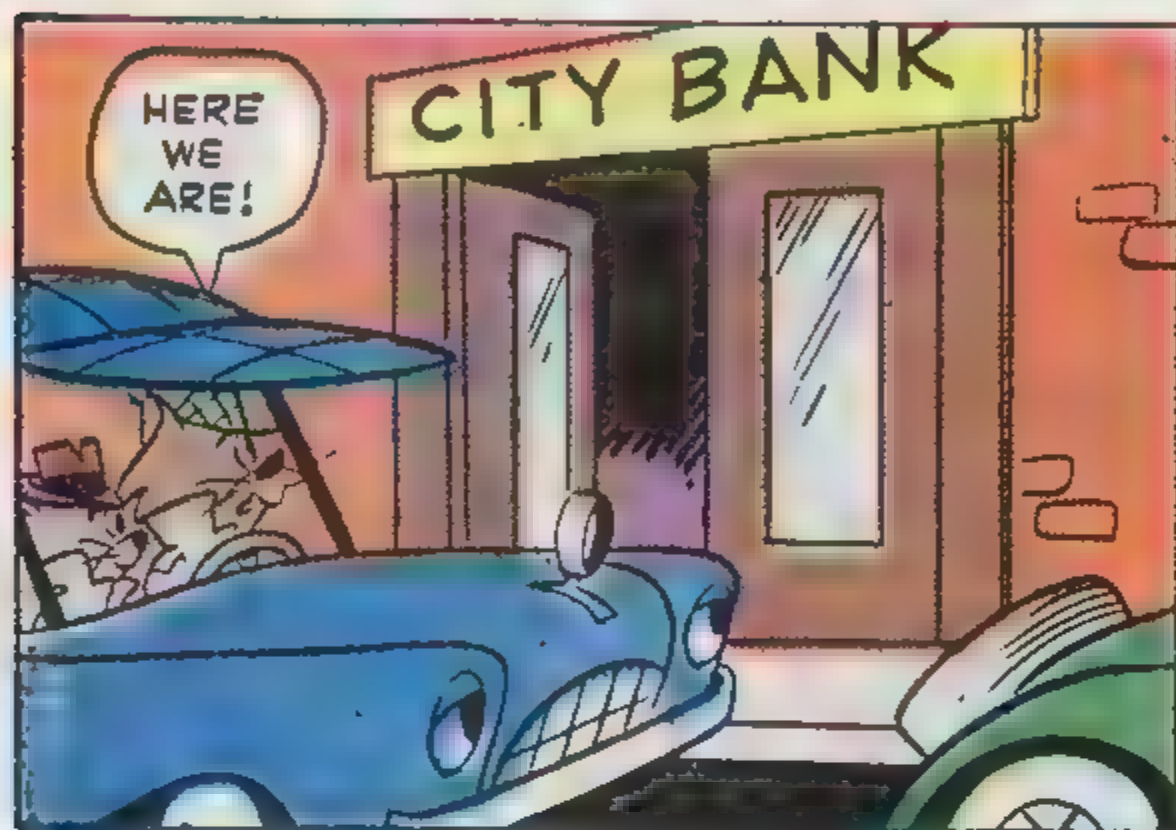
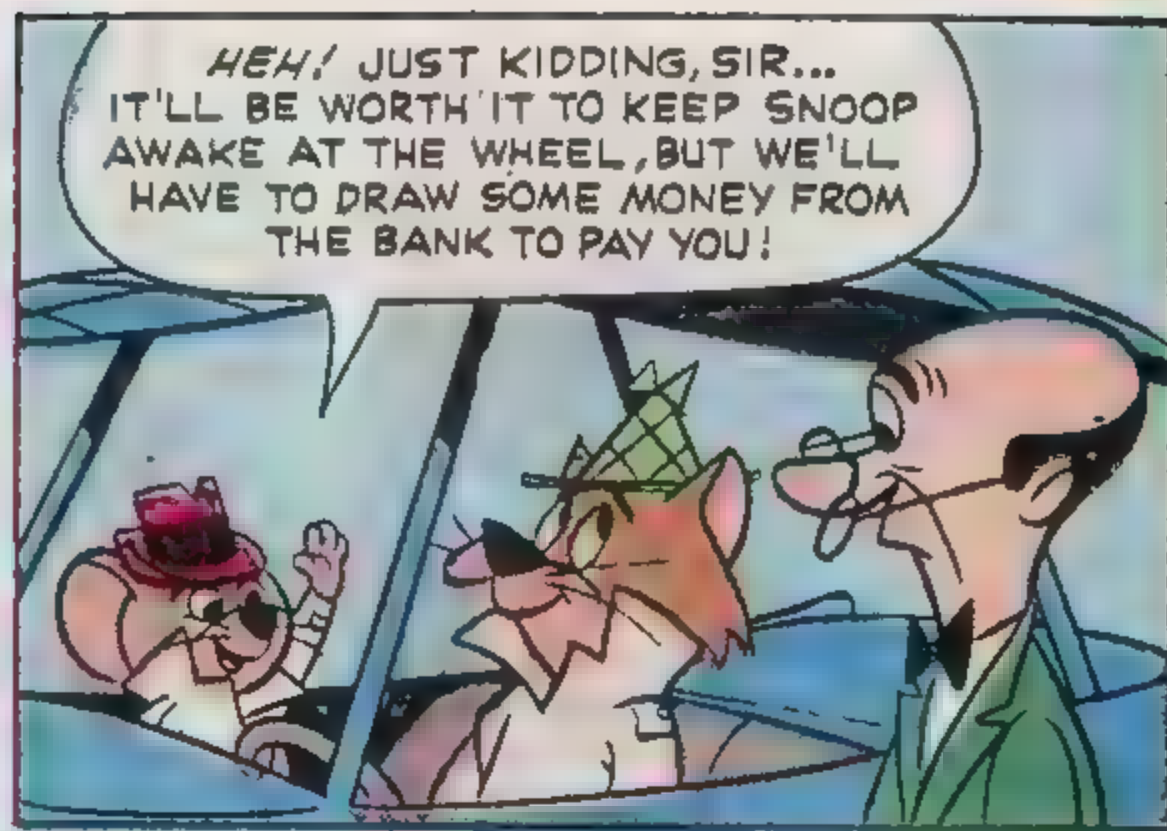
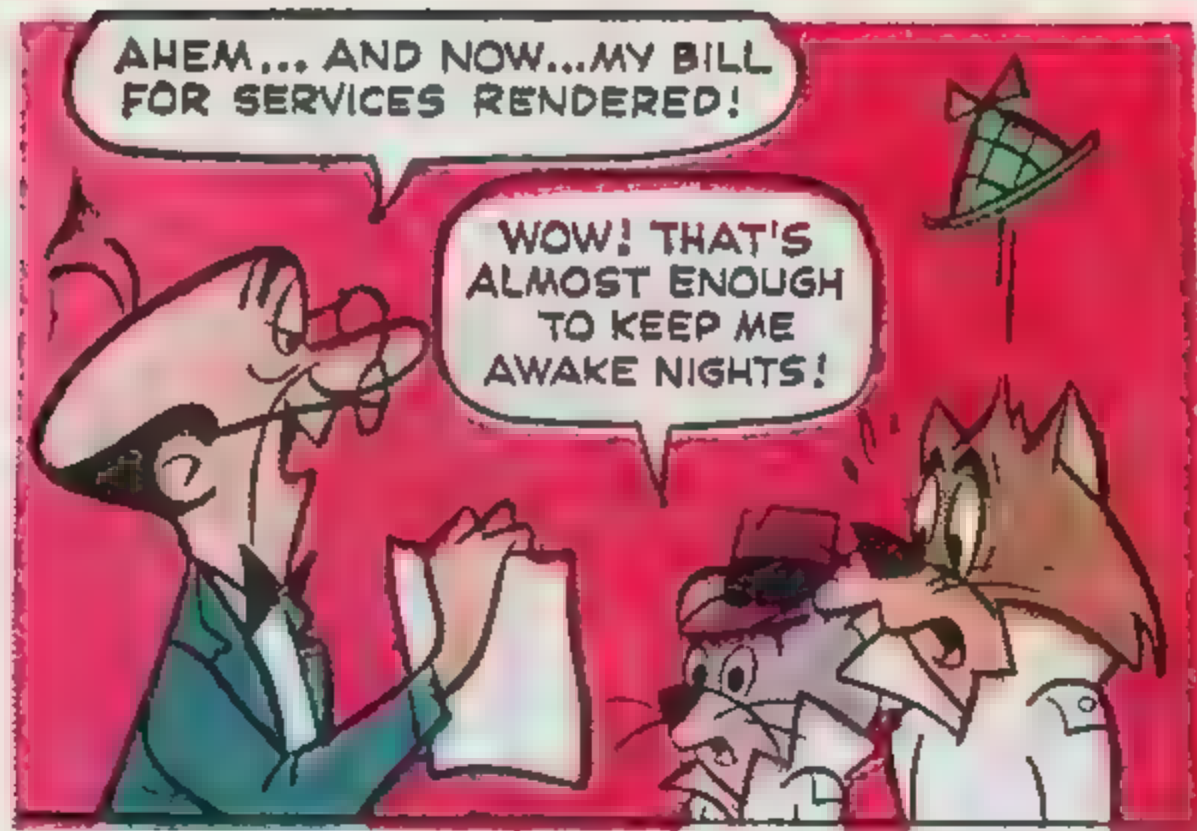


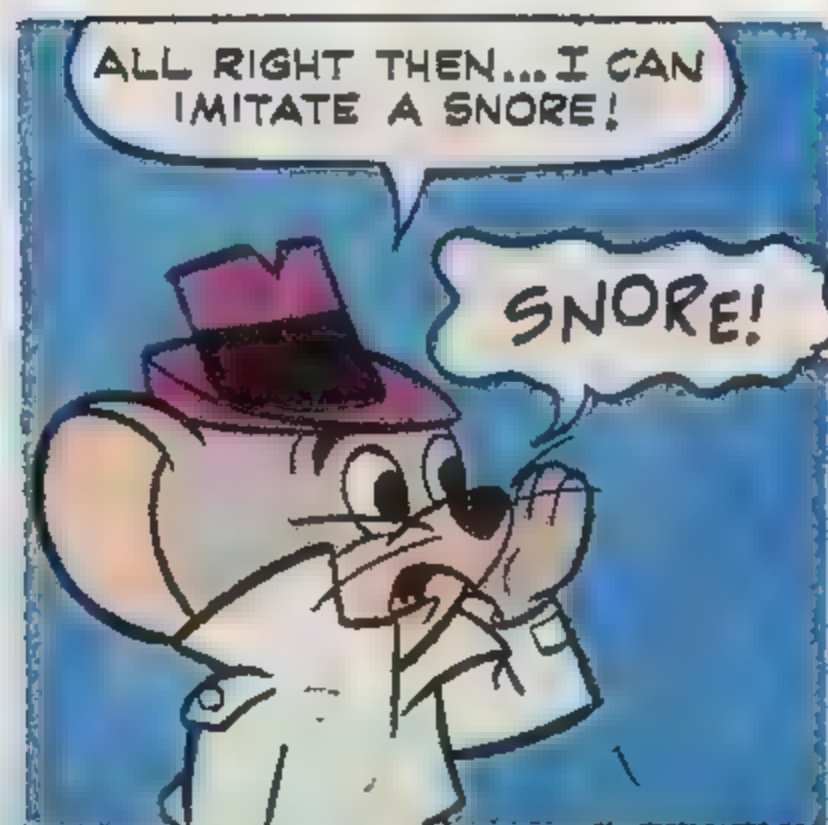
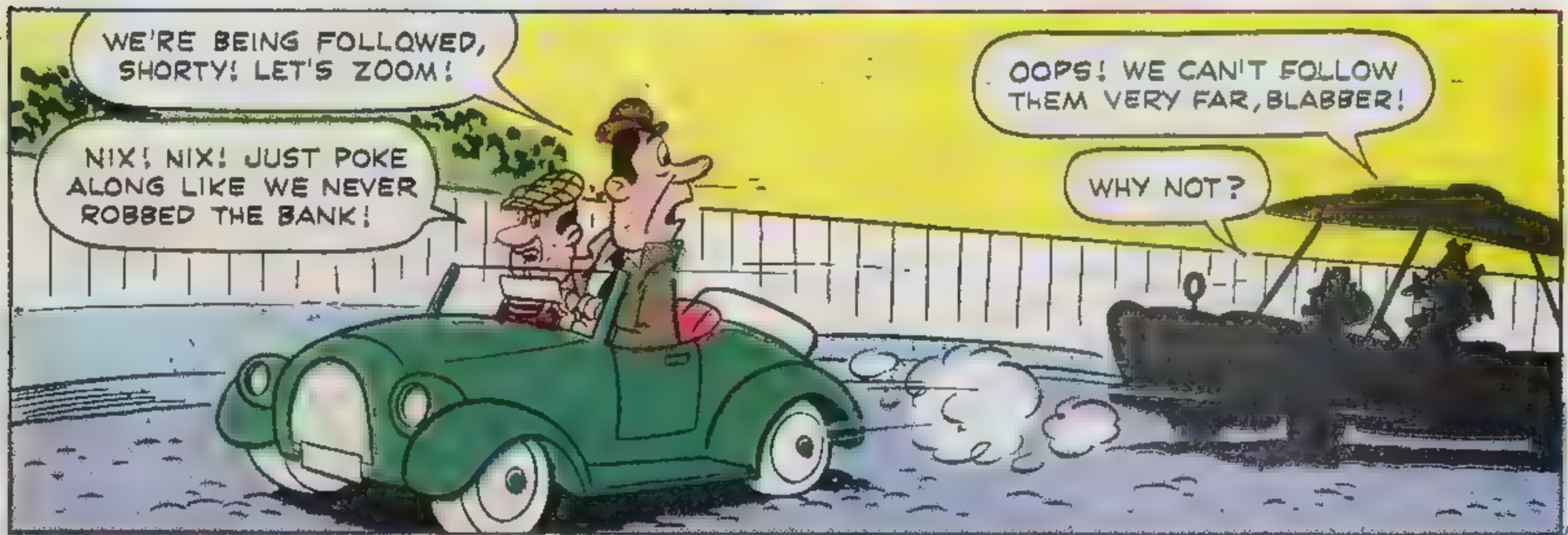
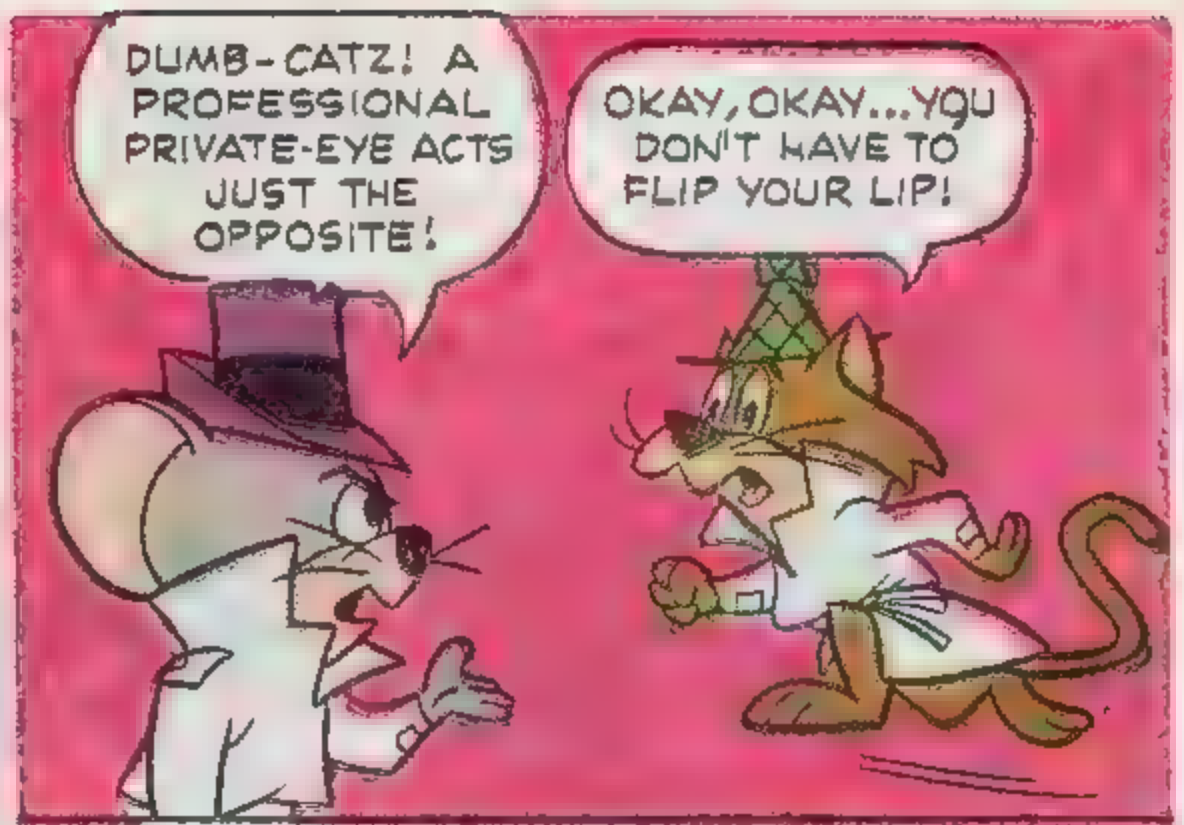
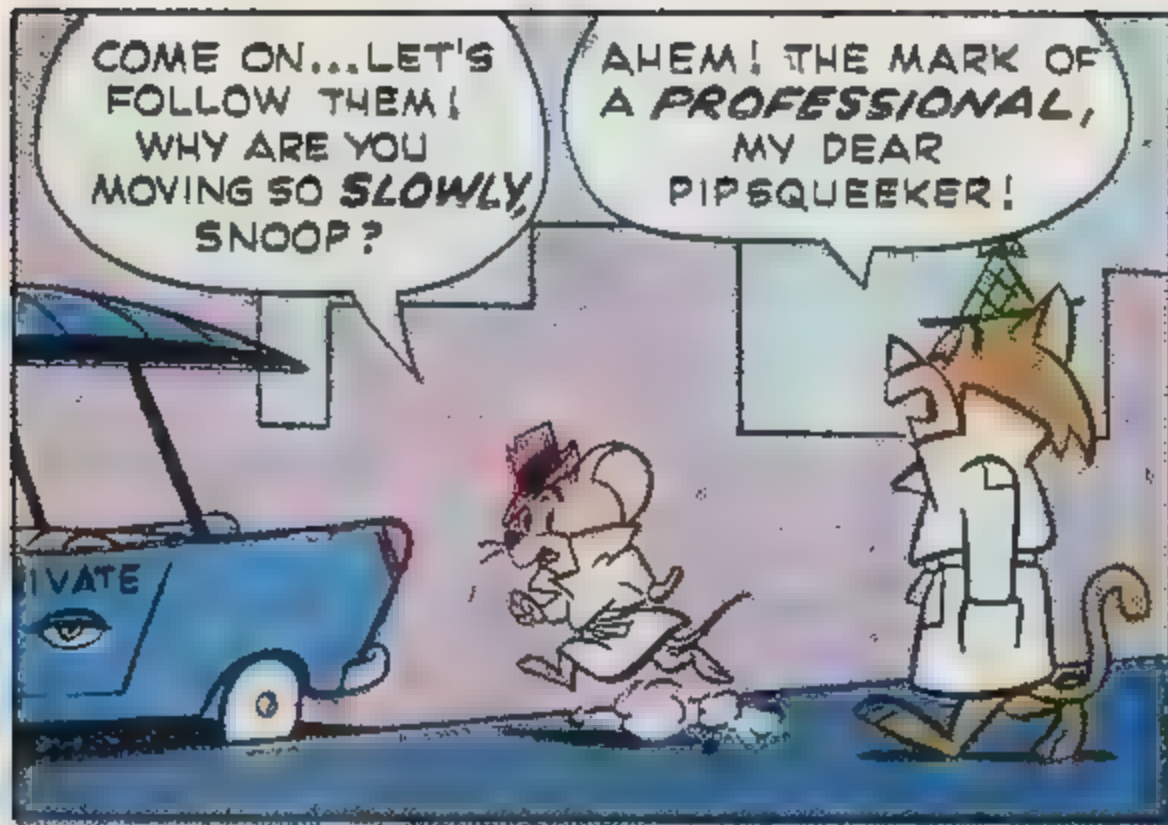
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SNOOPER and BLABBER
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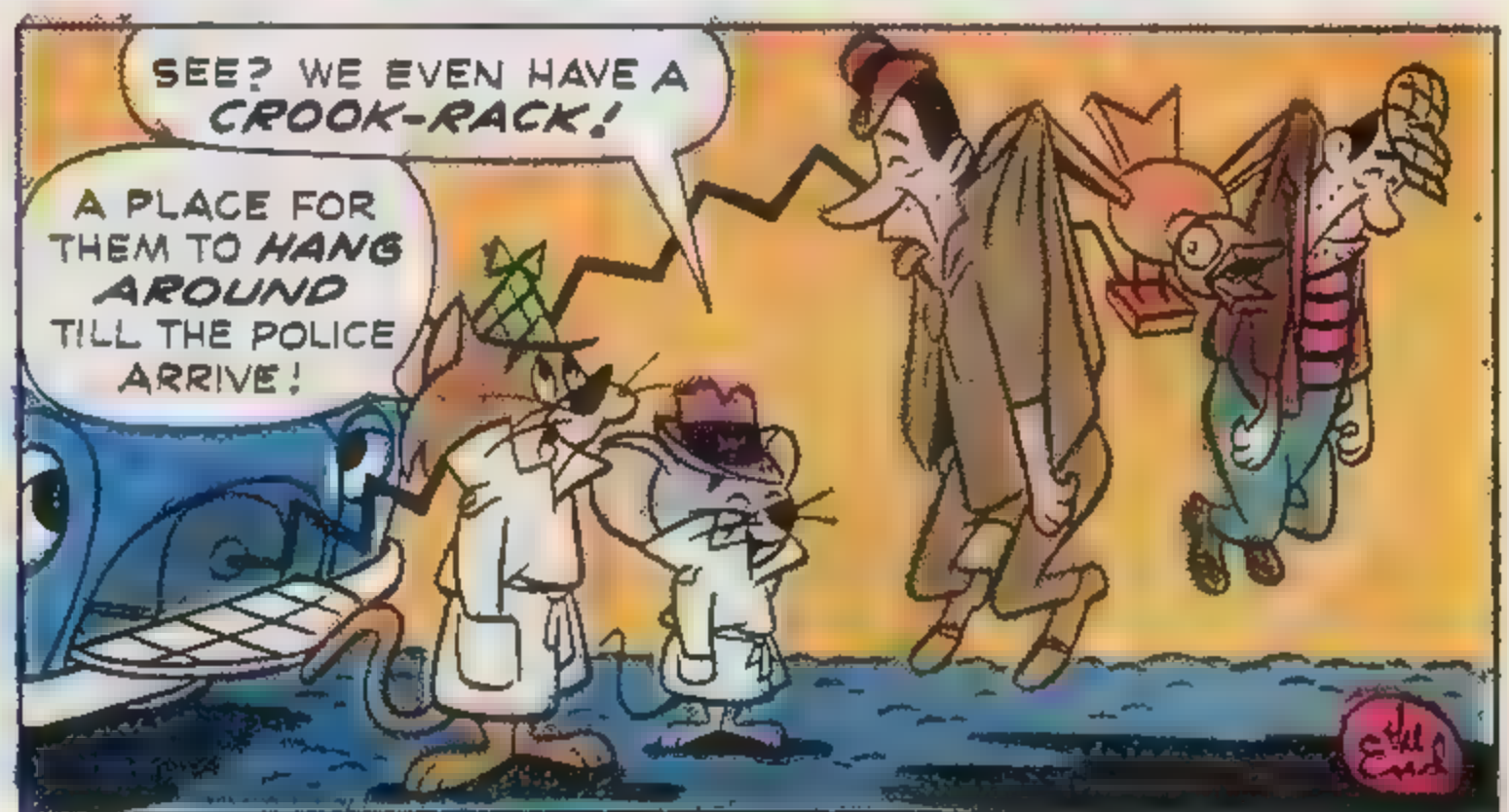
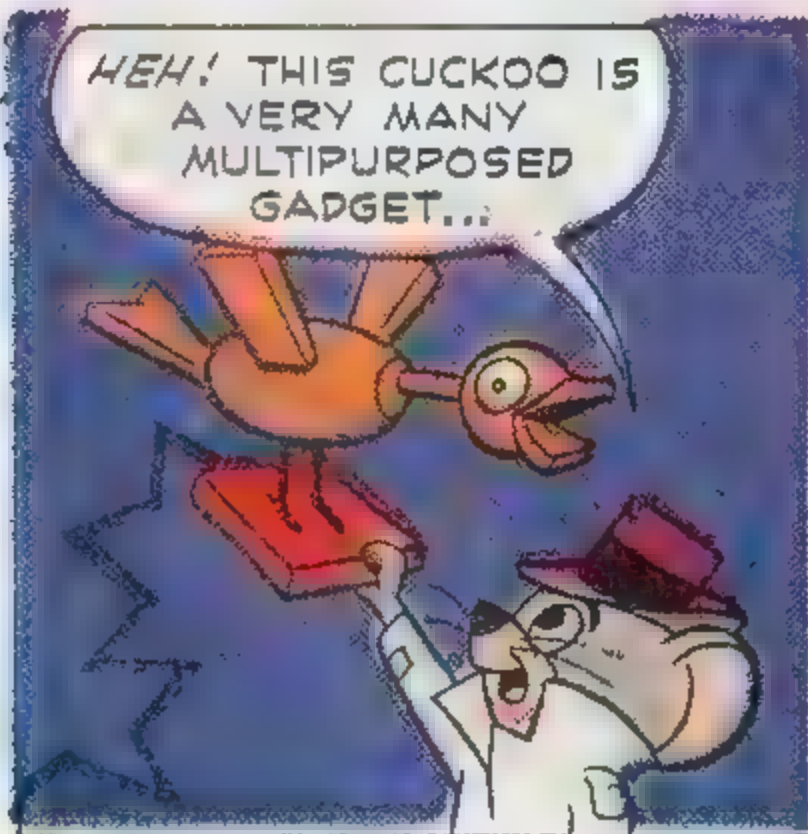
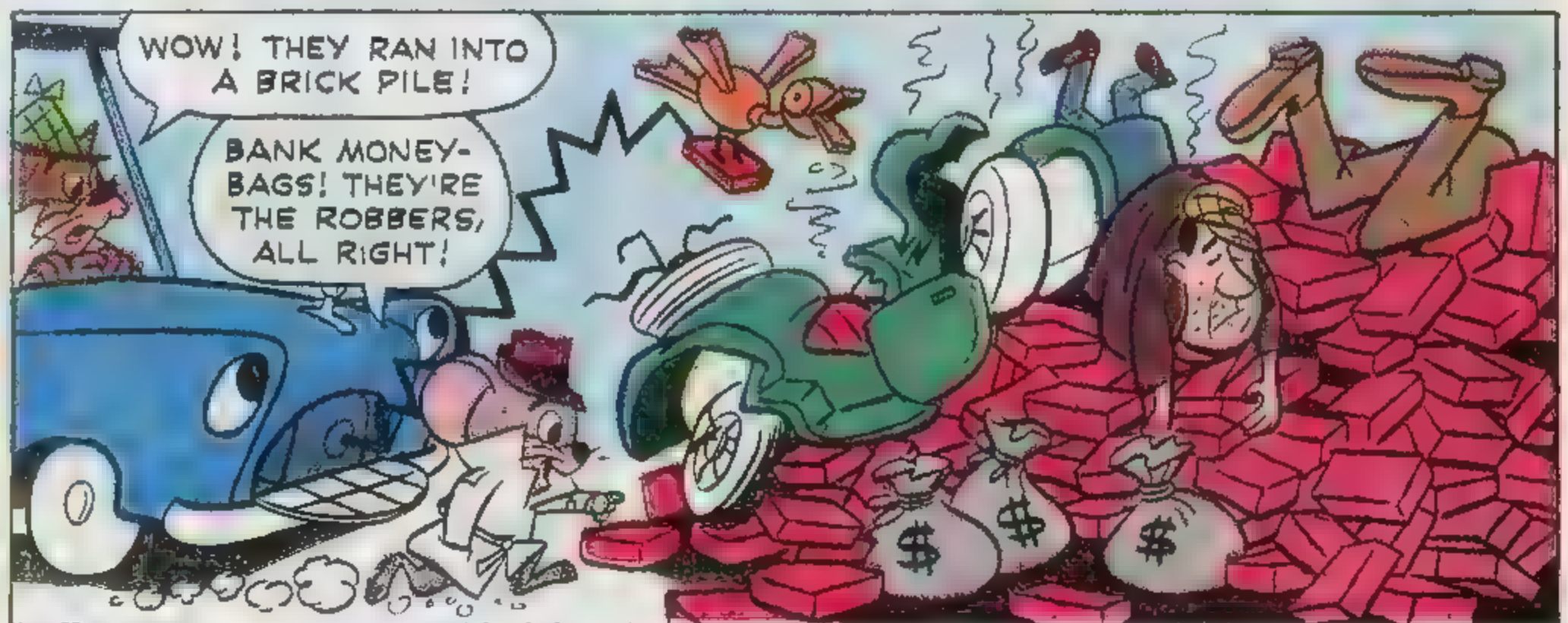
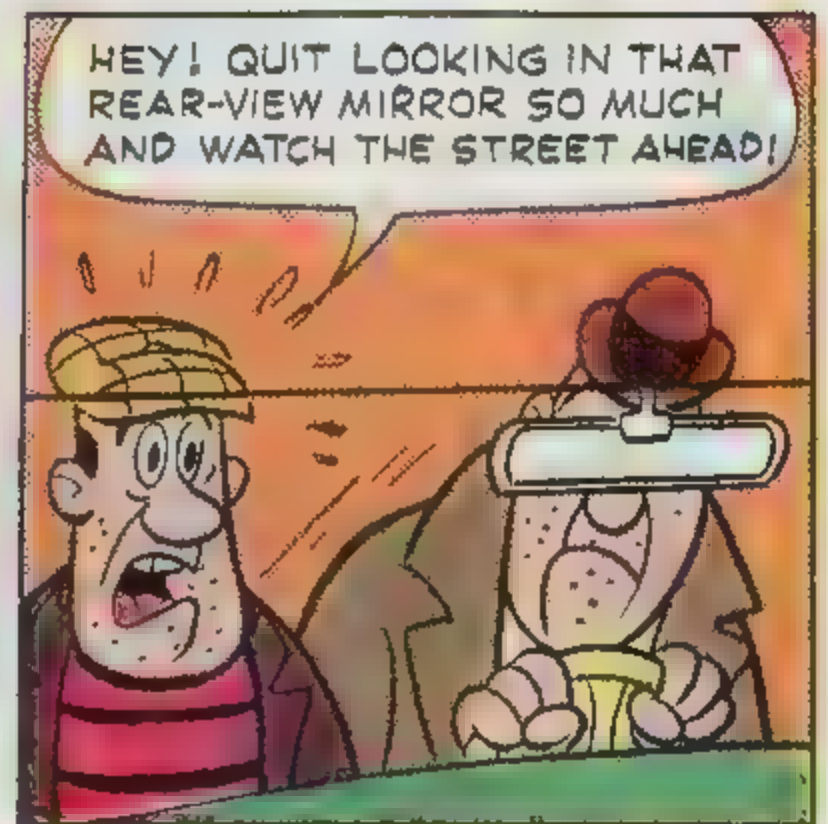
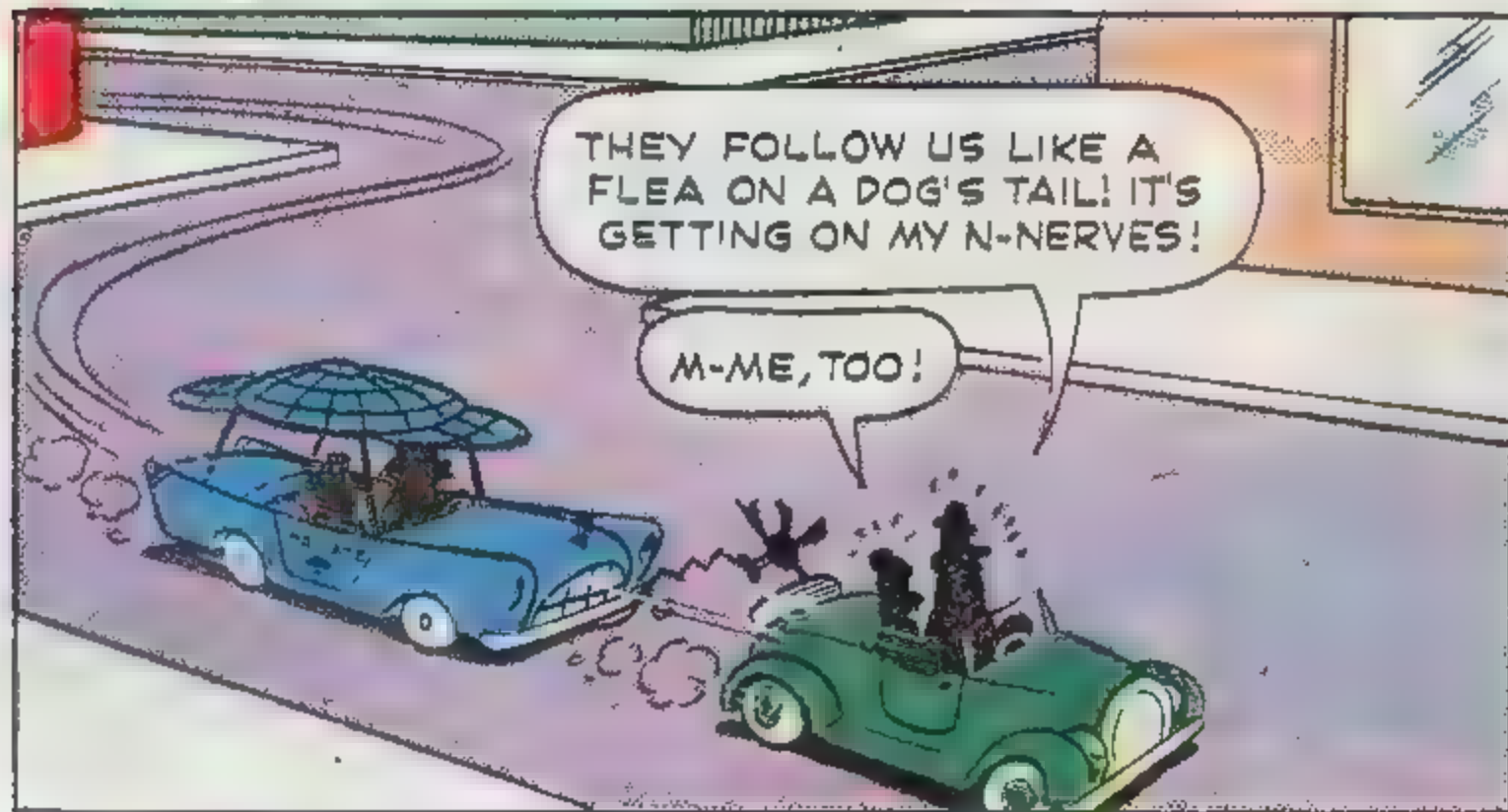
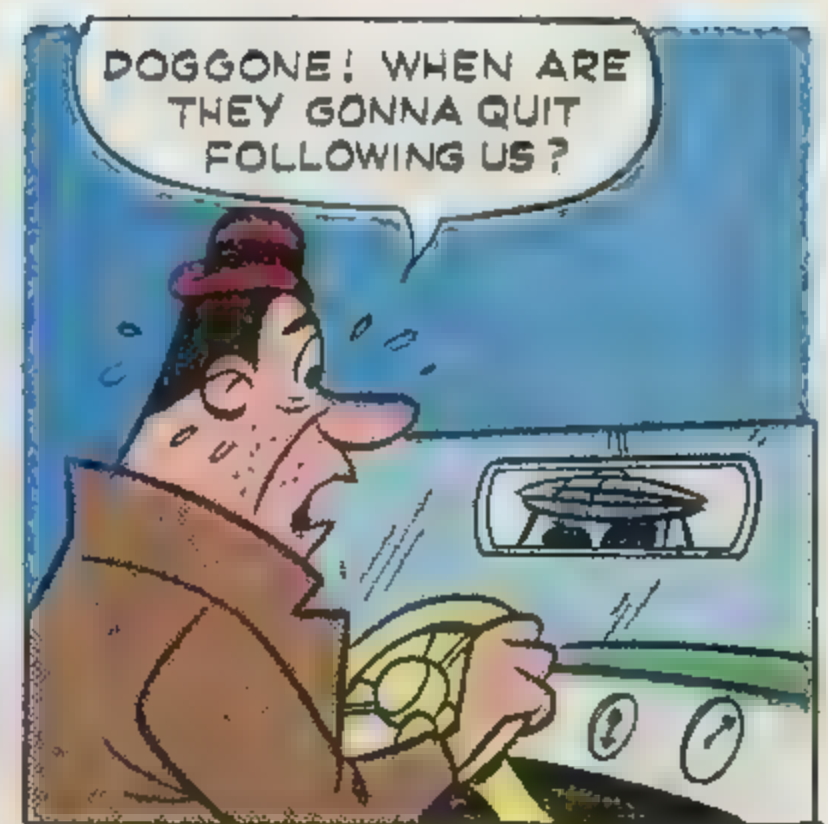
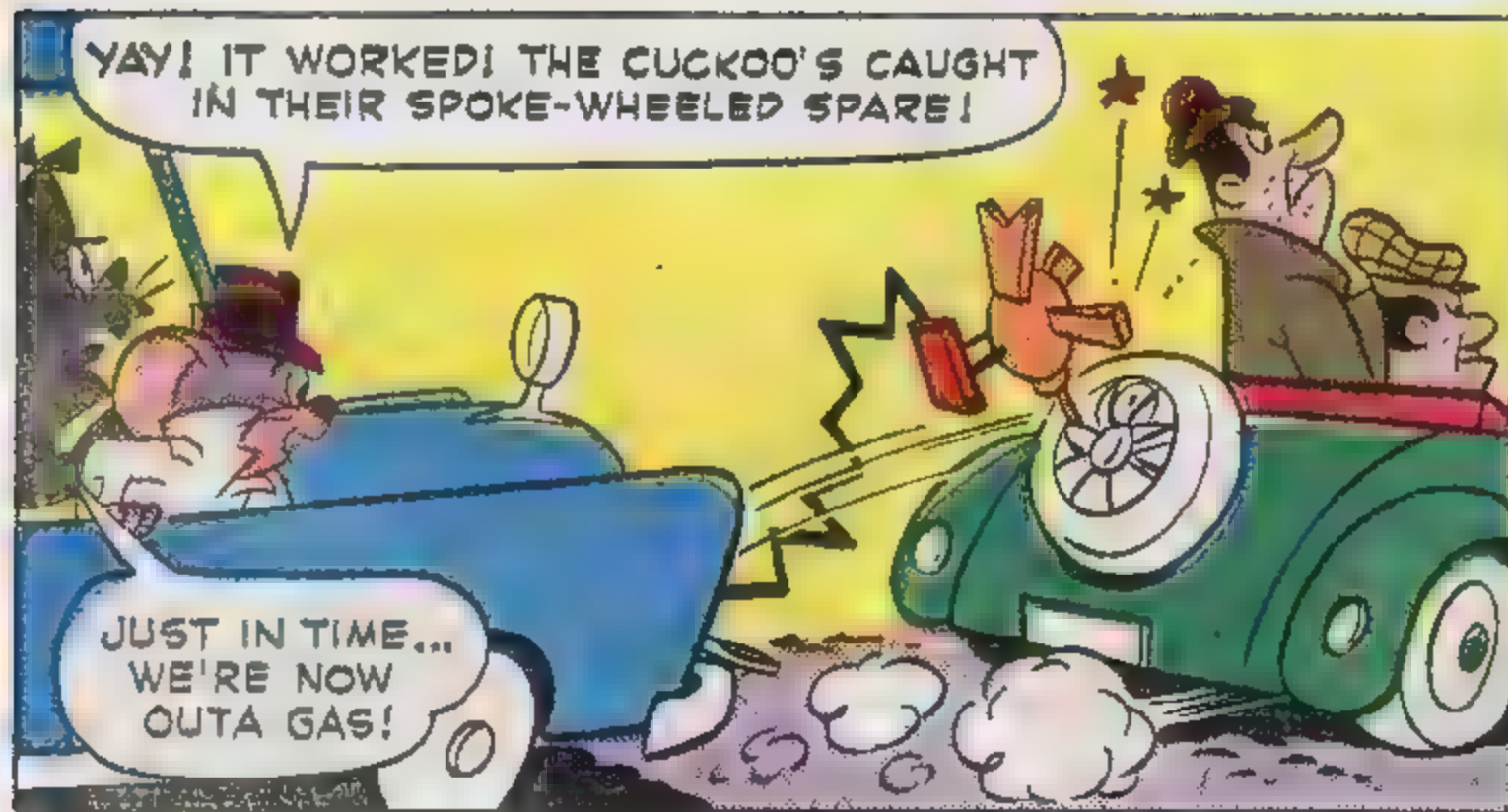












WARDROBE WORRIES



When the mailman delivered his copy of *THE ACTING DAY*, Snagglepuss read it at once.

"Egad," he thought, "if I don't get a day of acting soon, I'll forget how to eat."

Then, he saw a notice which read, "Small but important role in supercolossal new motion picture. Apply at once."

"I will. I will," shouted Snagglepuss. "I'll show them some supercolossal acting."

As Snagglepuss hurried to get dressed, he told himself, "Gadzooks, my fine fellow, but you do need a new wardrobe. Borrow from your piggy bank and repay it with the money you earn . . . and maybe have enough left for a thick, juicy steak dinner."

So, Snagglepuss set out to buy a new wardrobe, even adding a shiny cane with a silver handle and topping it off with a silk hat.

"Now I look like the fine actor I am," he gloated as he hurried to the studio.

When Snagglepuss was called for his interview, the director looked him over, from the top of his high silk hat to his toes.

"New wardrobe, eh?" the director noted. "Good. The part's yours. Let's get a shot of you right now, walking down the street."

This made Snagglepuss sure that he had been right to buy his fine new clothes. They

would last a long time, too, he figured.

When Snagglepuss completed his scene, the make-up man approached him and looked him over, first from one side and then the other.

"I photograph beautifully," Snagglepuss said to him. "I require no make-up."

"A little something on your face is all you'll need," replied the make-up man.

With that, he proceeded to rub a handful of dirt all over Snagglepuss's face.

Next, the wardrobe man came up to Snagglepuss. He, too, looked him over, first from one side and then the other. Then, he took Snagglepuss's shiny cane with the silver handle and broke it in two. Next, he threw Snagglepuss's high silk hat on the ground and stomped on it. Finally, he ripped one of Snagglepuss's sparkling new cuffs until it hung limply from his wrist, and he cut a long slash in the neat new tie.

When the director walked up to him, Snagglepuss was a mass of sputtering rage.

"Sorry to do this to your new clothes," the director replied sympathetically. "But, you see," he went on to explain, "you play the part of a well-dressed gentleman who is attacked on his way to an important party. I chose you because you looked the part."

Snagglepuss felt proud, but he also saw his vision of a fine steak dinner disappear. Now, he would have to buy another wardrobe.

"Let's get on with the next scene," the director cried. "Lights, camera, action."

Snagglepuss went into action. He walked into a room where other actors were seated around a table, pretending to eat what looked like a mouth-watering dinner but was, in truth, only stage food. Snagglepuss sat down, hungrier than ever at the sight of all the luscious-looking but inedible food.

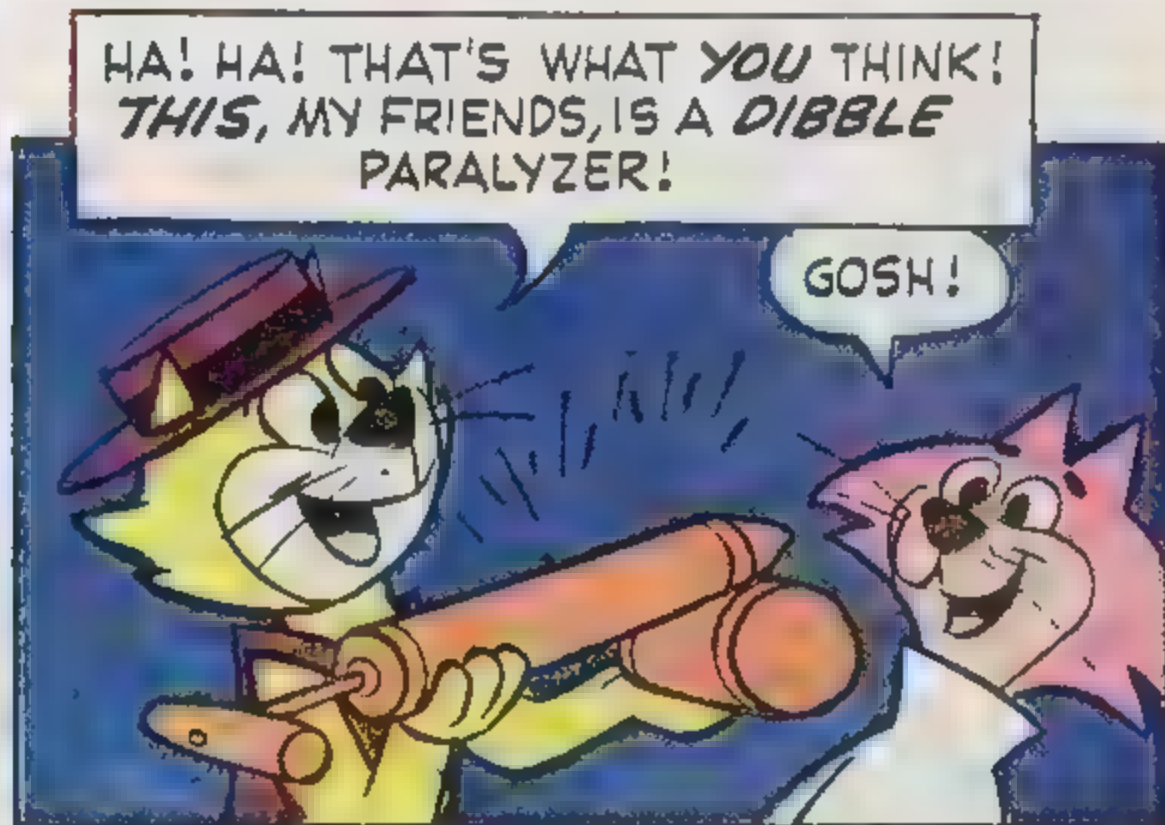
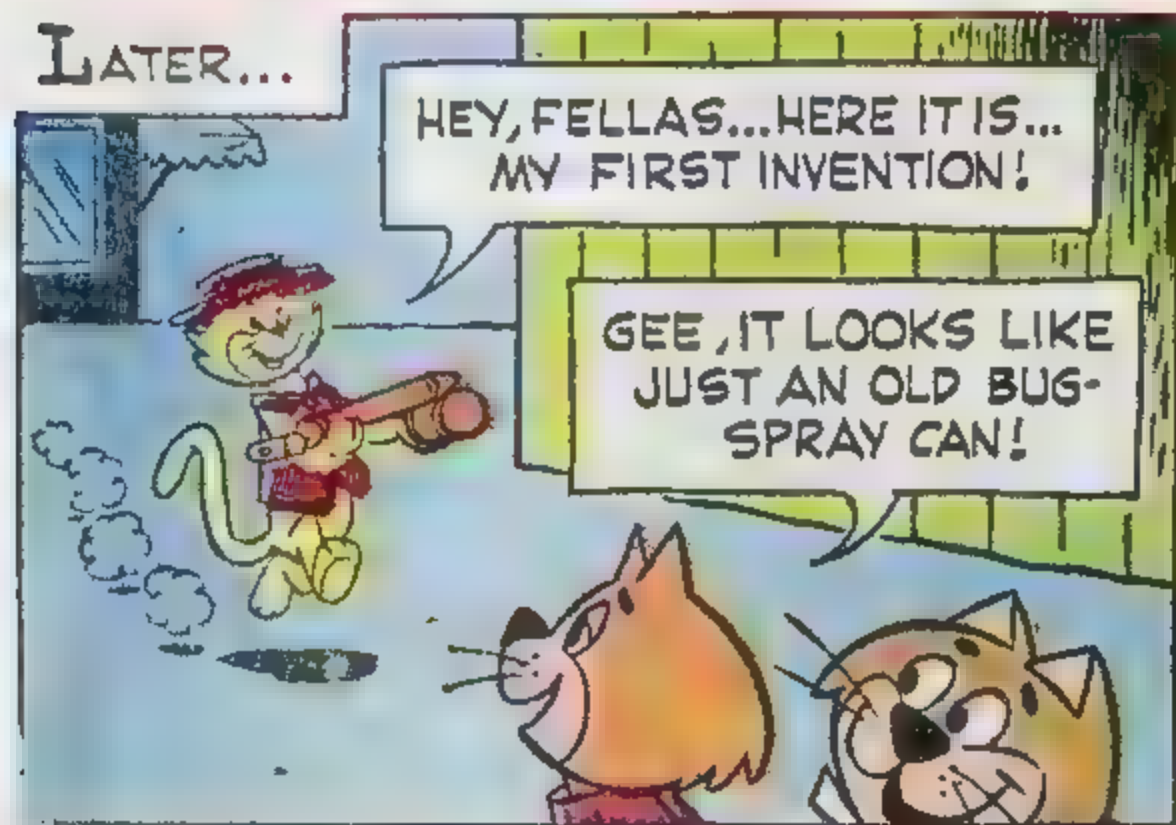
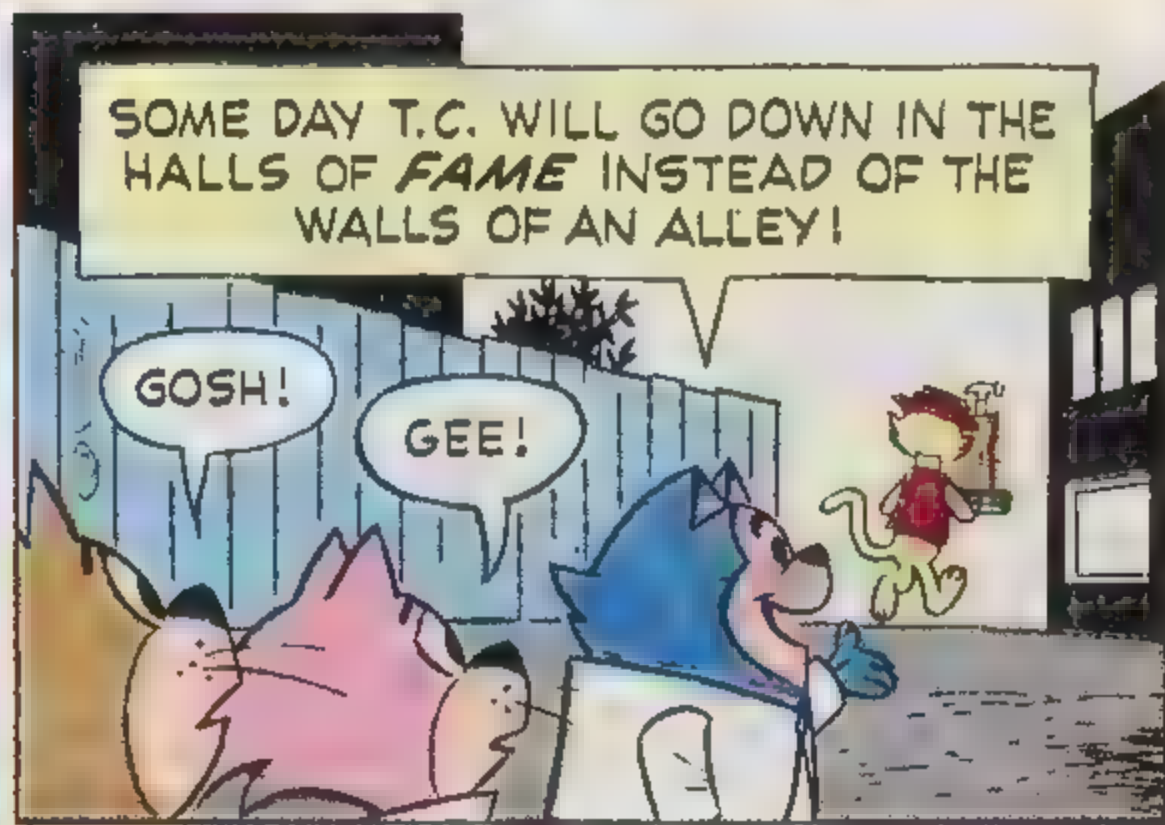
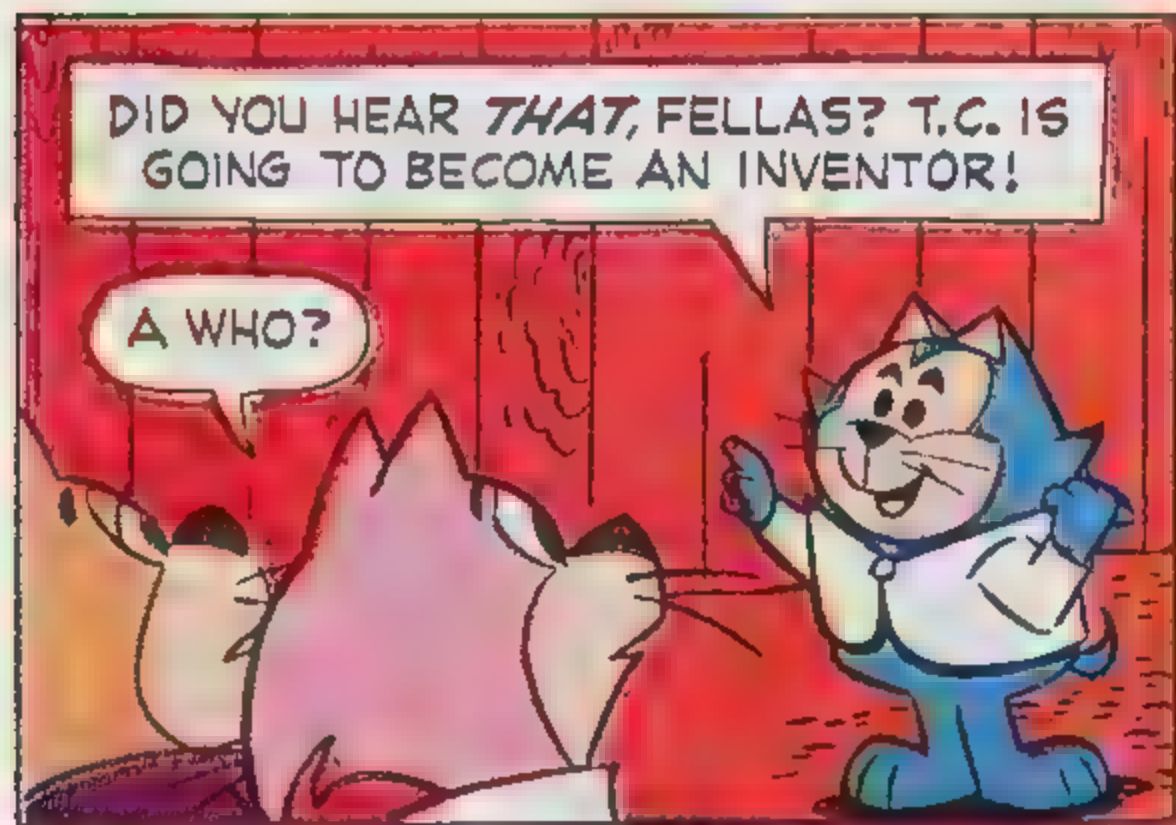
As a heaping, steaming steak dinner was placed before Snagglepuss, the director called, "Eat." Snagglepuss, always the true actor, gulped back his distaste and ate.

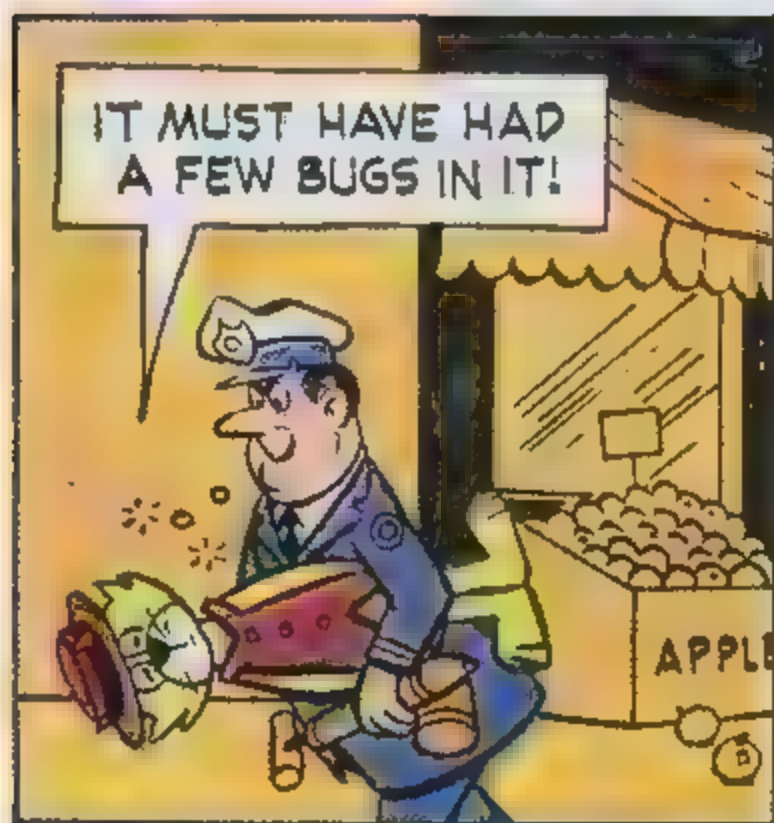
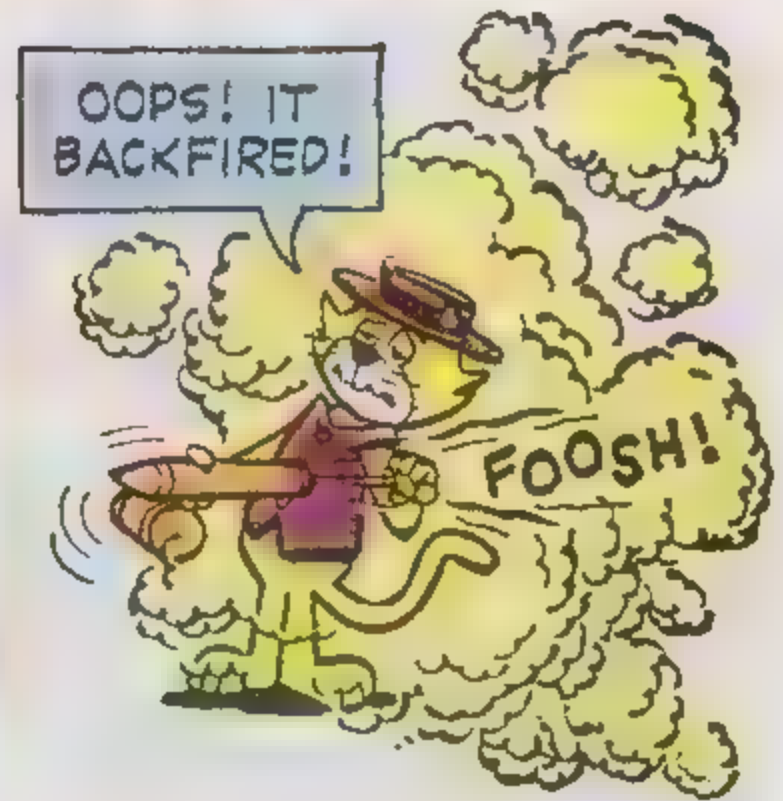
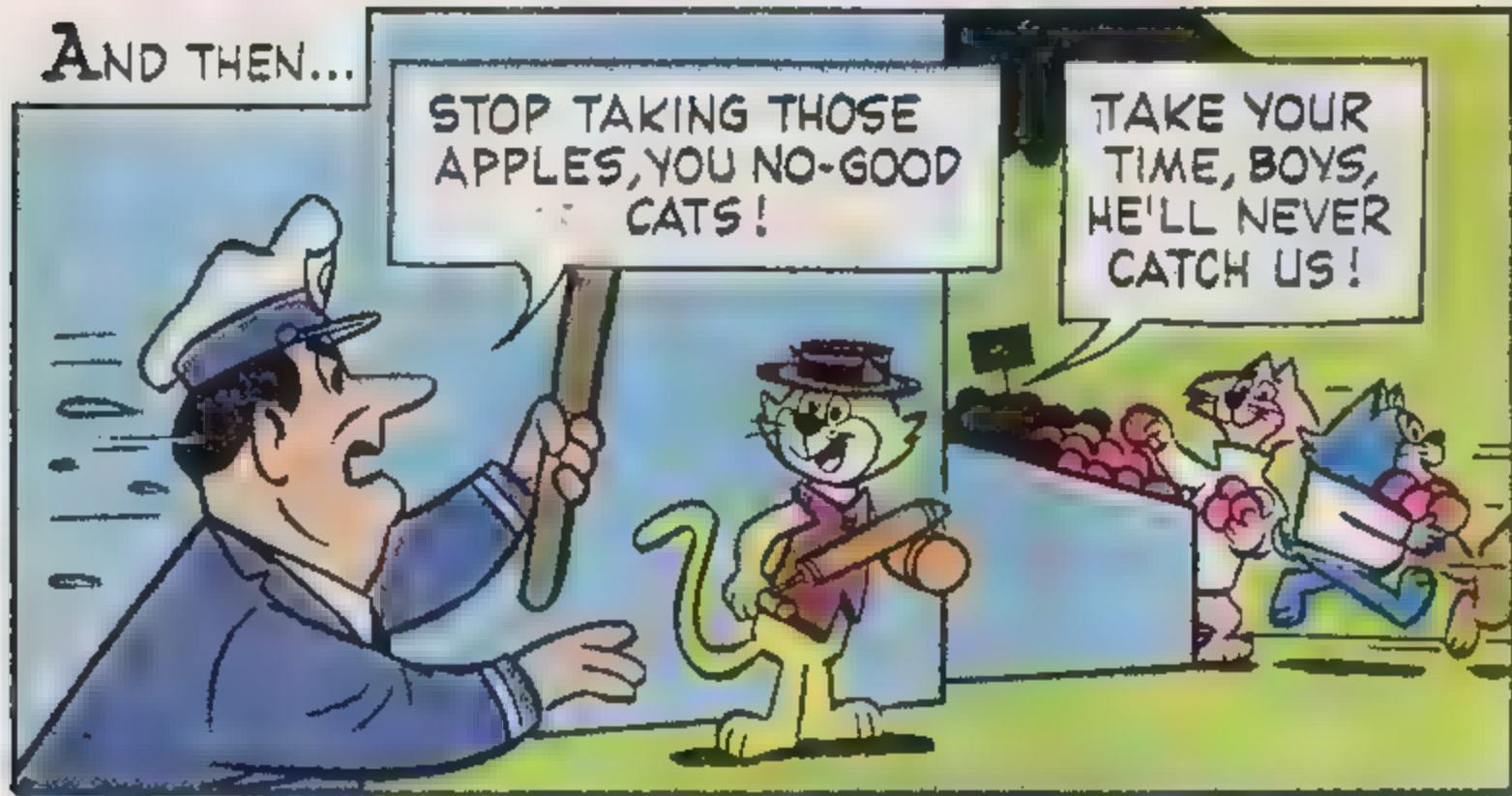
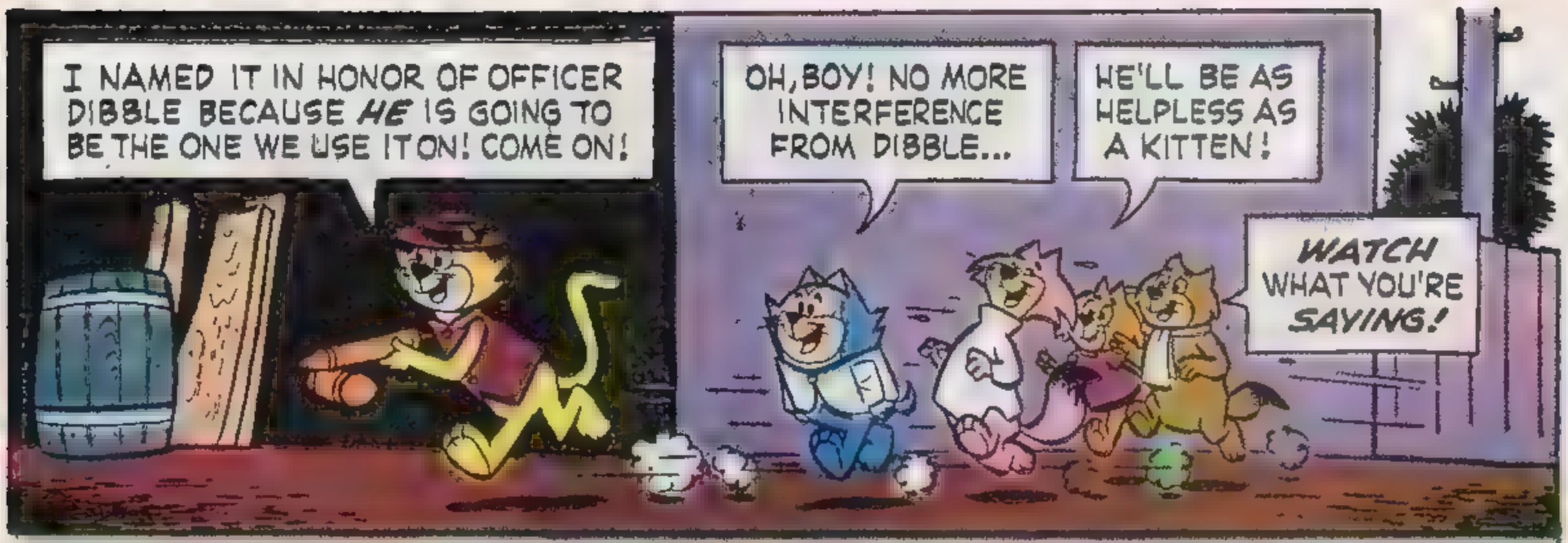
Wonder of wonders. His dinner was real. With the camera centered on him, Snagglepuss gave the finest performance of his life.

When Snagglepuss had cleaned his plate, the director said, "I'd like to film that scene again, before we fit you with a new wardrobe. Do you think you could eat another steak?"

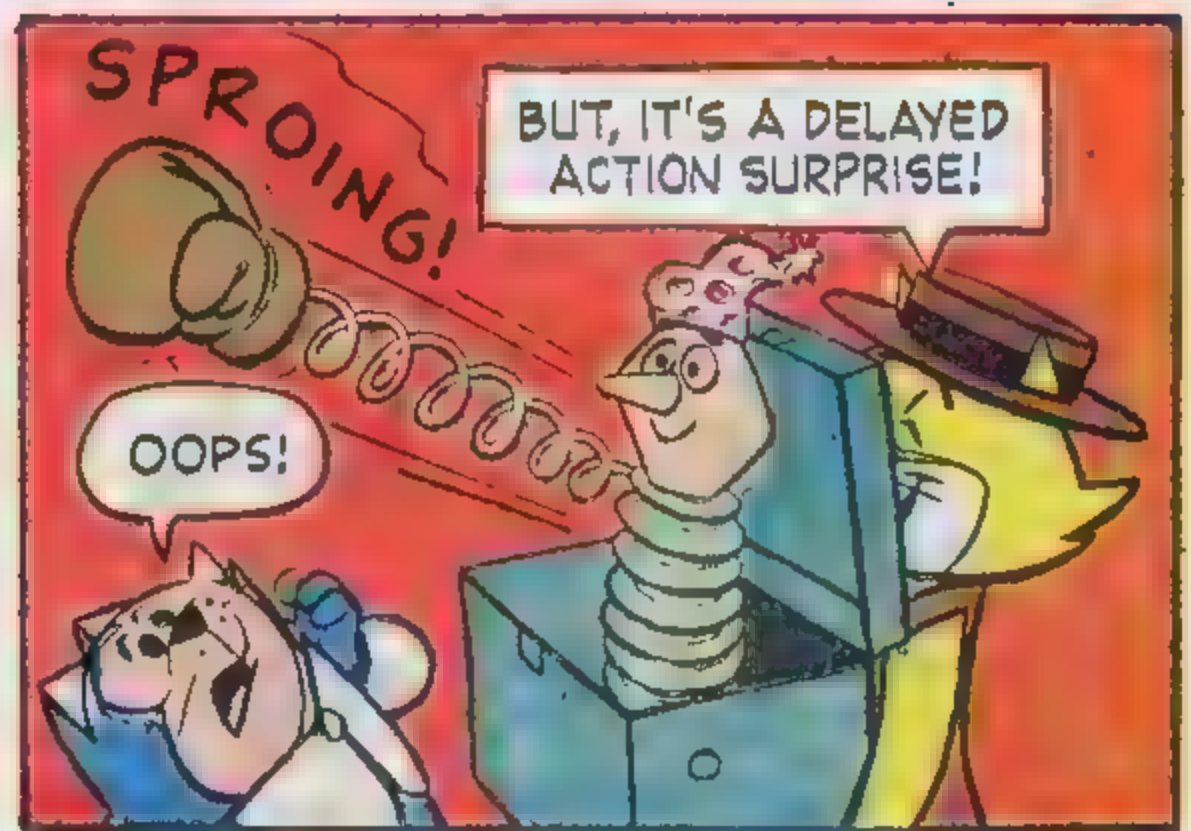
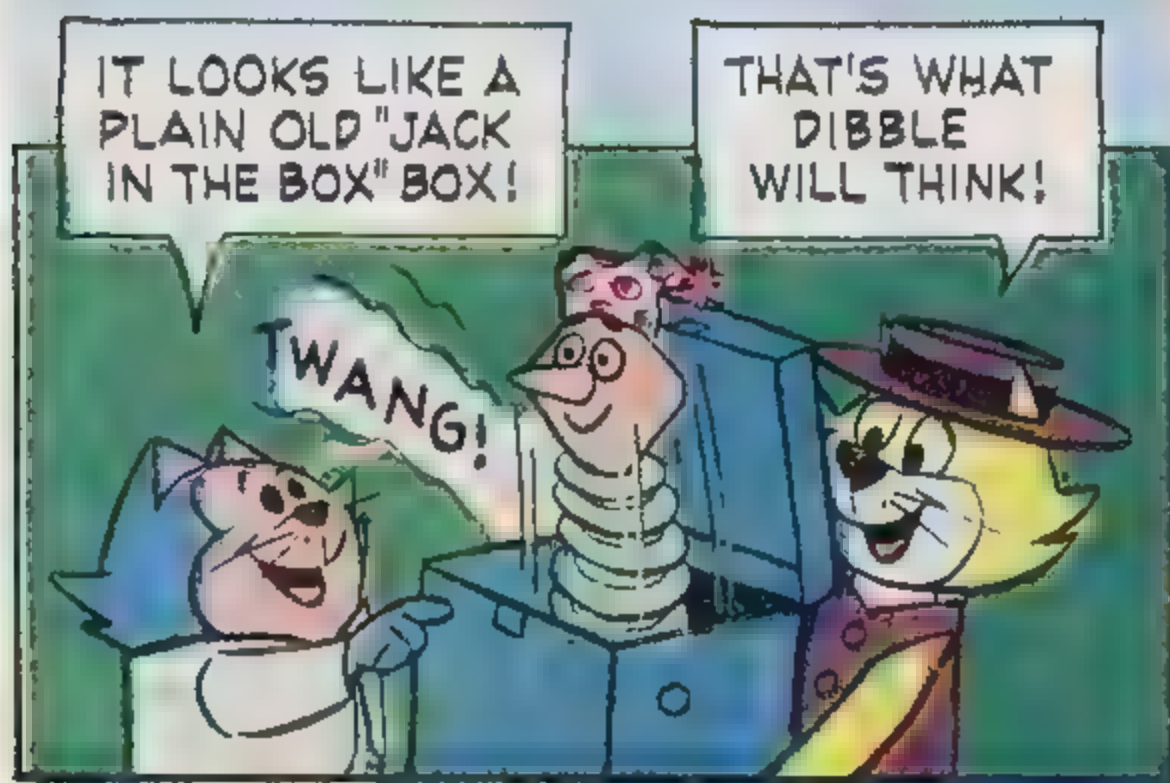
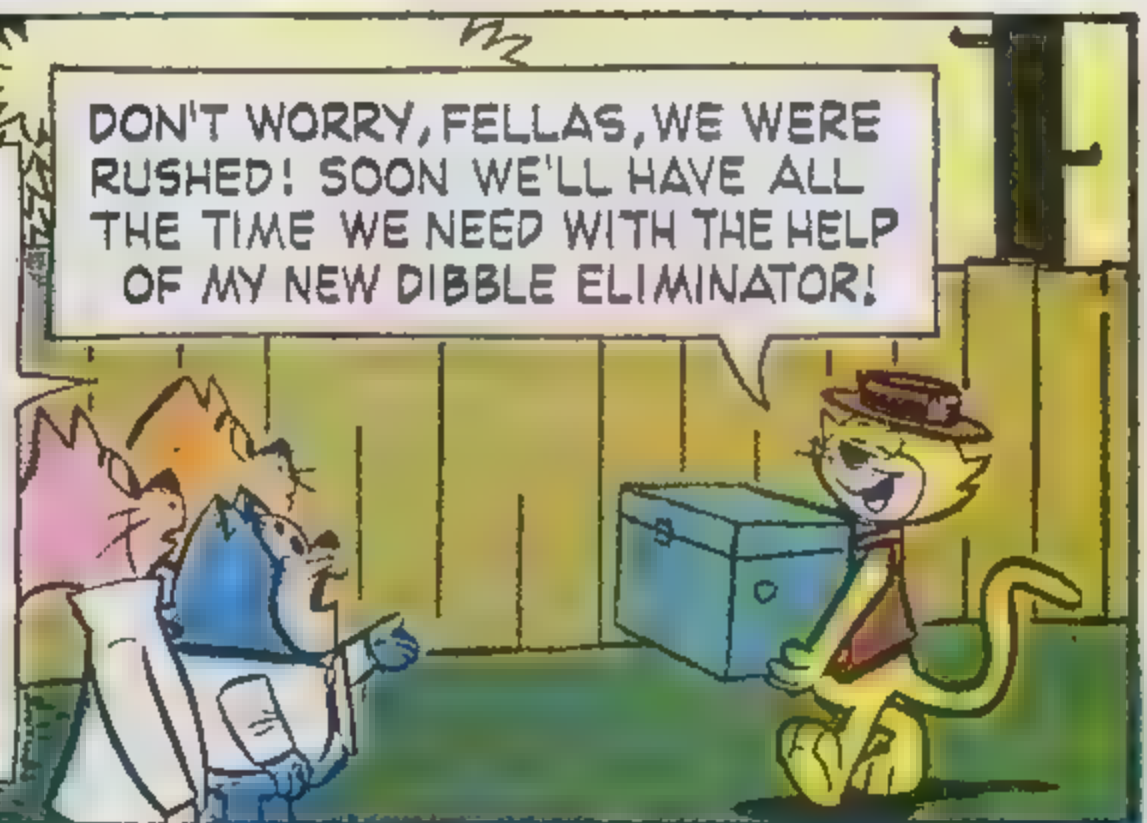
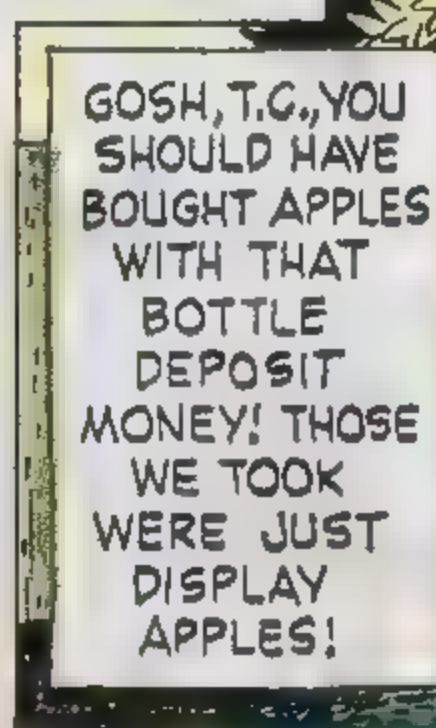
Snagglepuss thought he could. And he did.

USING HIS BEAN FOR APPLES





LATER...



JUST THEN...

HA! CAUGHT YOU AGAIN!
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO
NOW, T.C.?

STAND BY,
FELLOWS!
WITH
DIBBLE OUT
OF THE WAY,
WE WILL
REALLY
LIVE IT UP!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT
A *BOX FULL OF*
STOLEN APPLES, NOW!

HEY, WAIT A
MINUTE! IT'S
JUST A "JACK
IN THE BOX!"
I INVENTED
IT MYSELF!

WELL...SO IT IS!

SNICKER!

CLICK!

HERE, BOYS... MY MISTAKE!

HEY!

OUCH!

YIPE!

I MEAN,
MEOW!

OOP!

UG!

SPROING!

AS AN INVENTOR, T.C.,
YOU DON'T IMPRESS
ME IN THE *LEAST*!

BUT...YOU SURE MADE AN IMPRESSION
ON *US* AND THIS TELEPHONE POLE!

AND MANY UNPROFITABLE
INVENTIONS LATER...

GEE, TOP CAT...
ALL OF THOSE
APPLE-
GETTING
INVENTIONS...
AND NONE OF
THEM WORK!

YEA!

YEAH! NOW
IF I COULD
JUST THINK
OF AN
INVENTION
TO MAKE
MY OTHER
INVENTIONS
WORK!

LATER...

SAY... THAT'S IT! I'VE GOT IT... I'LL
INVENT SOMETHING THAT *WILL* MAKE
MY *OTHER* INVENTIONS PAY OFF!

HA! I CAUGHT YOU AGAIN!
DROP THOSE APPLES!

NOT SO
FAST, OFFICER
DIBBLE!

APPLE

WE ARE
PURCHASING
THESE
APPLES WITH
LEGAL-TYPE
MONEY...

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE
INVENTED A *MONEY*
MACHINE! THAT WOULD
BE *COUNTERFEITING*!

NO! YOU SEE, OFFICER DIBBLE, T.C.
INVENTED SOMETHING THAT MADE
ALL OF HIS INVENTIONS PAY OFF...
IN *CASH*!

I'D LIKE TO
SEE THAT
INVENTION!

SAY NO MORE!
HERE IT IS,
DIBBLE!

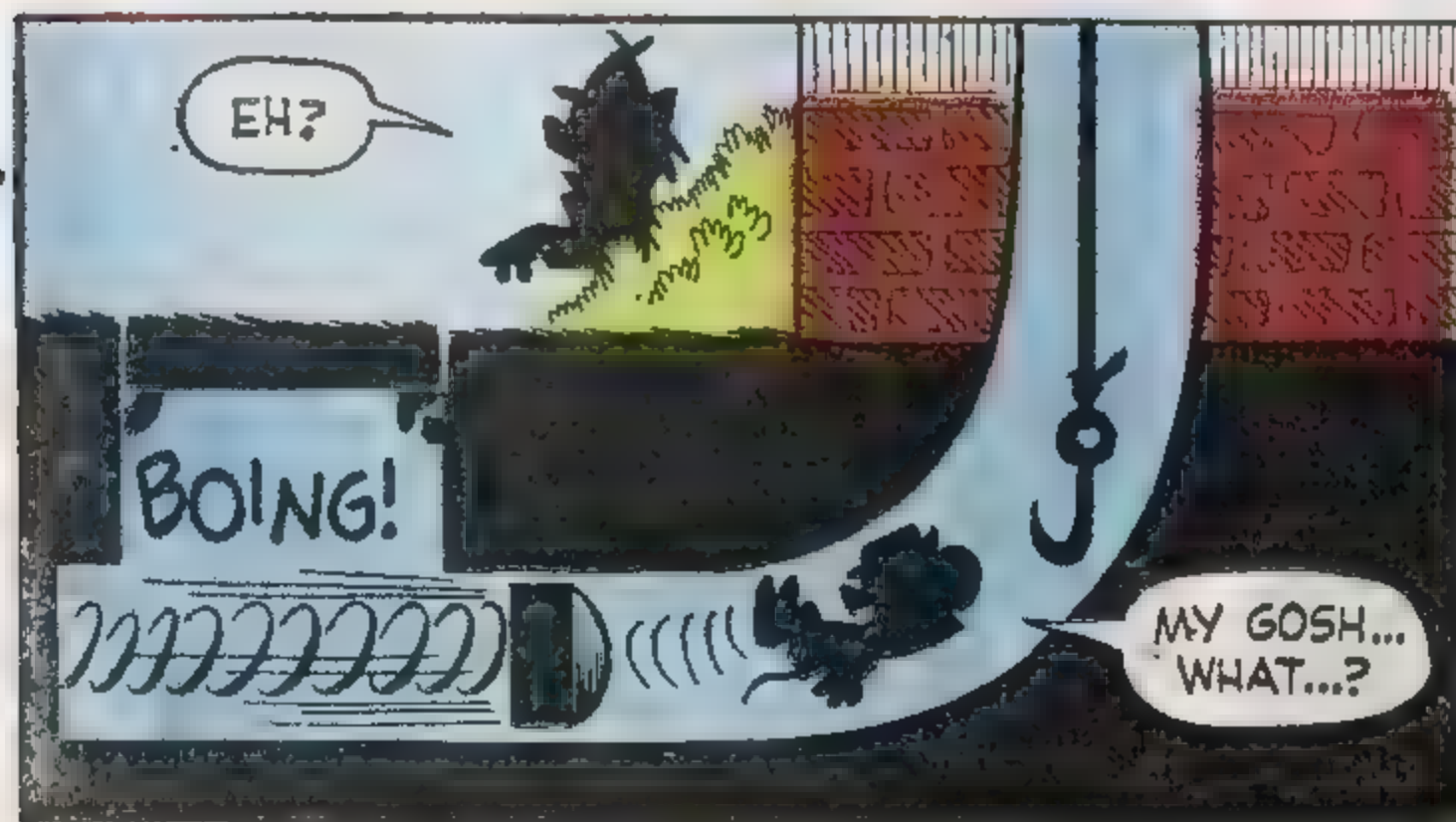
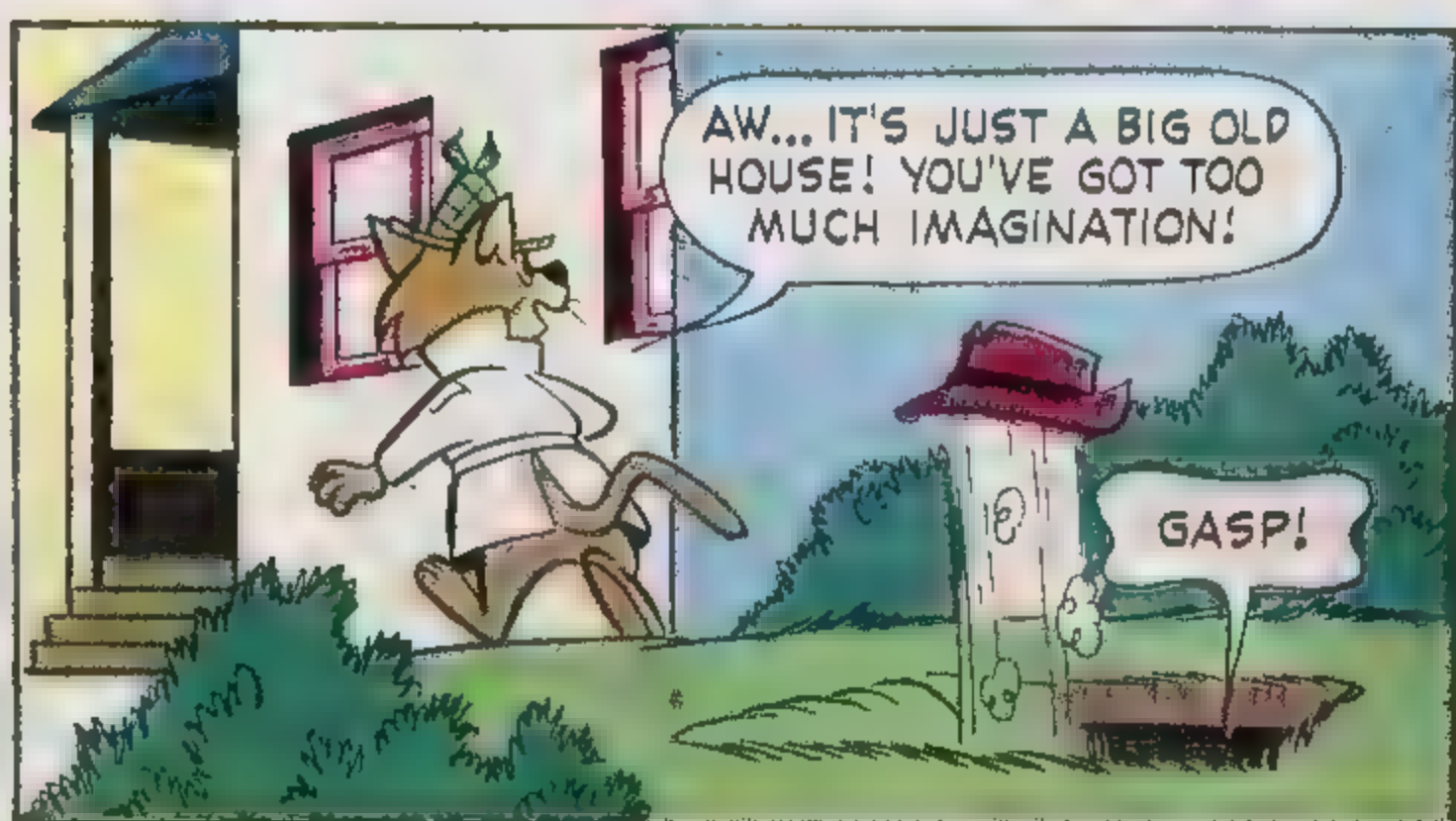
WHY, THAT'S NOTHING
BUT AN OLD TRASH CAN
ON WHEELS!

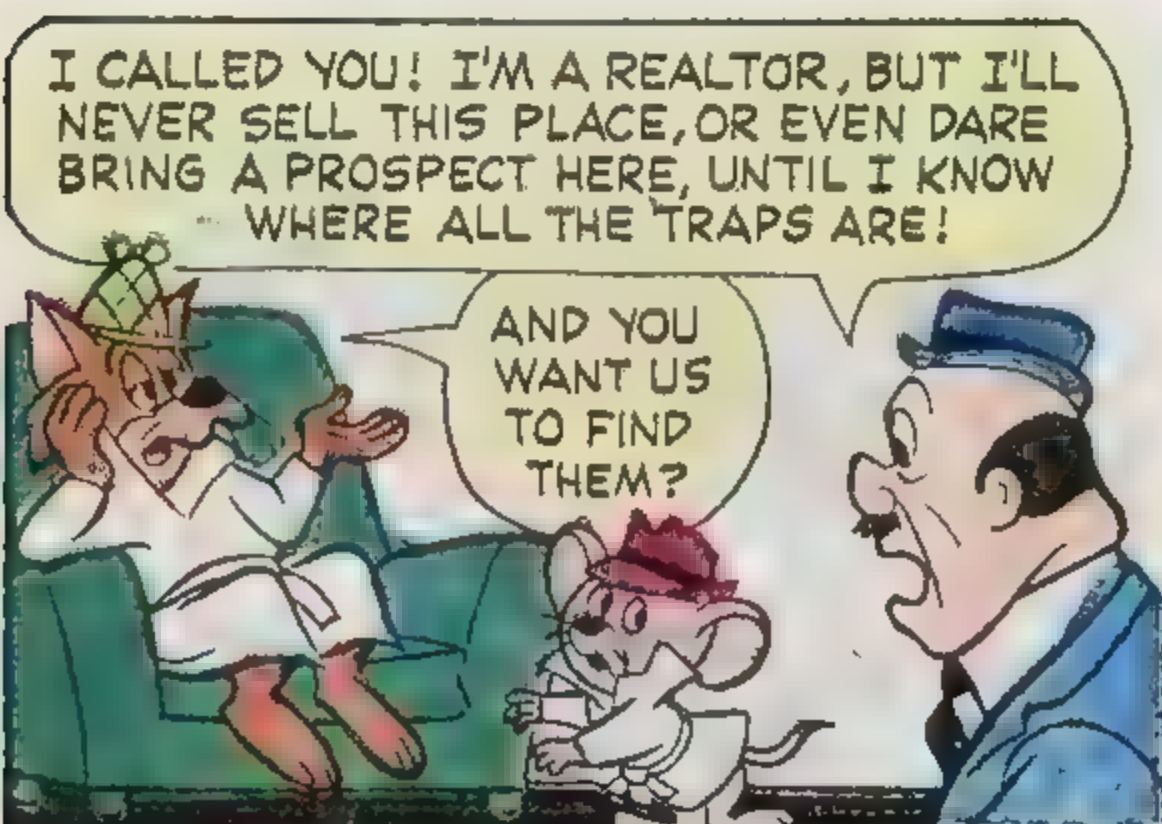
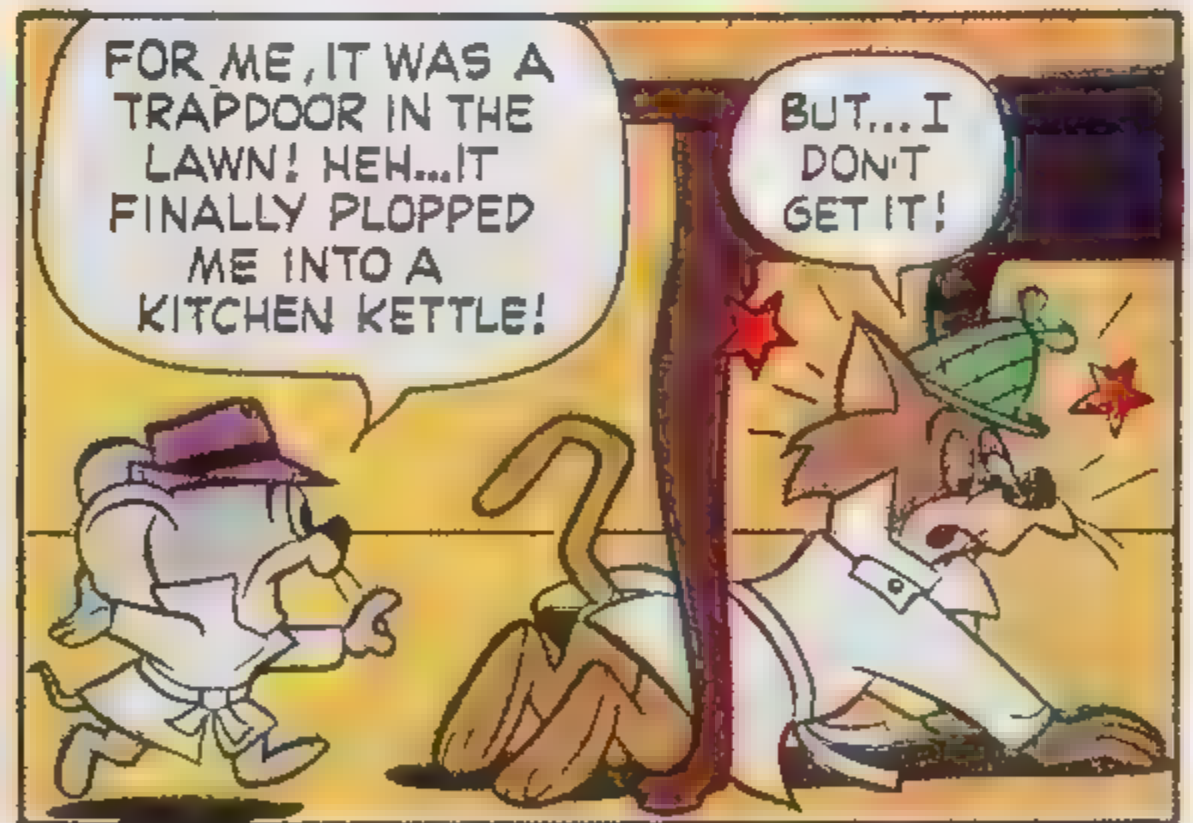
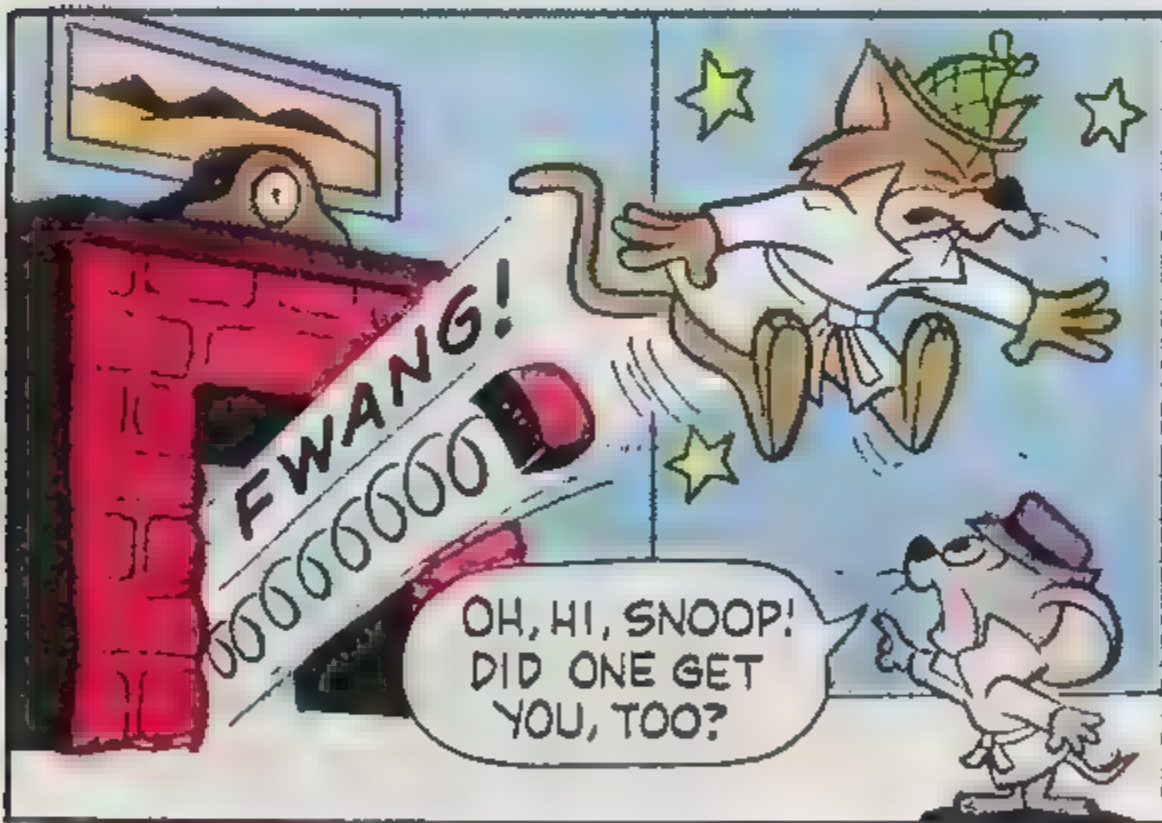
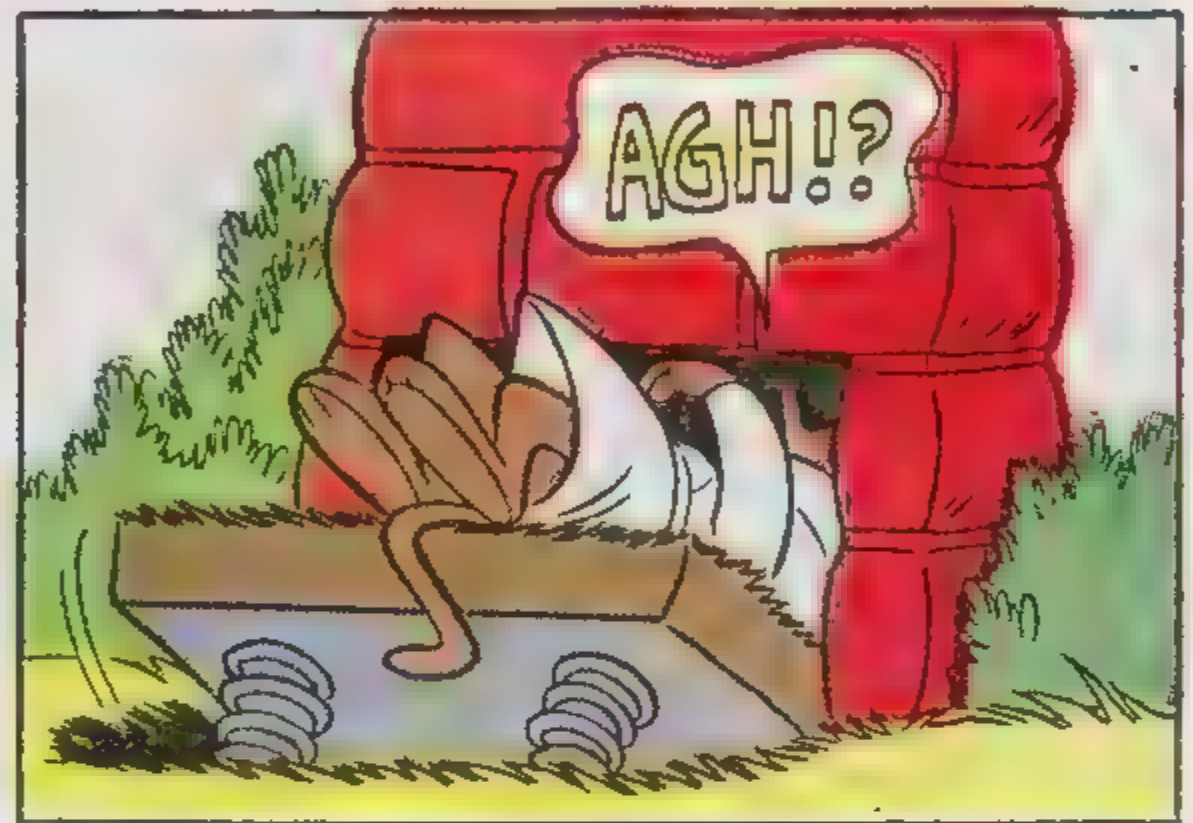
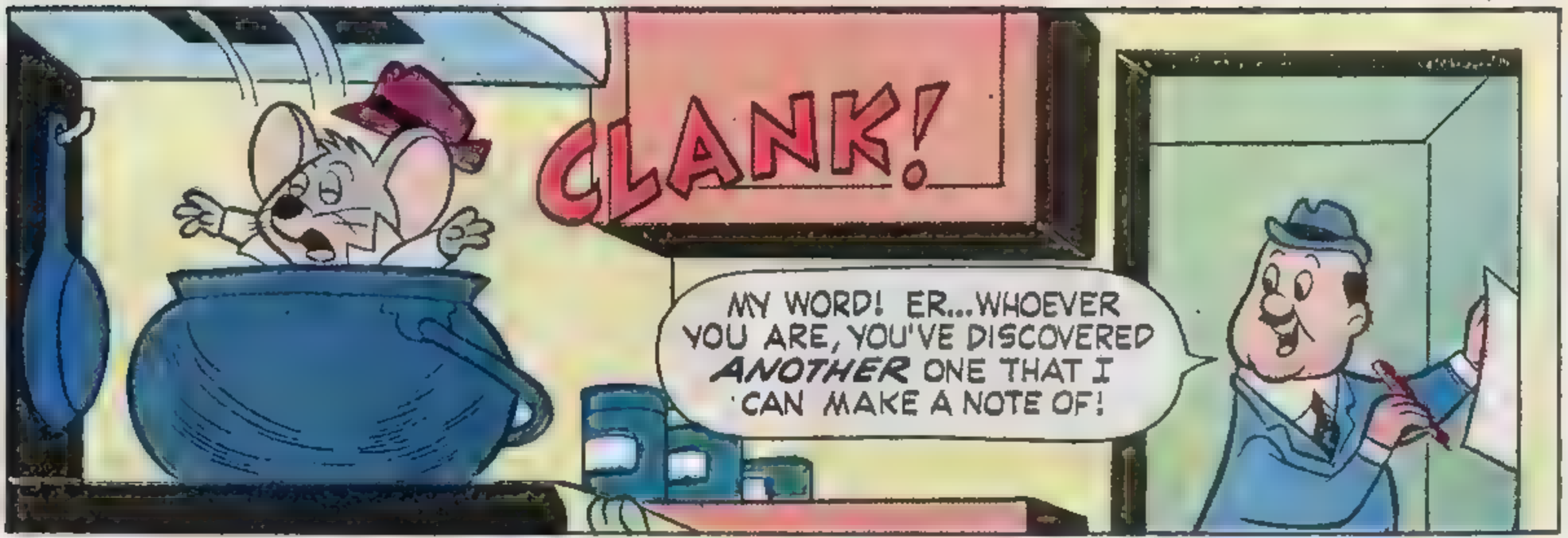
OF COURSE... HOW ELSE
DO YOU THINK WE GOT
ALL THAT JUNK TO
TONY'S JUNK YARD?

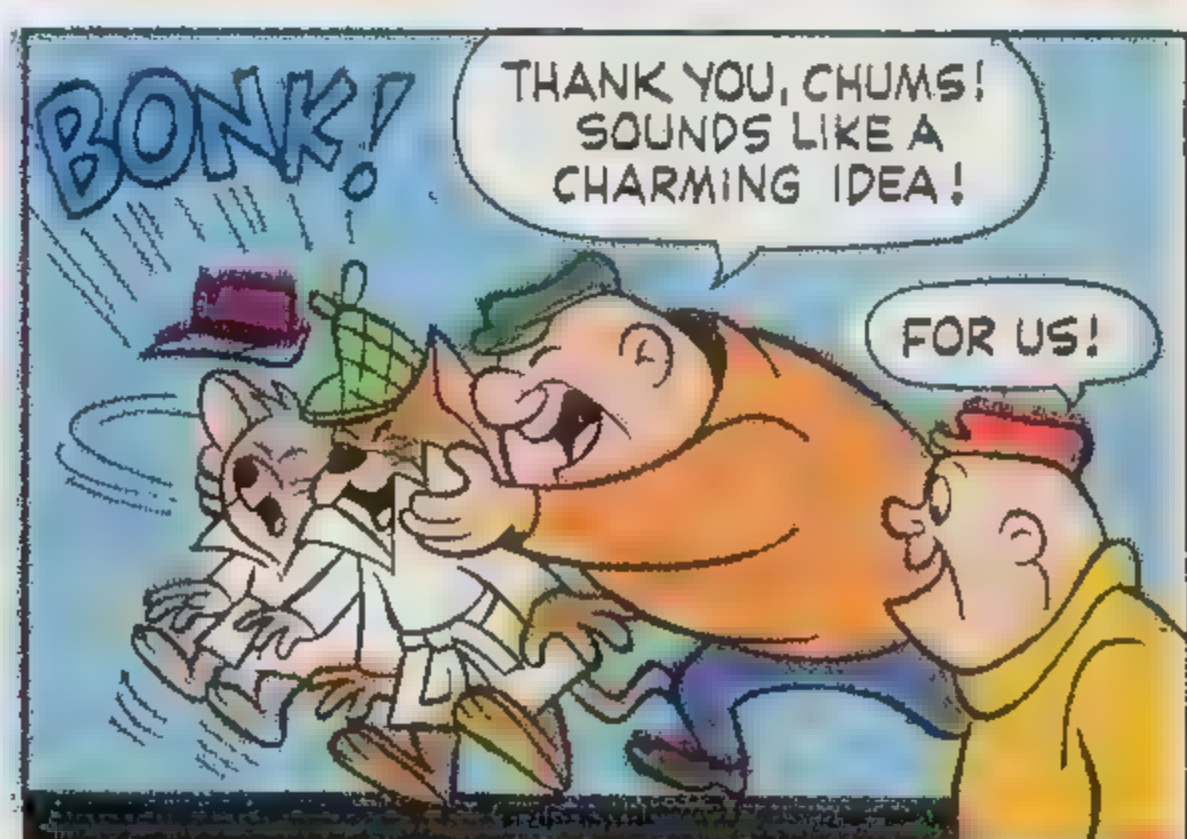
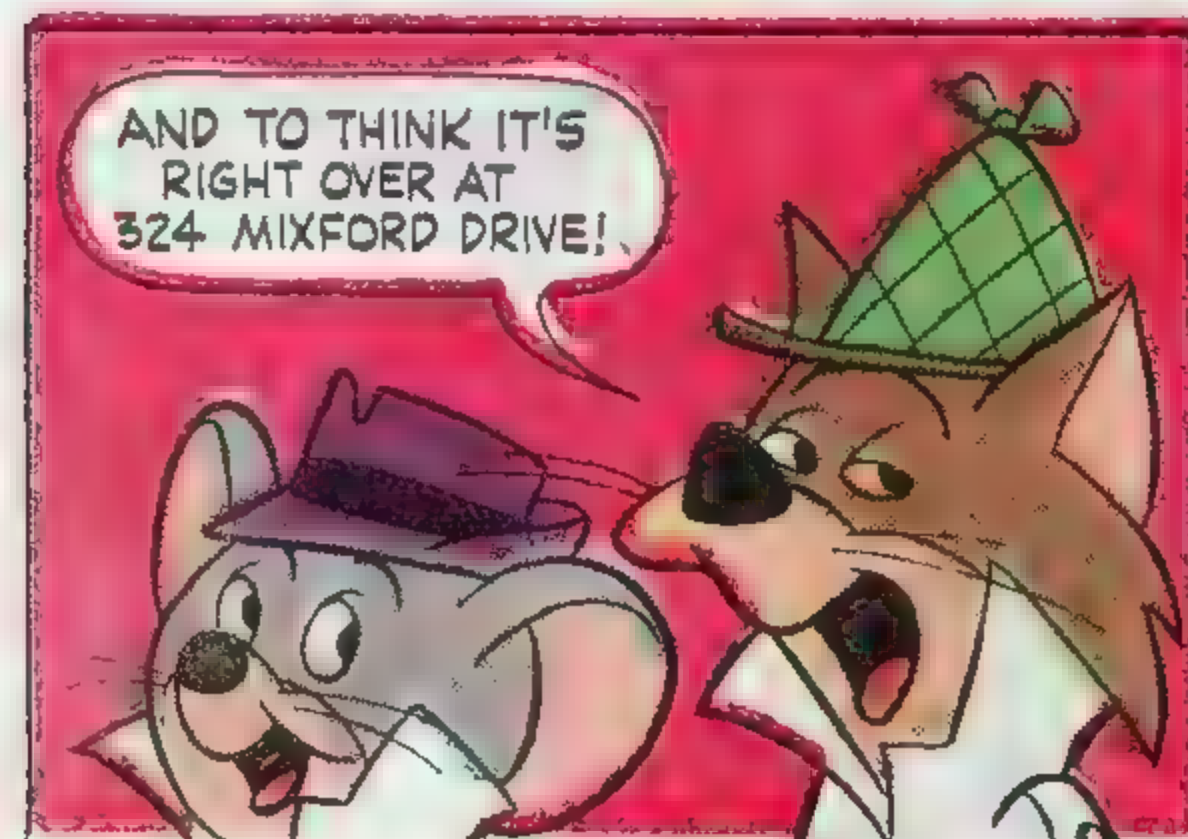
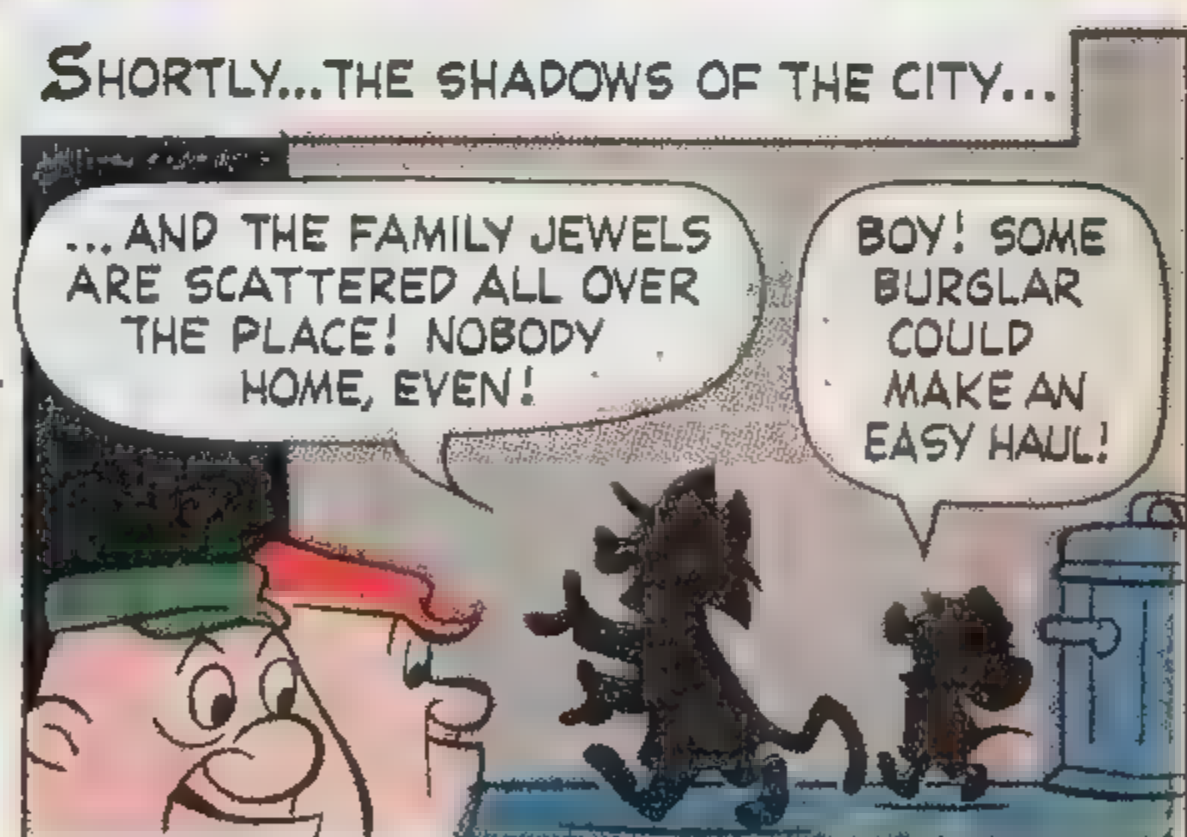
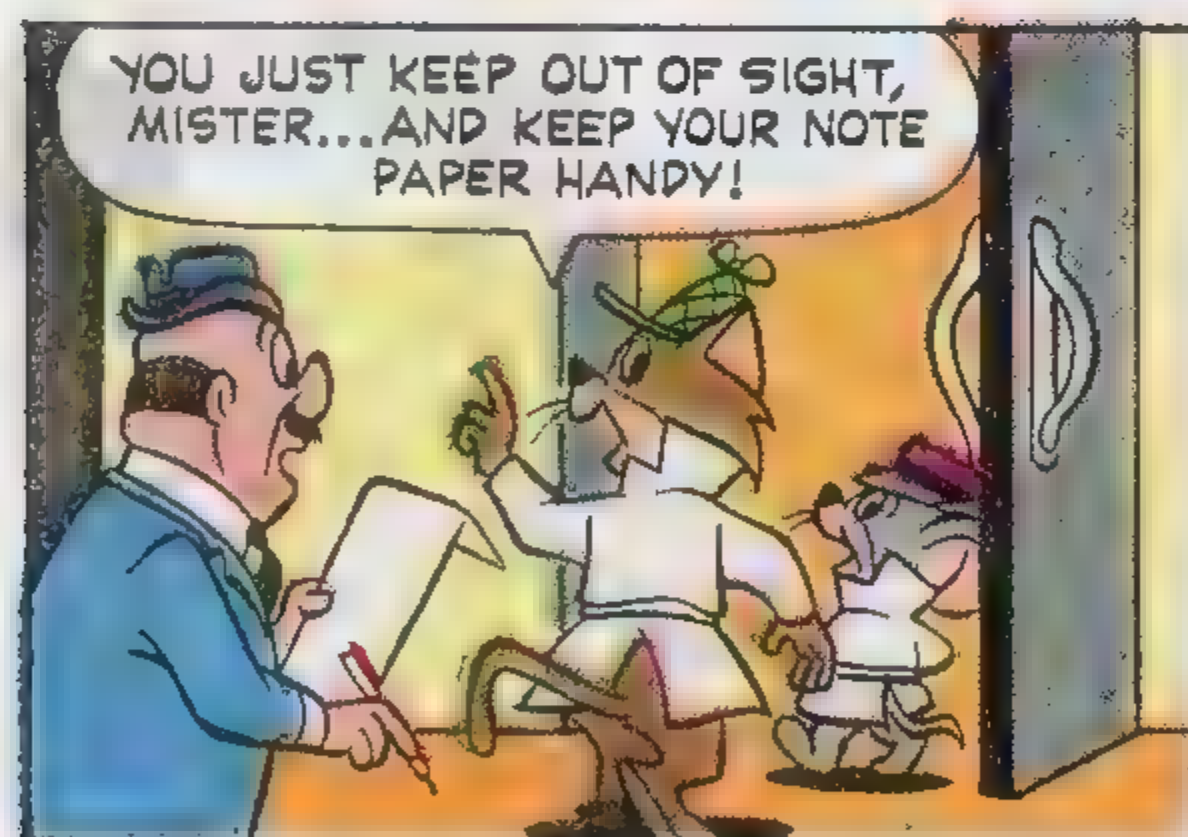
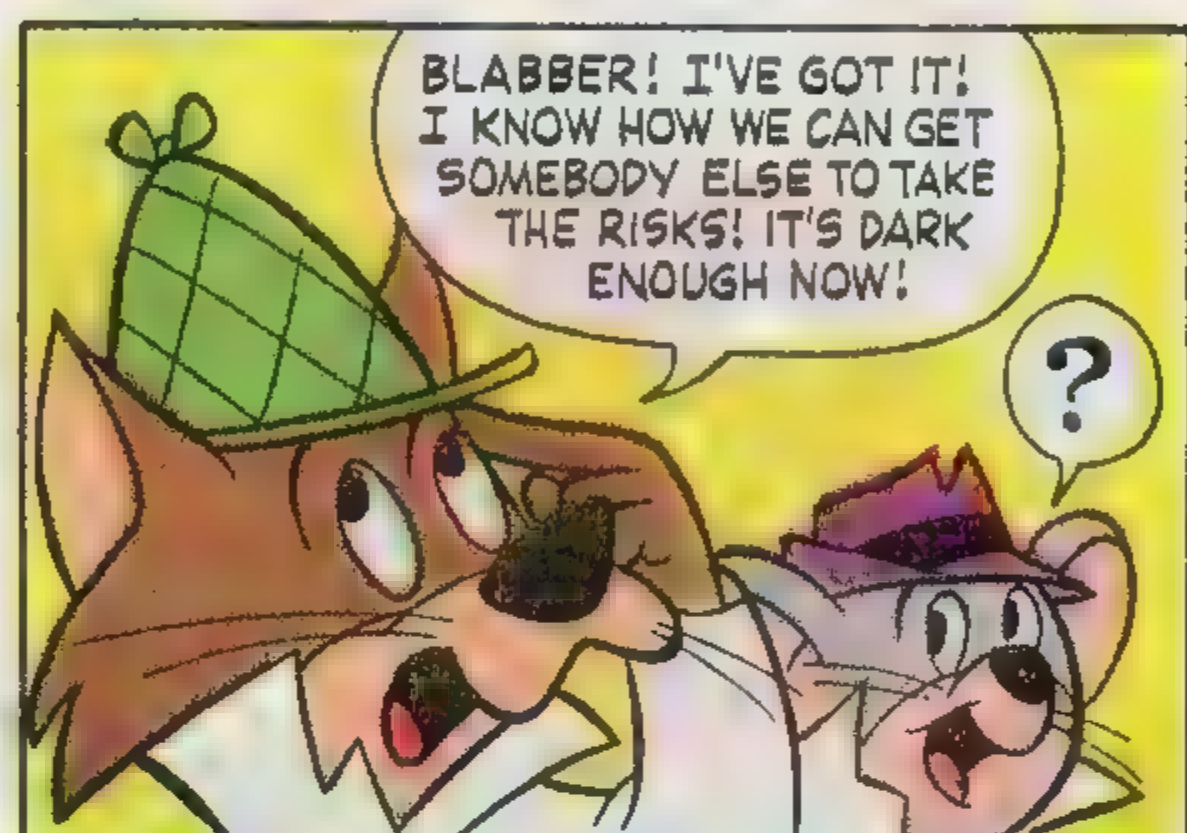
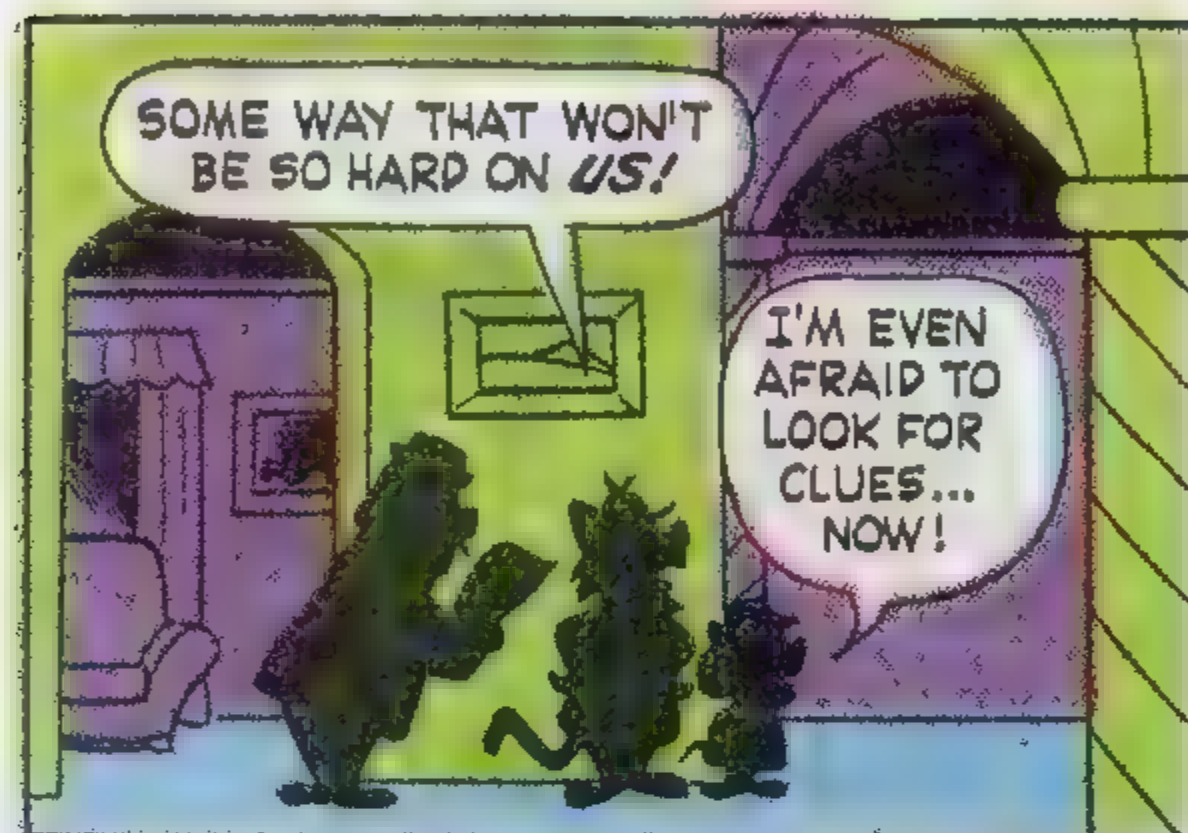
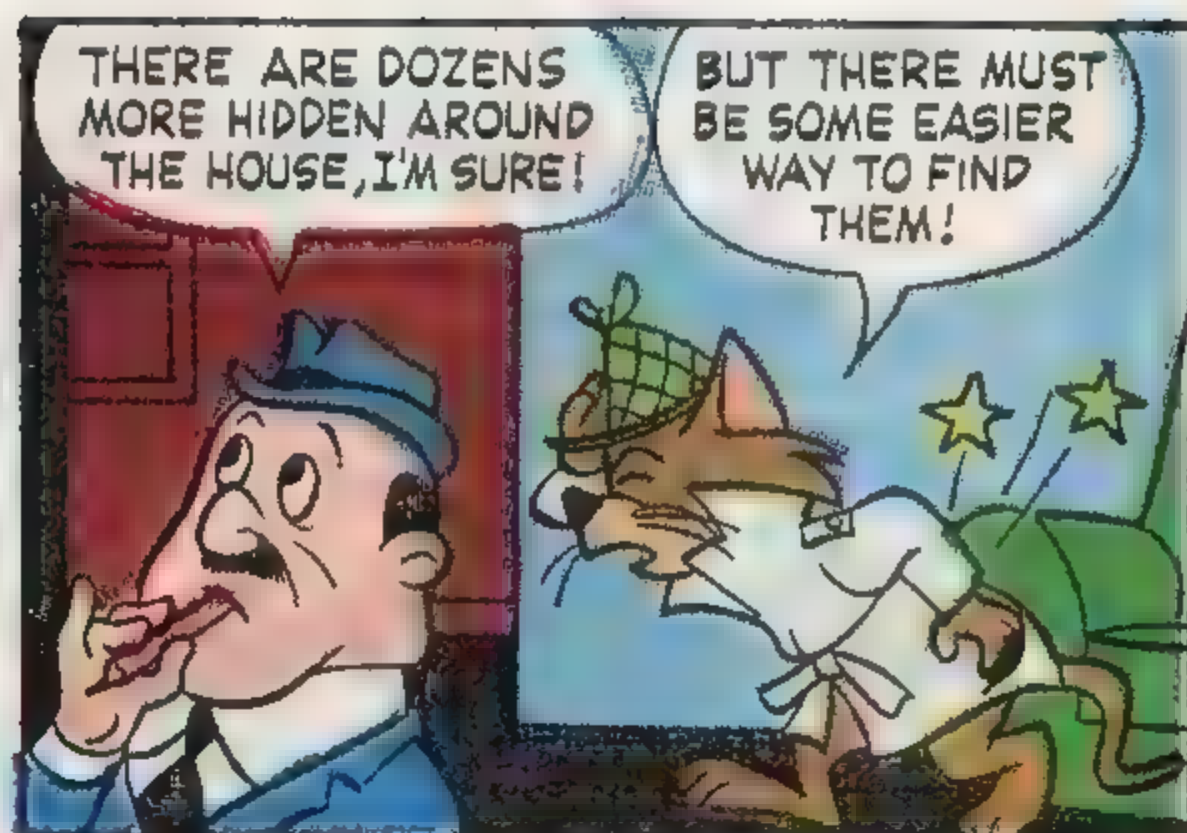
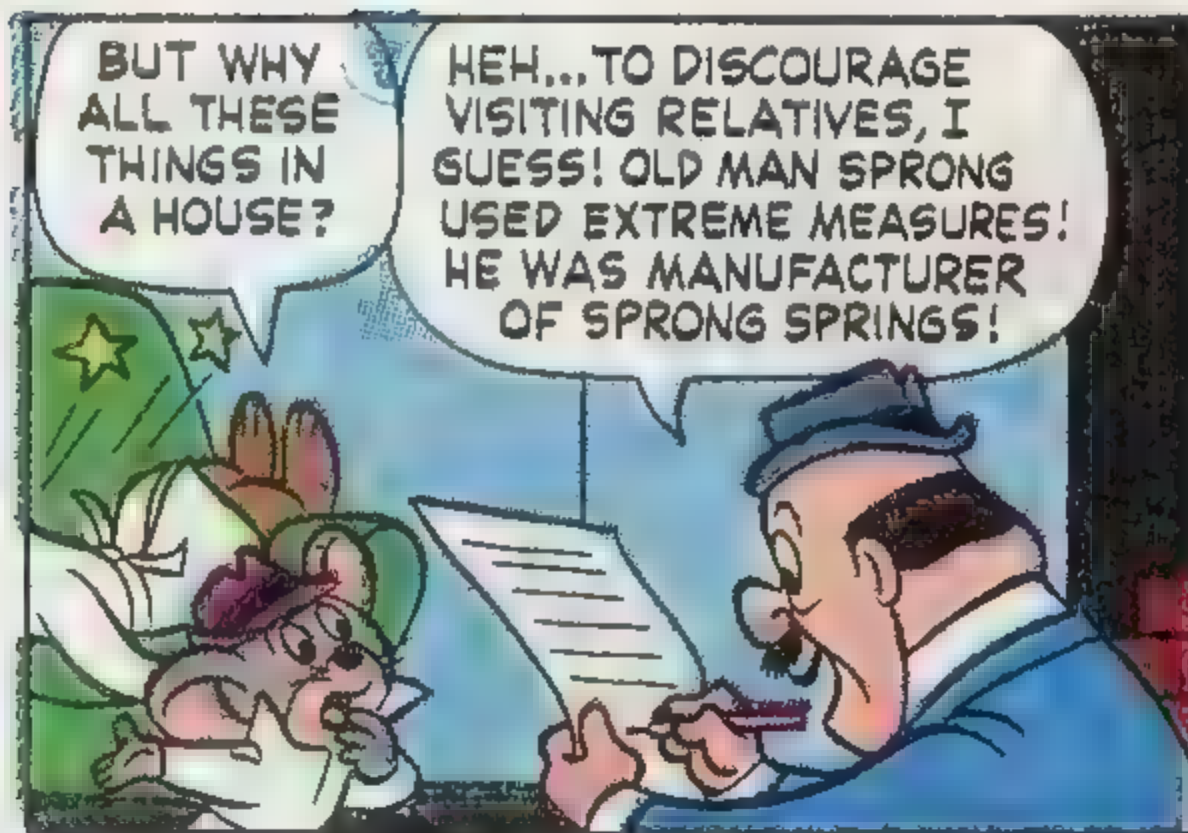
TONY'S
JUNK
YARD

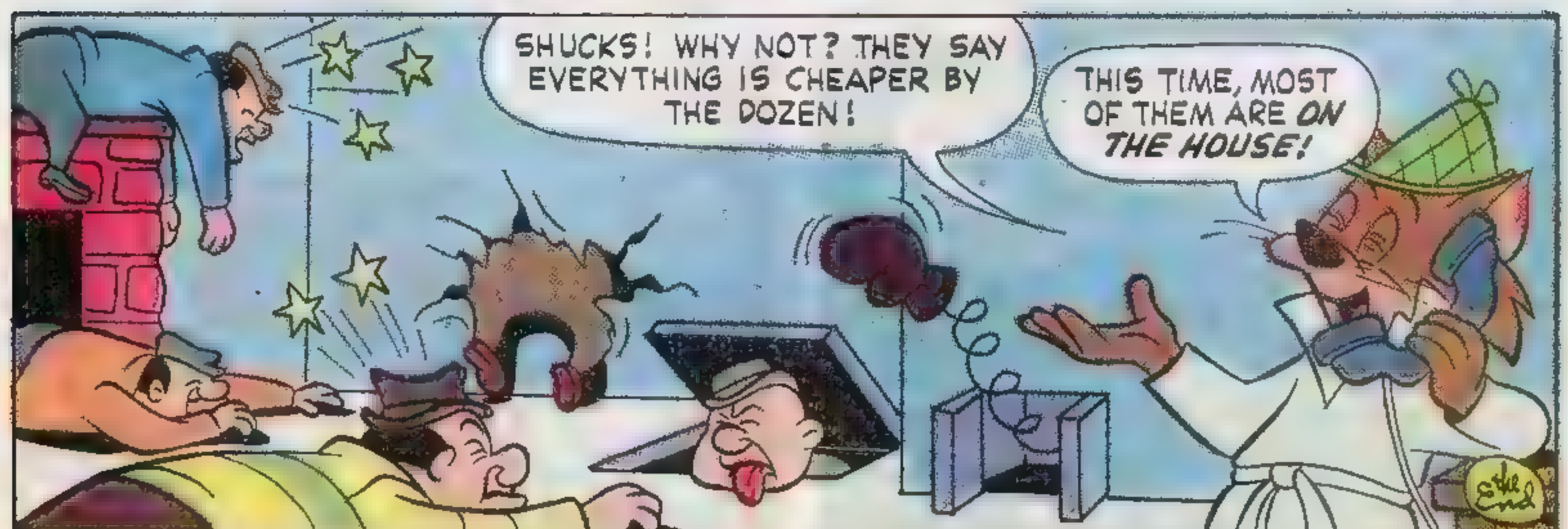
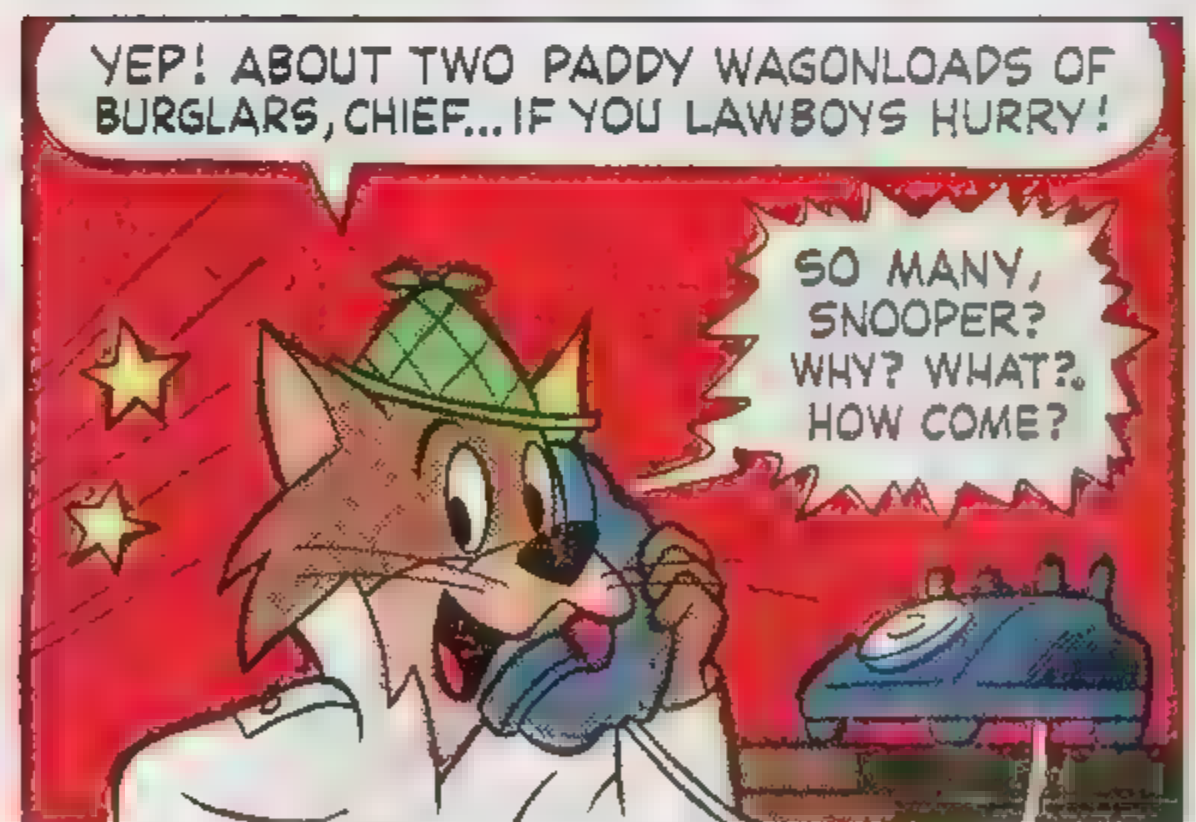
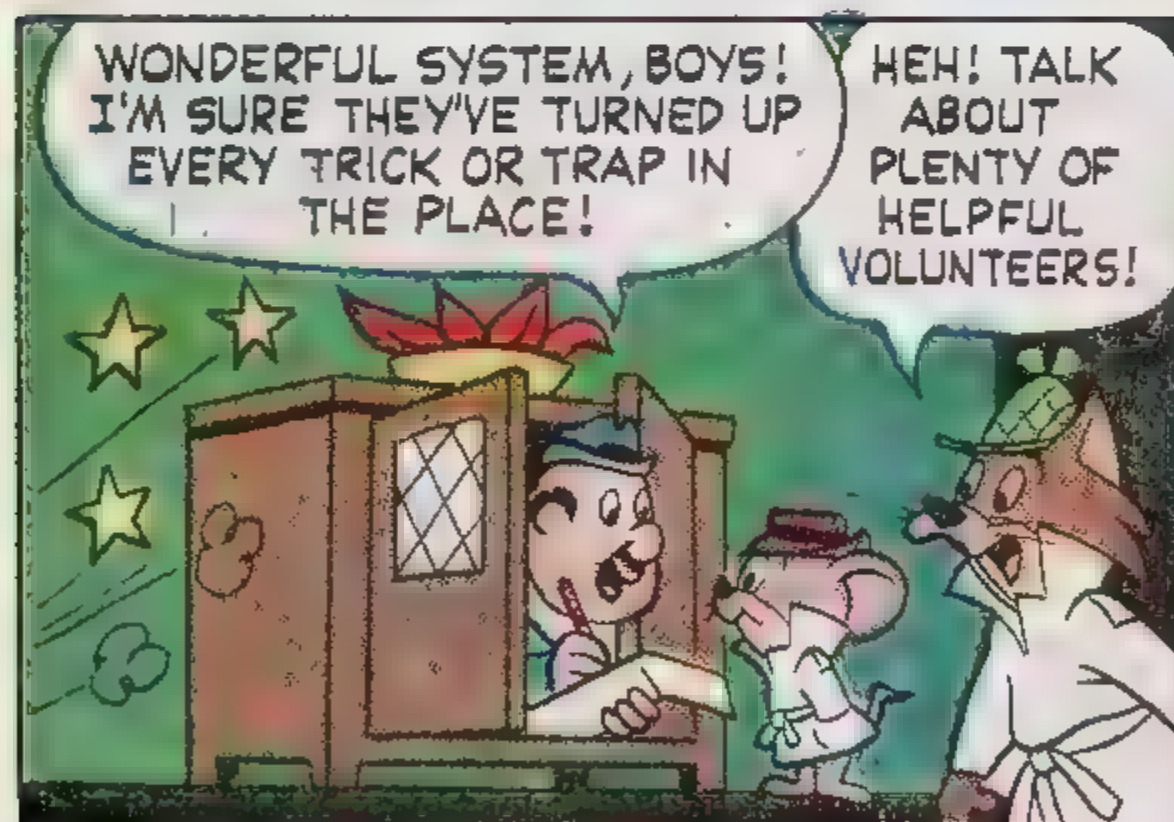
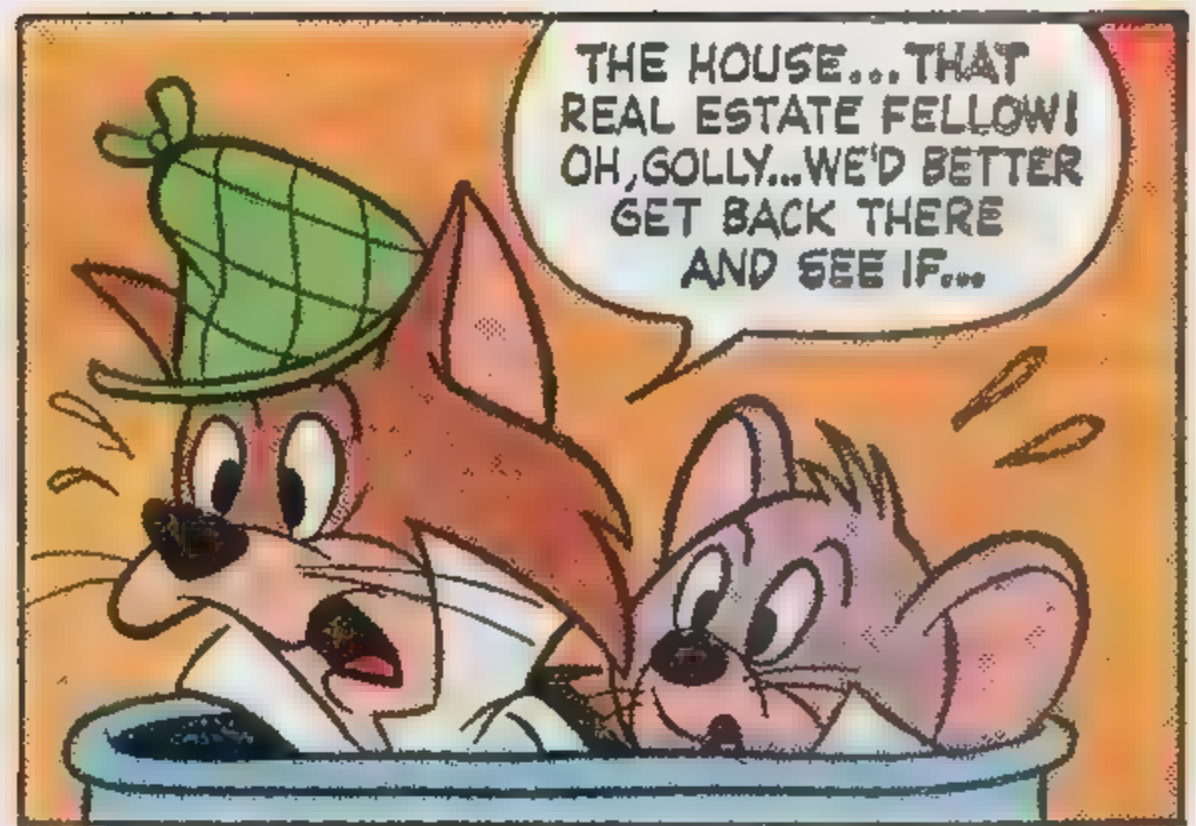
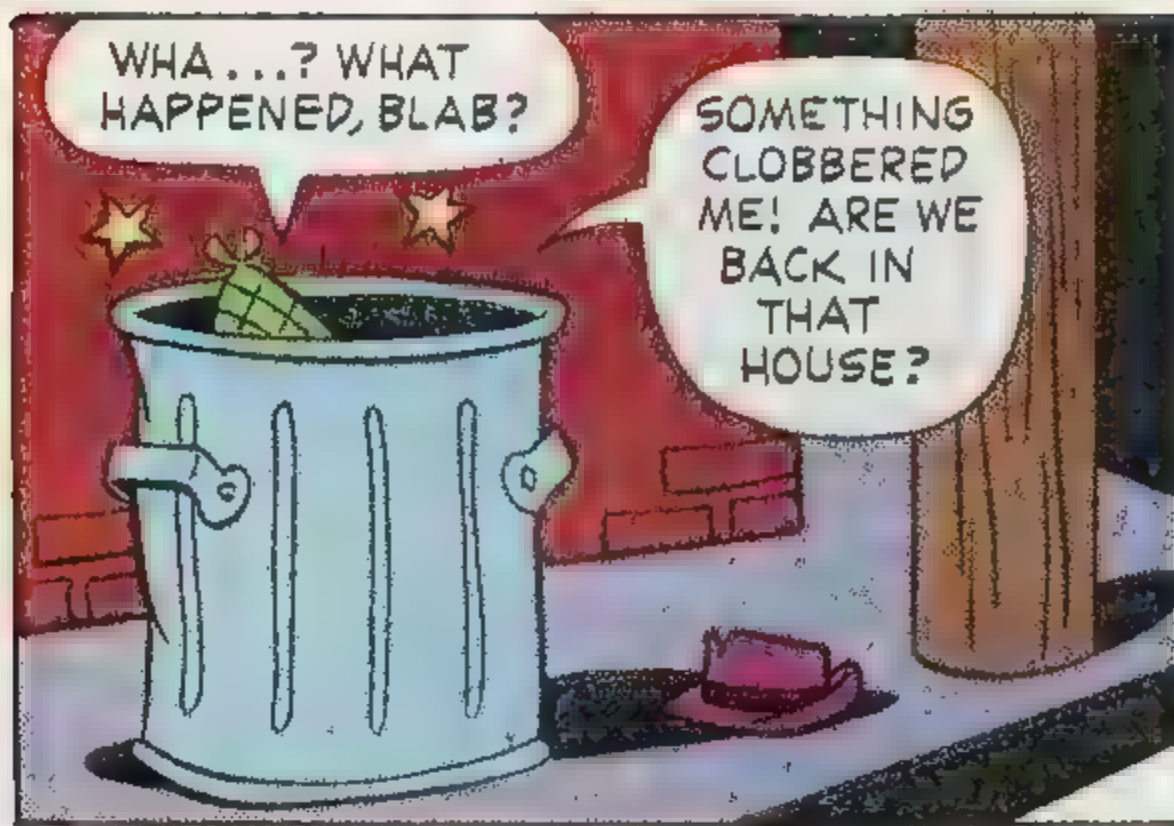
CASH
FOR
JUNK

End



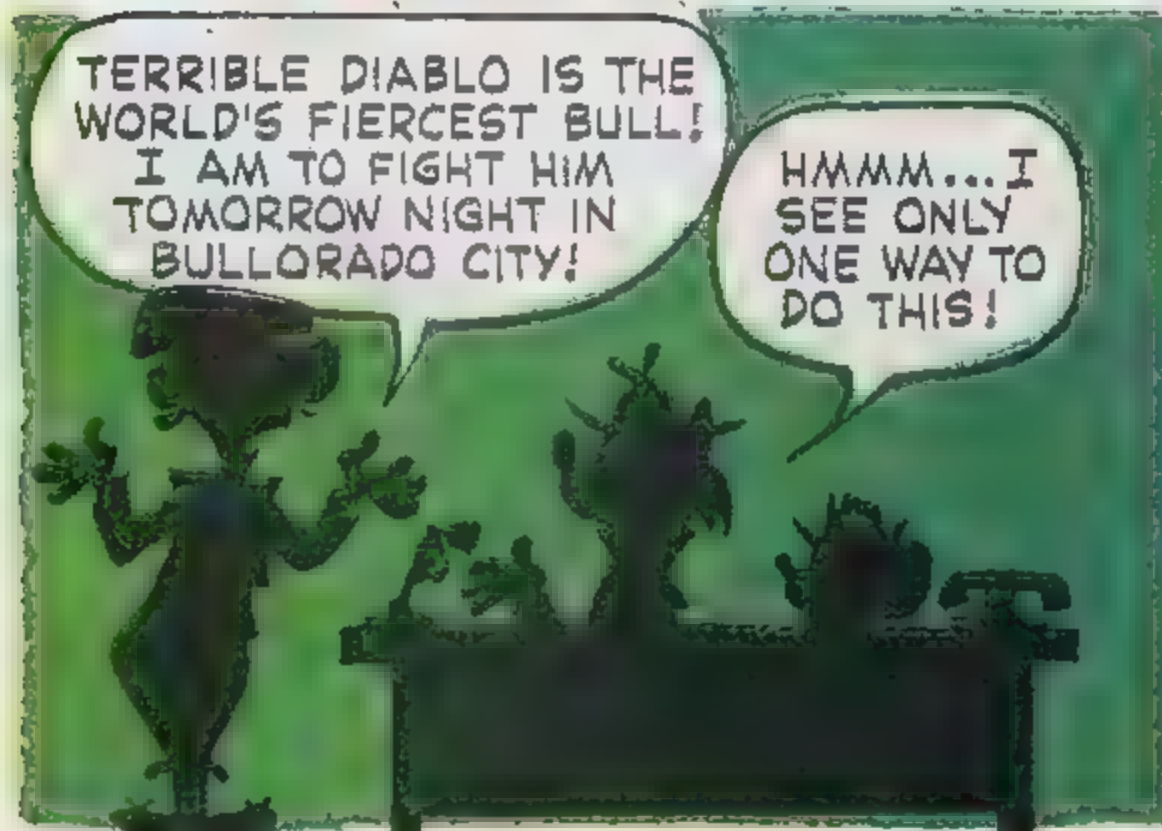
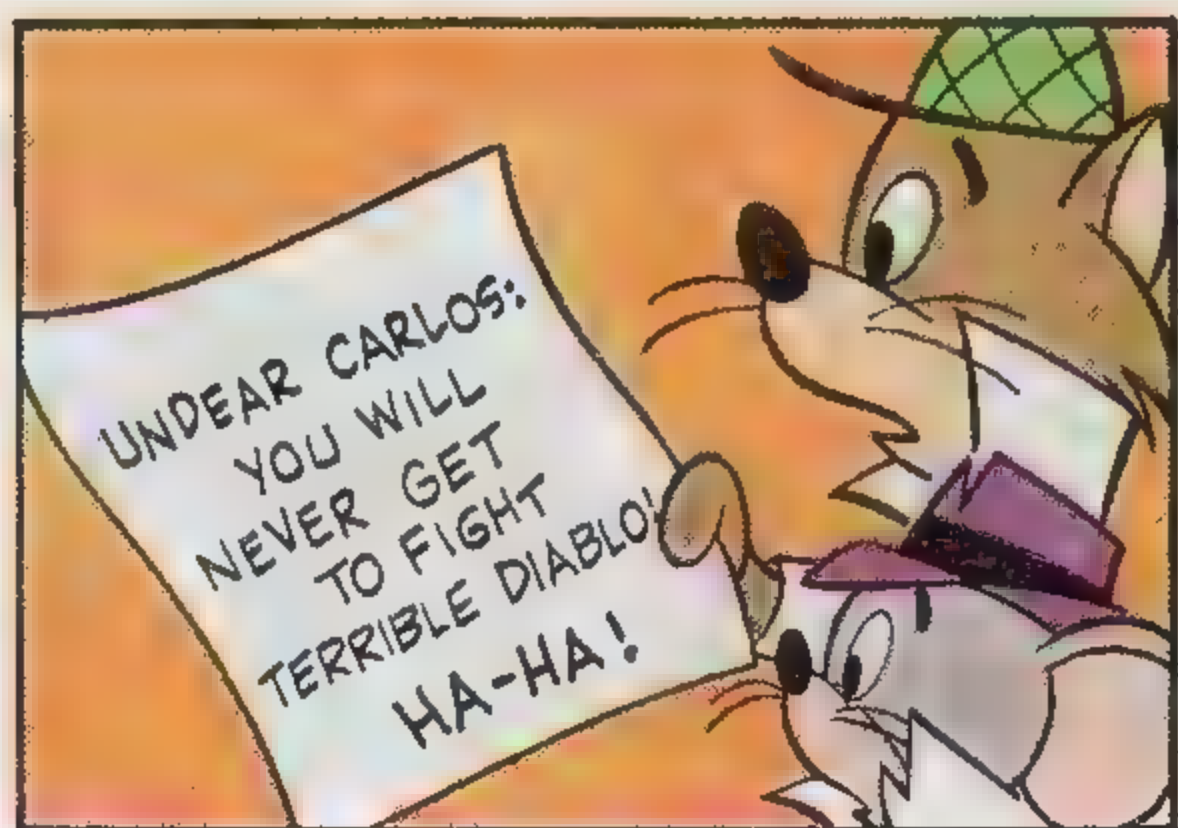
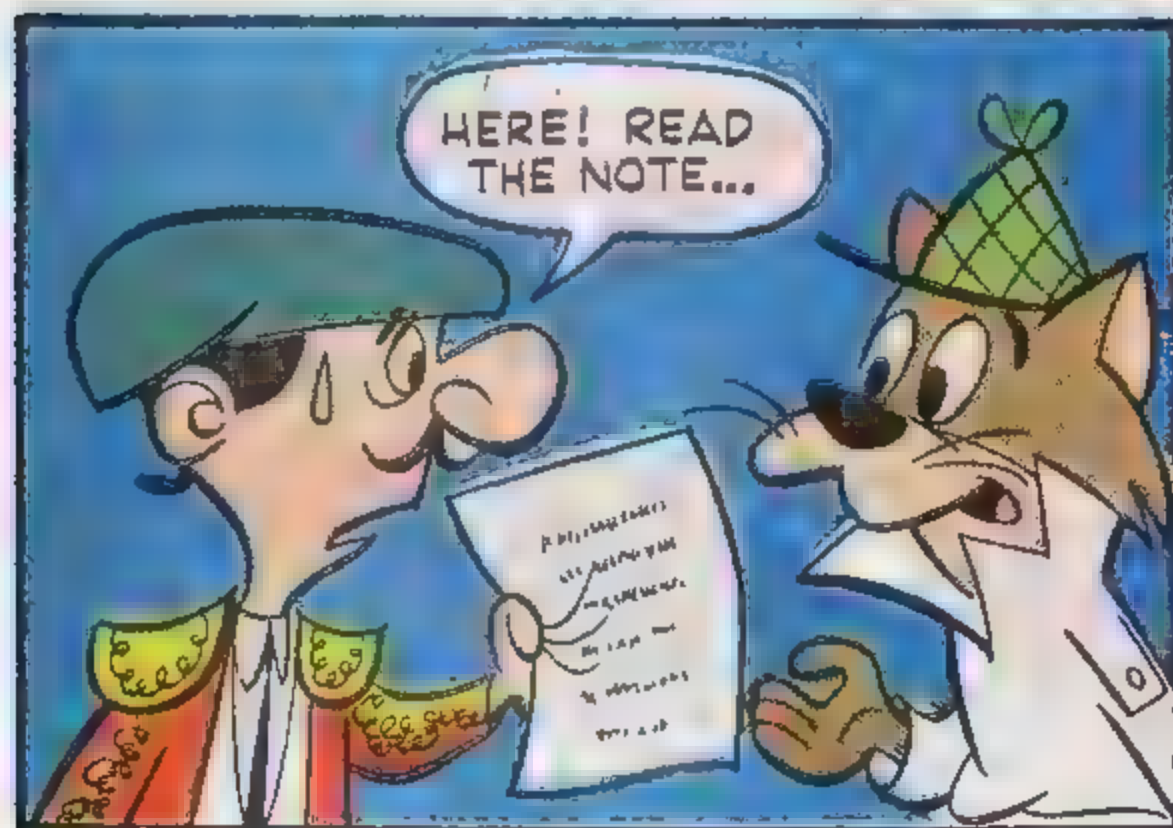
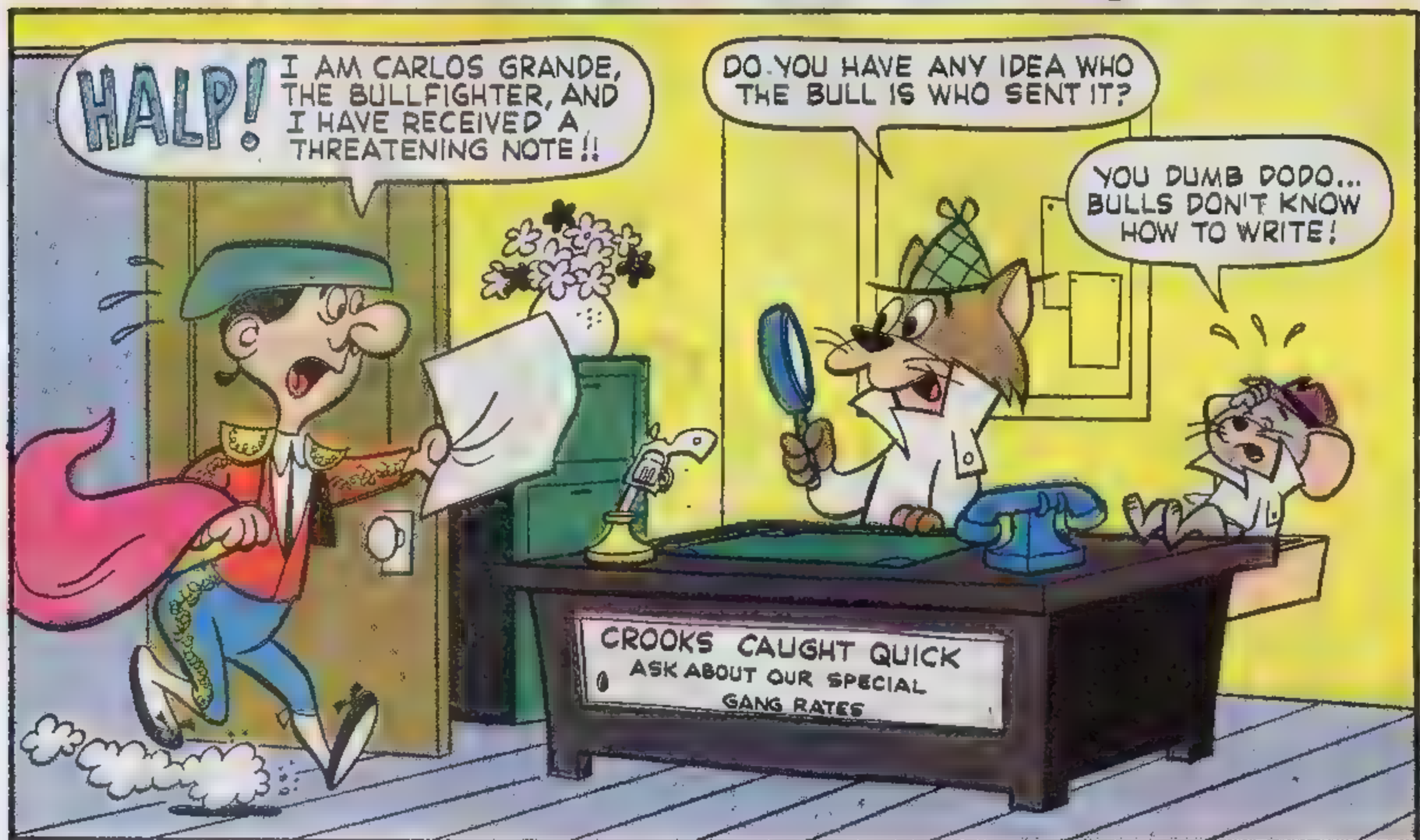






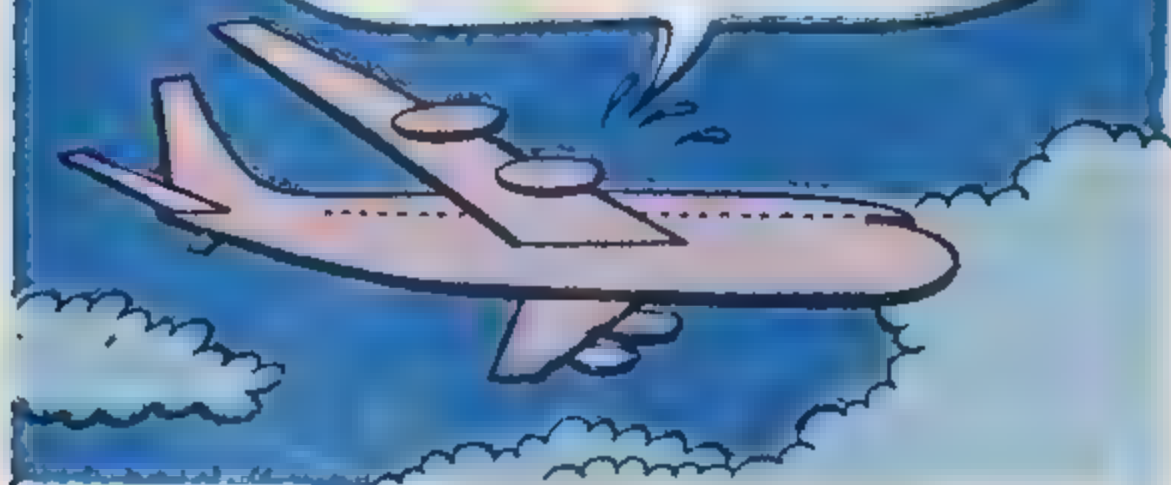
Hanna-Barbera SNOOPER and BLABBER

BELOW THE BORDER BODYGUARDS



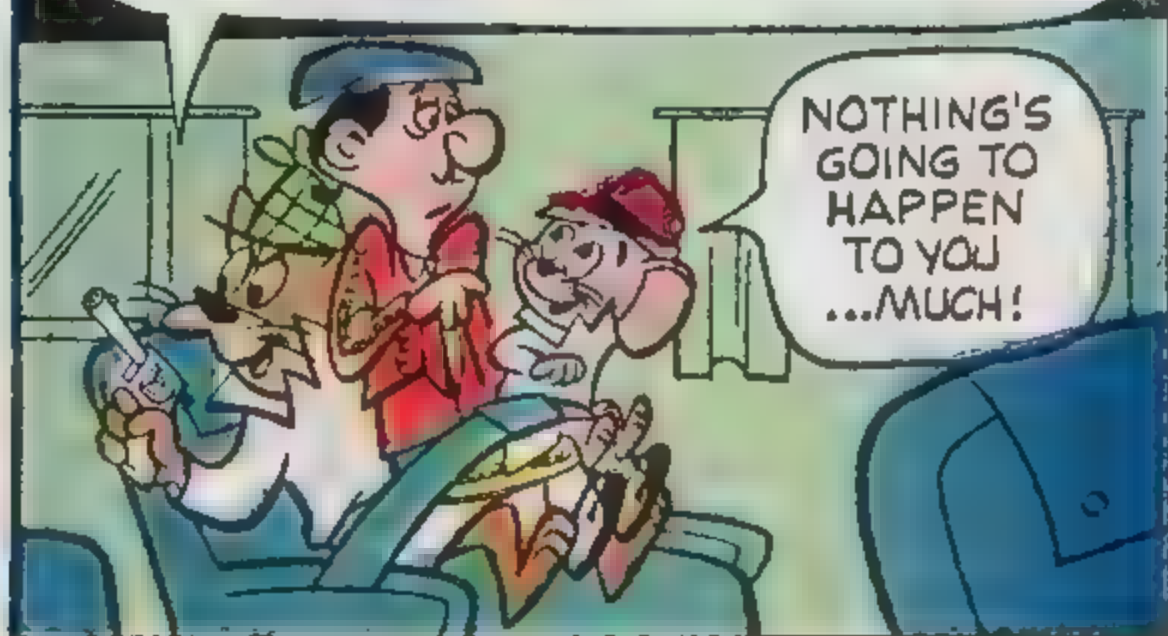
AND, OFF TO BULLORADO CITY...

(GASP!) I NEVER THOUGHT ONE COULD FEEL SO CRAMPED ON SO BEEG AN AIRPLANE!



SORRY, CARLOS, BUT WHEN WE ACCEPT A BODYGUARD JOB, WE STICK CLOSER TO OUR CLIENT THAN TATTOOS!

NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU ...MUCH!

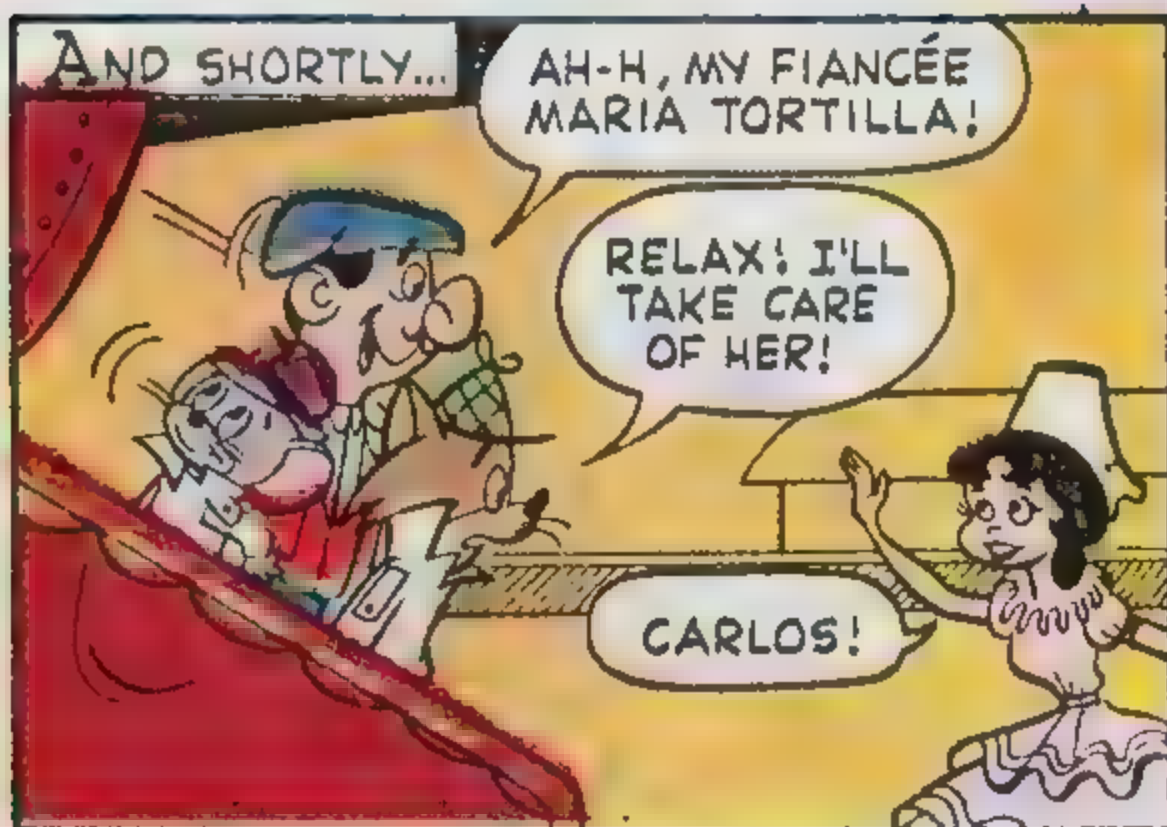


AND SHORTLY...

AH-H, MY FIANCÉE MARIA TORTILLA!

RELAX! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

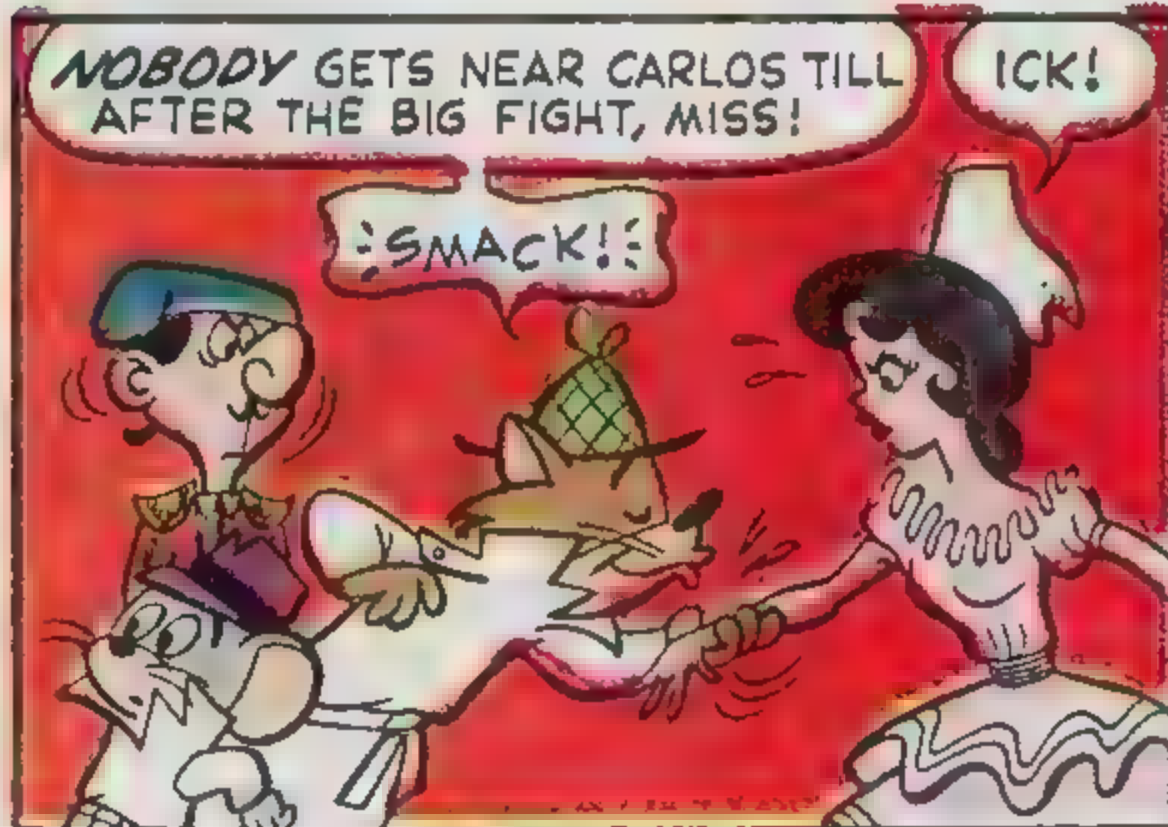
CARLOS!



NOBODY GETS NEAR CARLOS TILL AFTER THE BIG FIGHT, MISS!

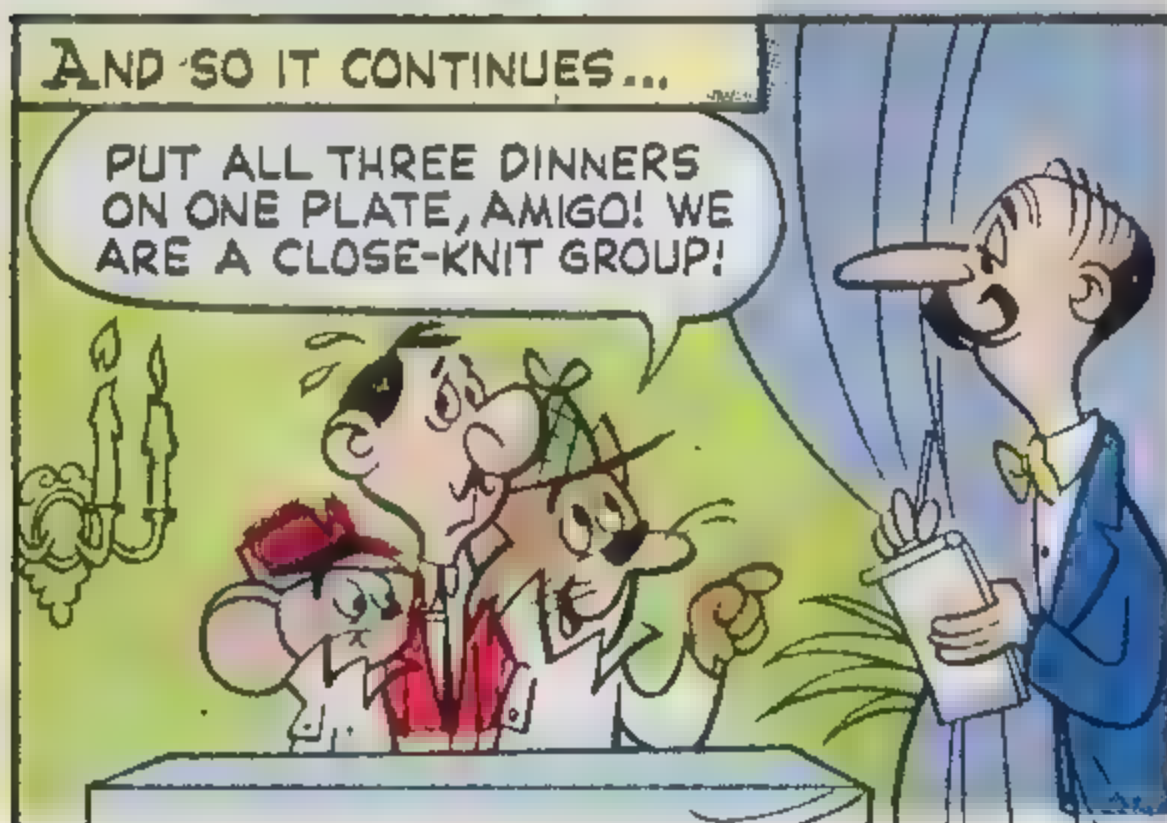
ICK!

SMACK!!



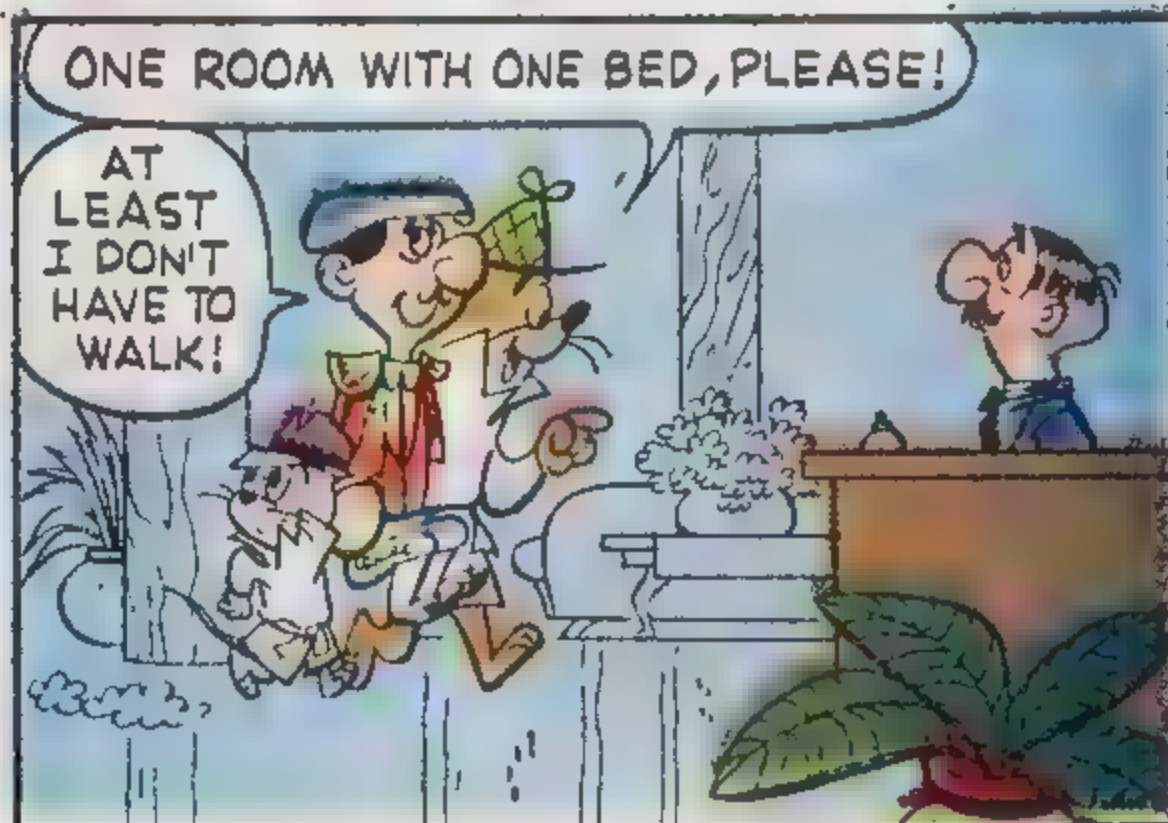
AND SO IT CONTINUES...

PUT ALL THREE DINNERS ON ONE PLATE, AMIGO! WE ARE A CLOSE-KNIT GROUP!

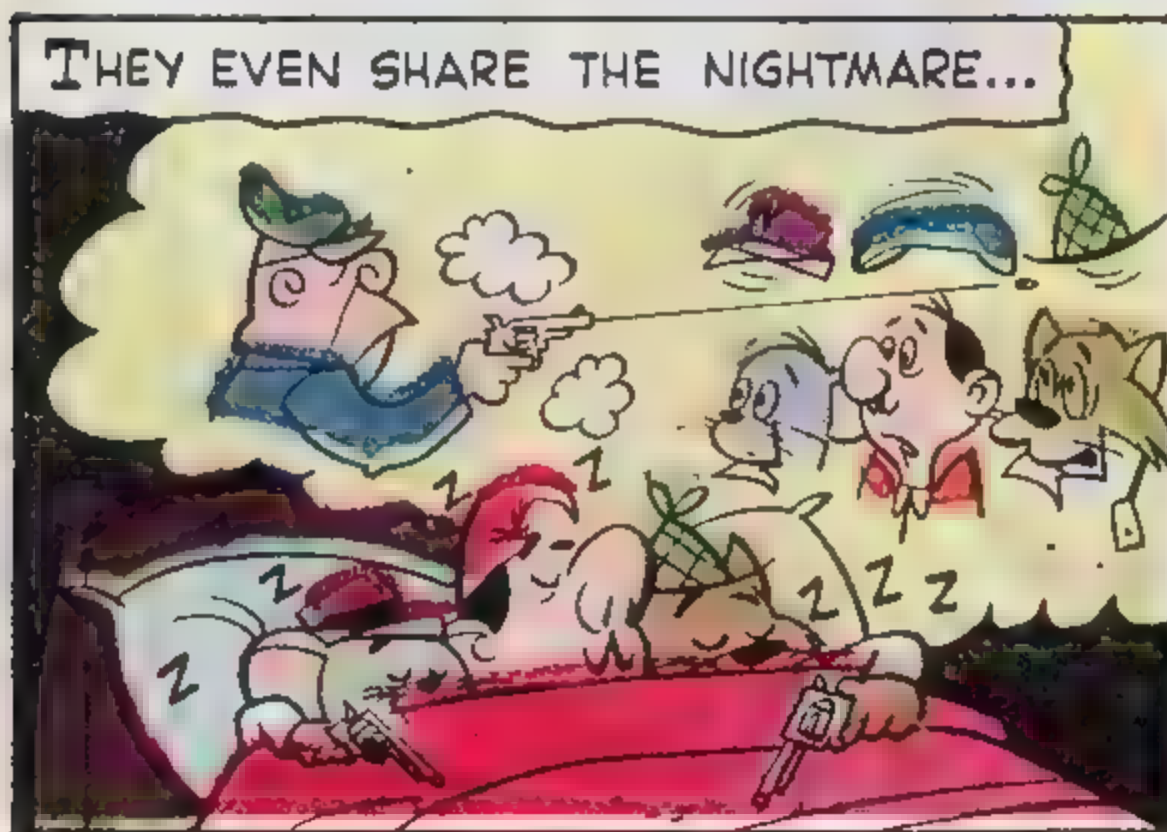


ONE ROOM WITH ONE BED, PLEASE!

AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE TO WALK!



THEY EVEN SHARE THE NIGHTMARE...

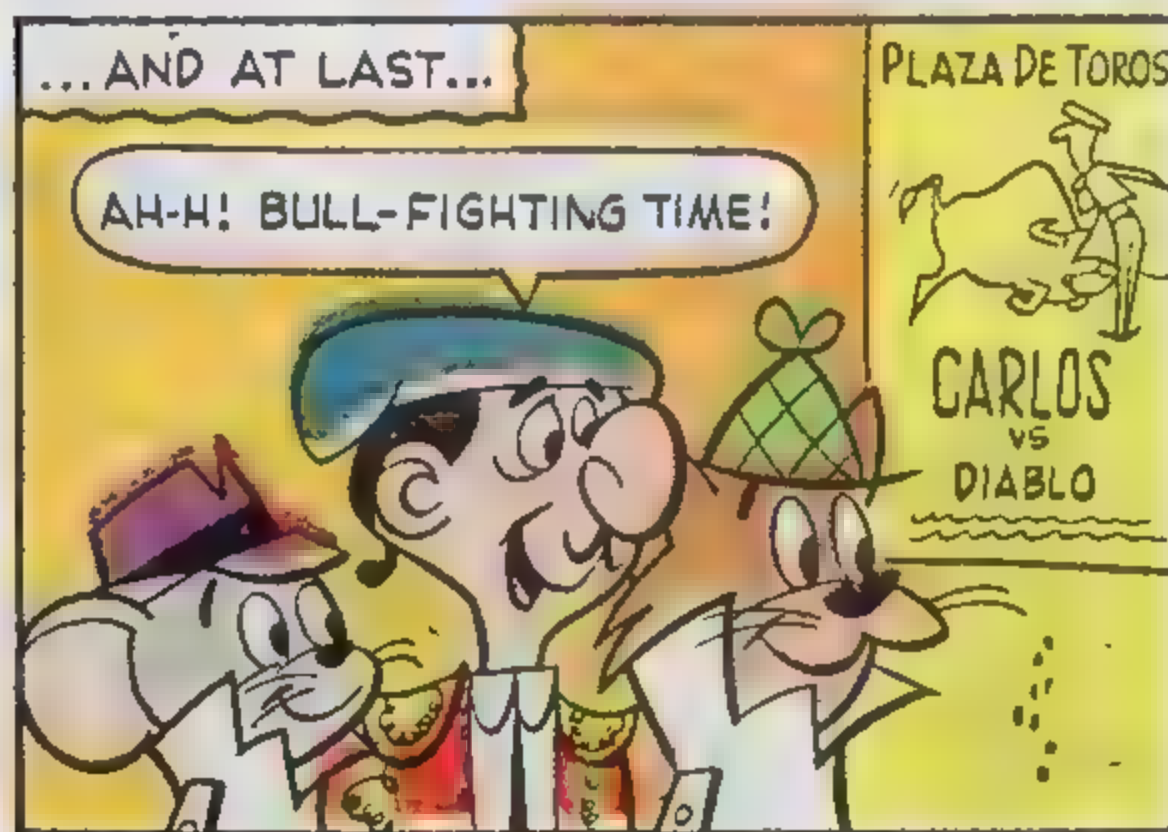


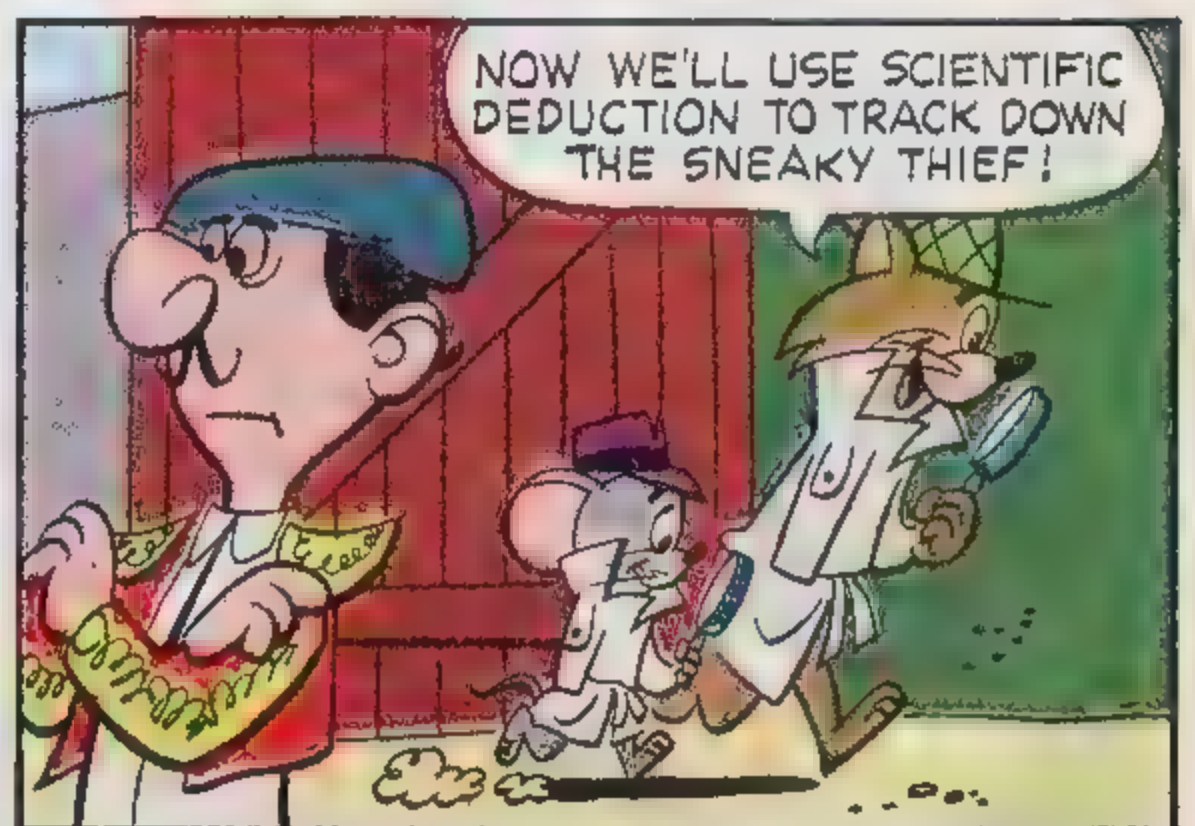
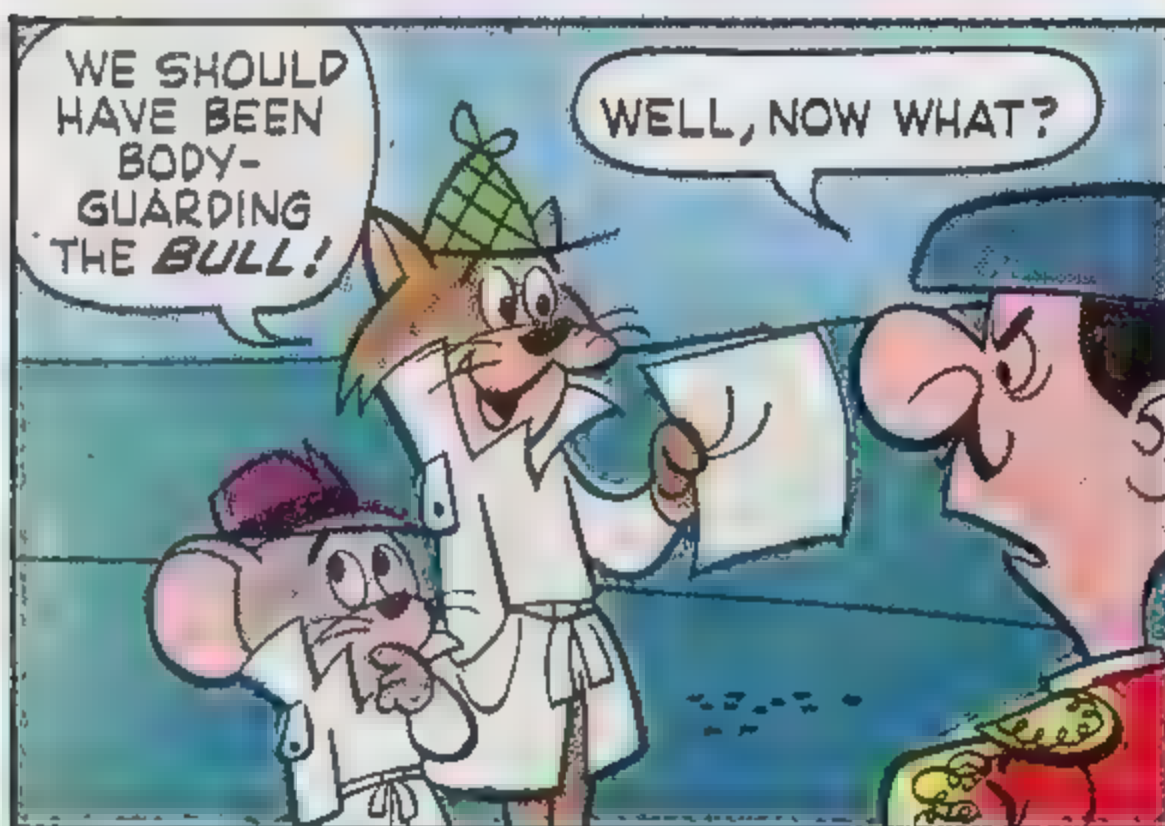
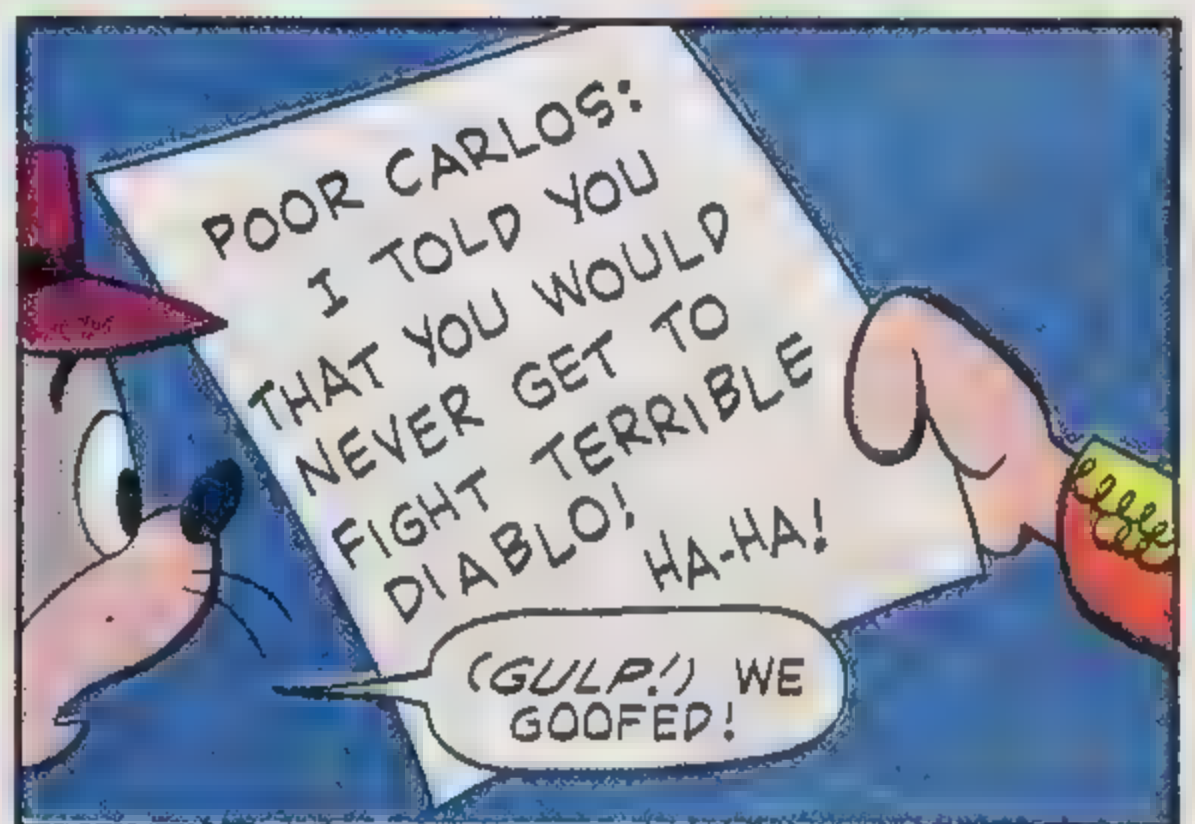
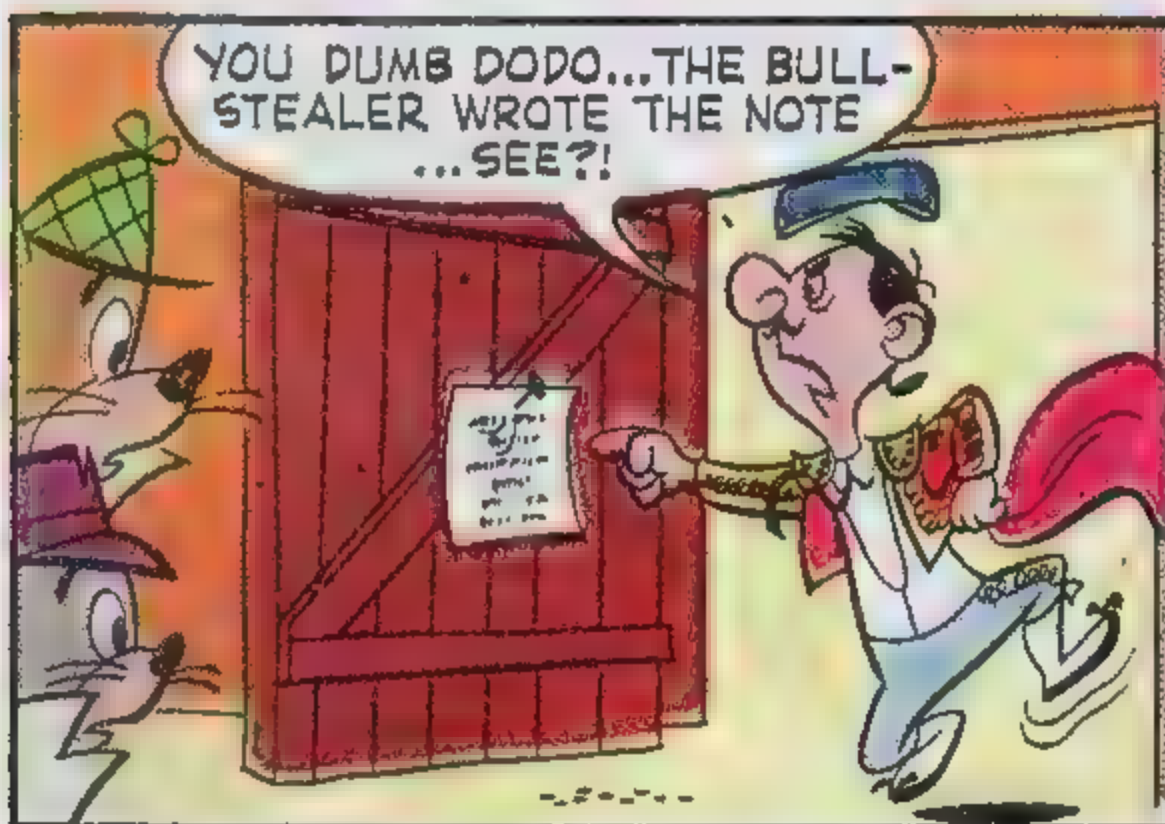
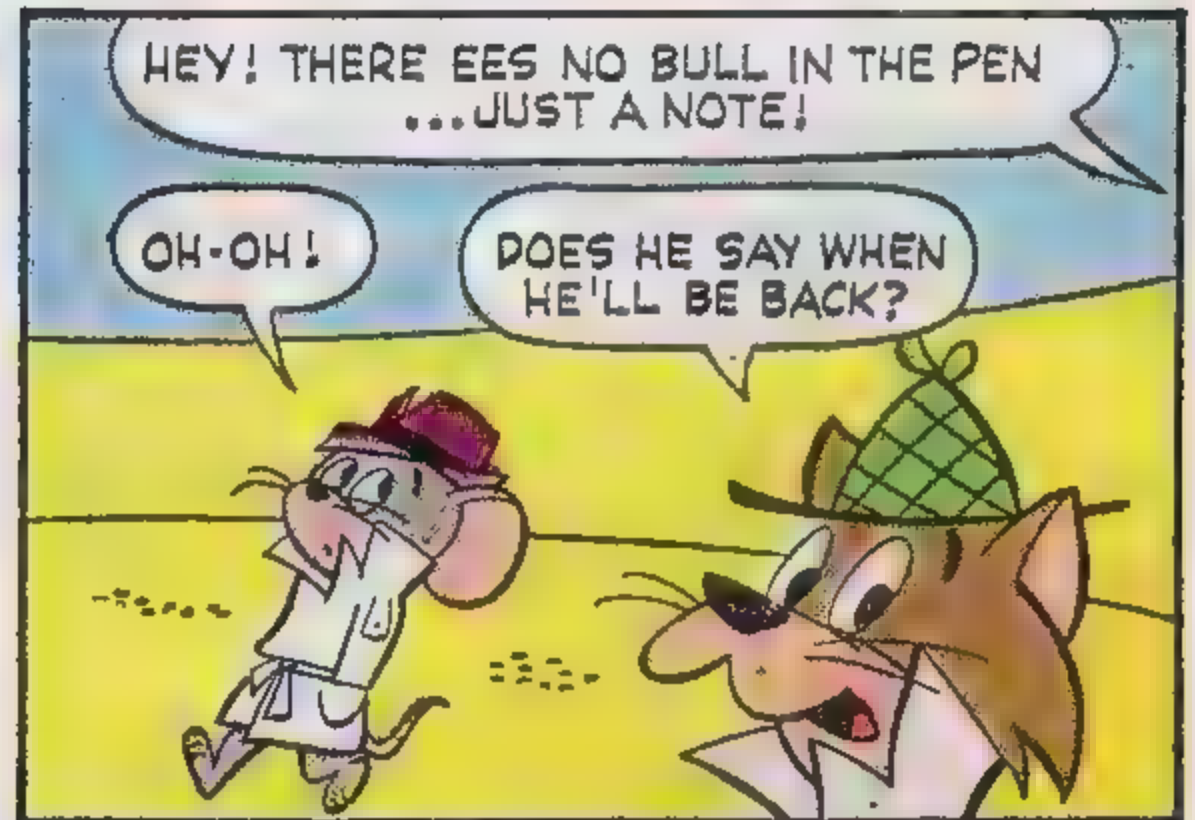
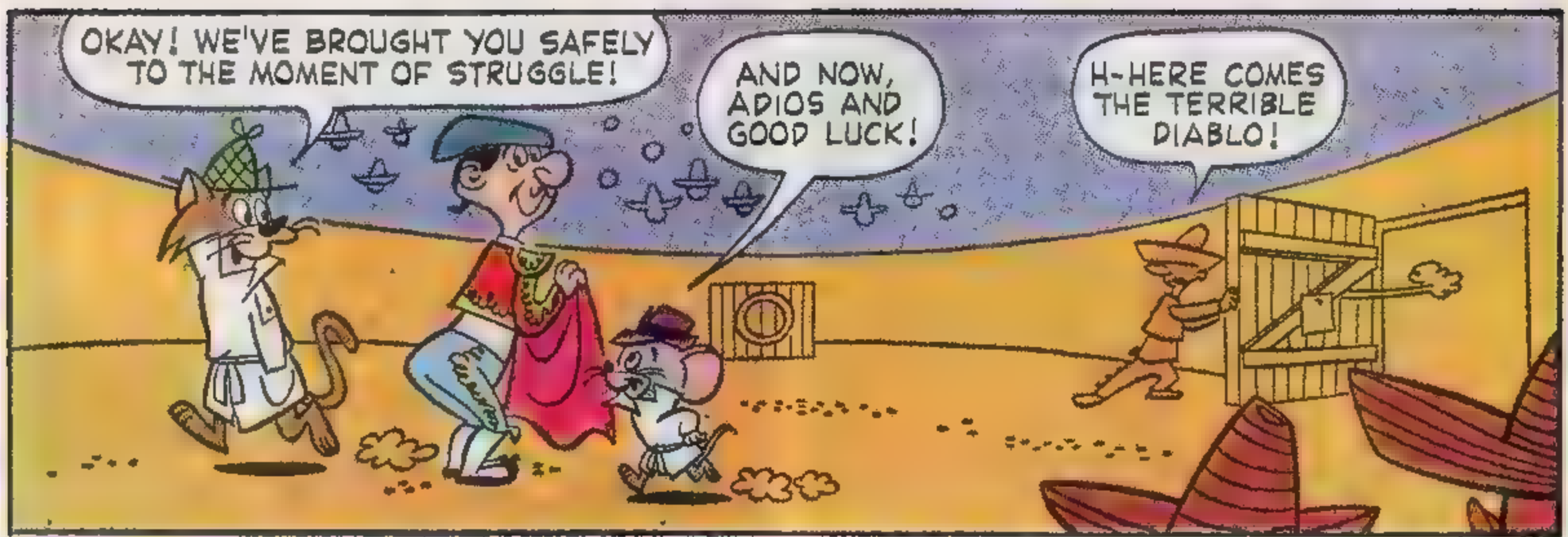
...AND AT LAST...

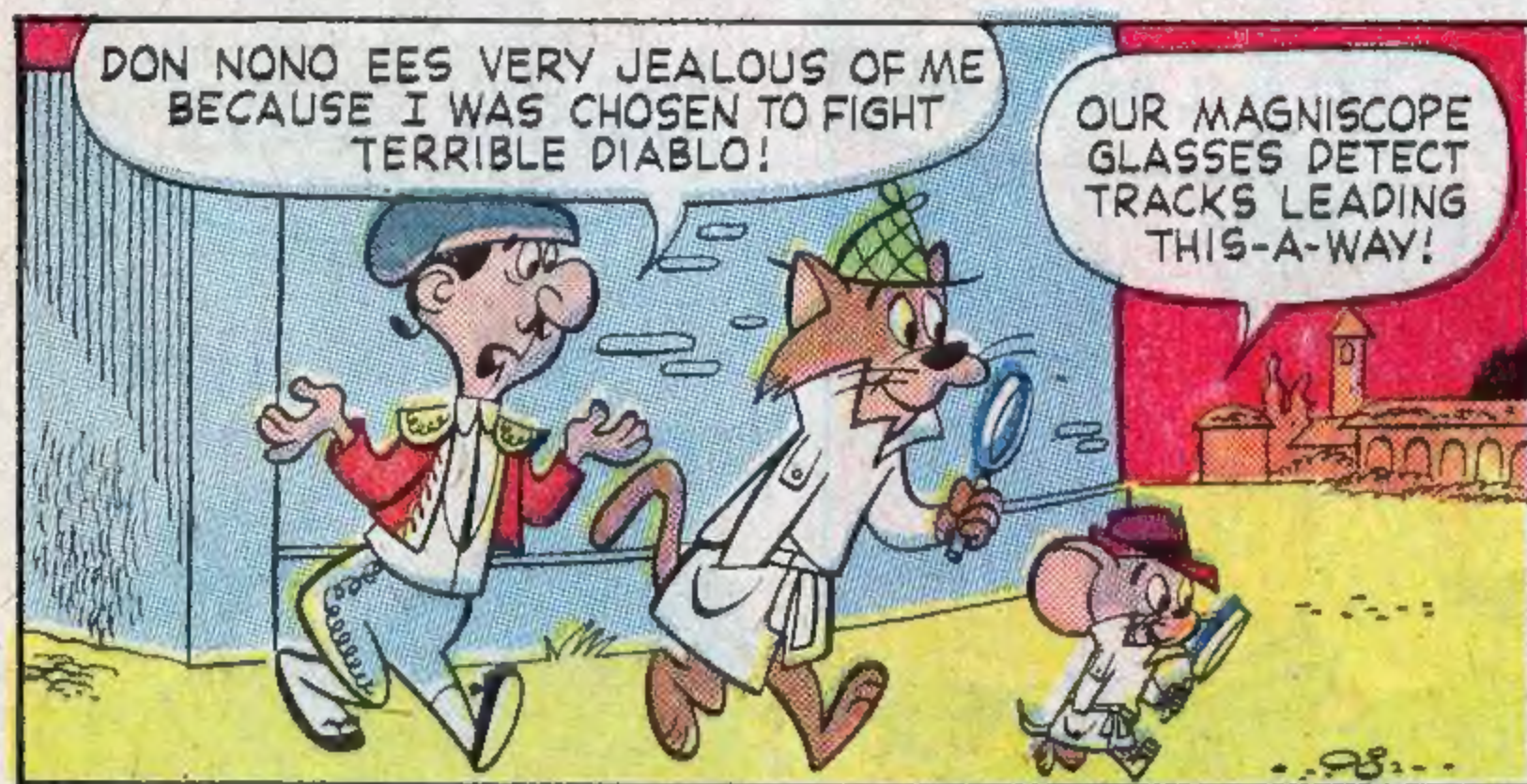
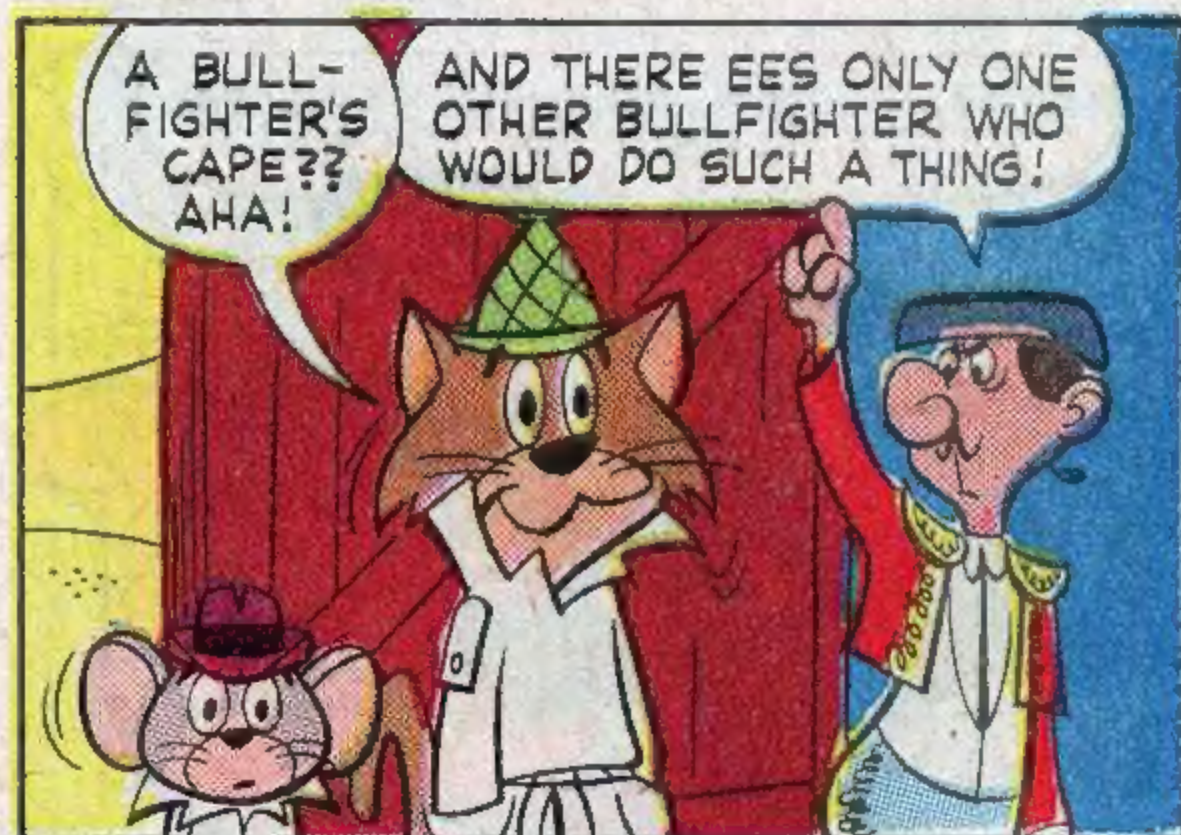
AH-H! BULL-FIGHTING TIME!

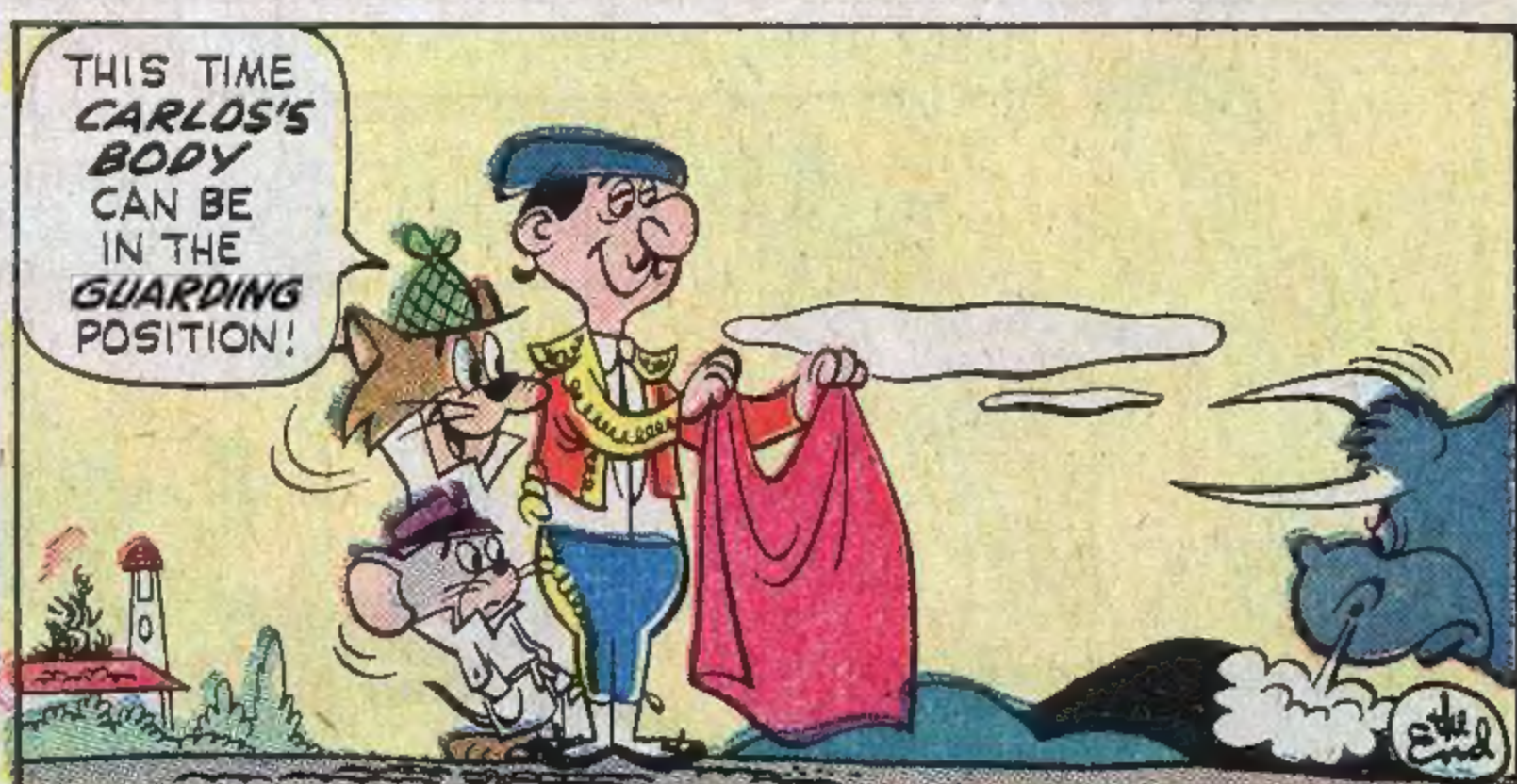
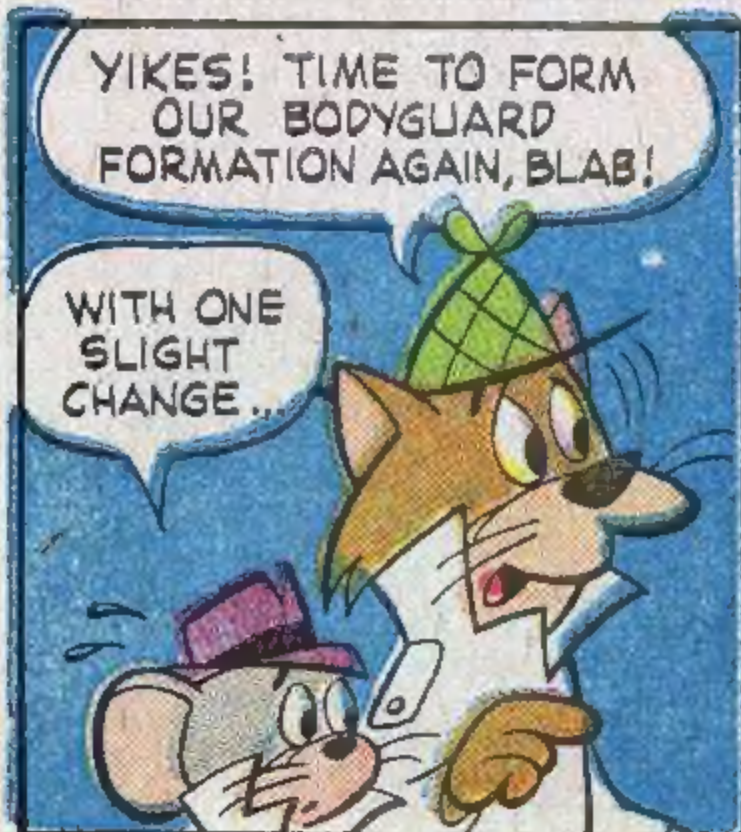
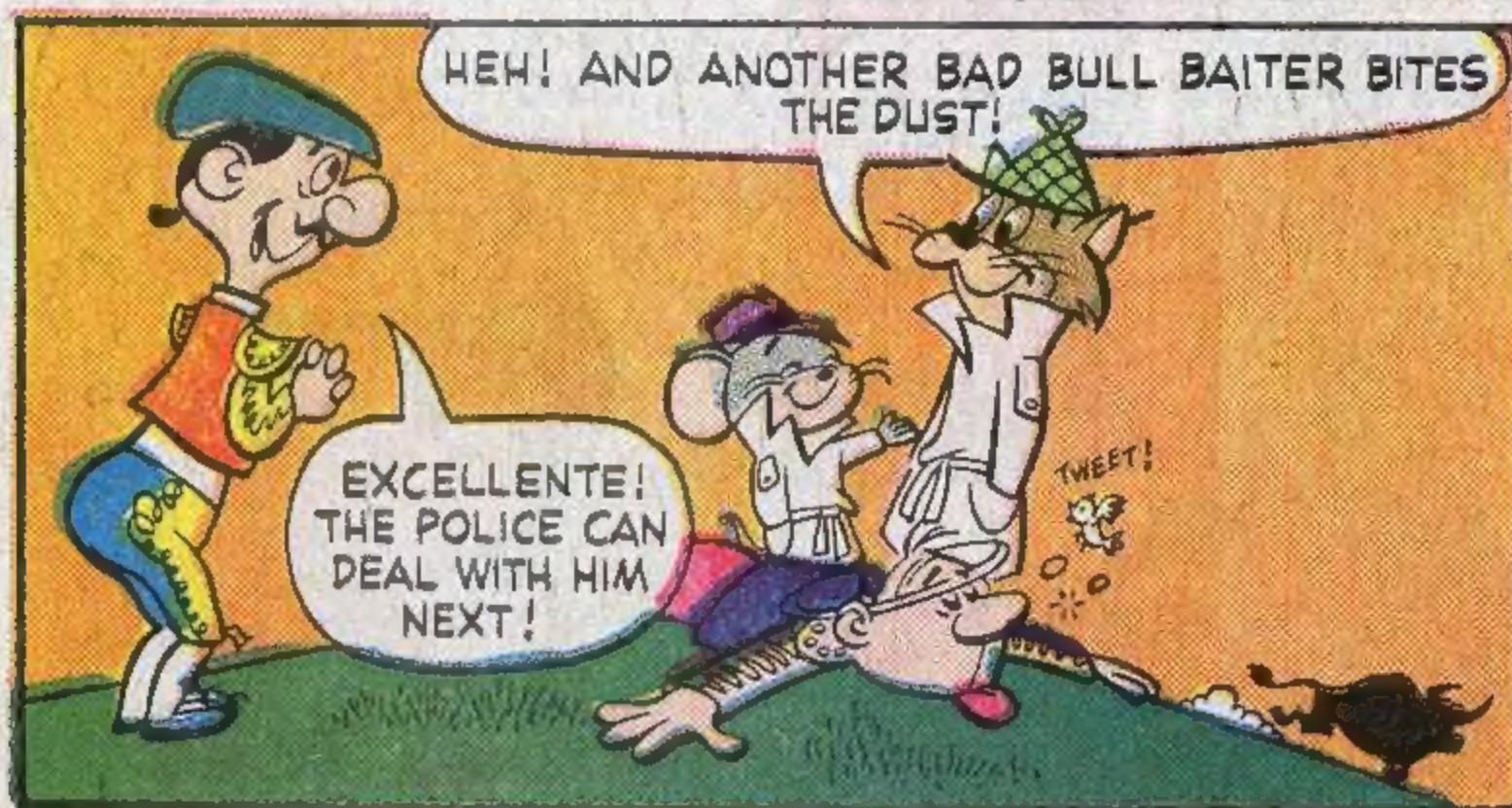
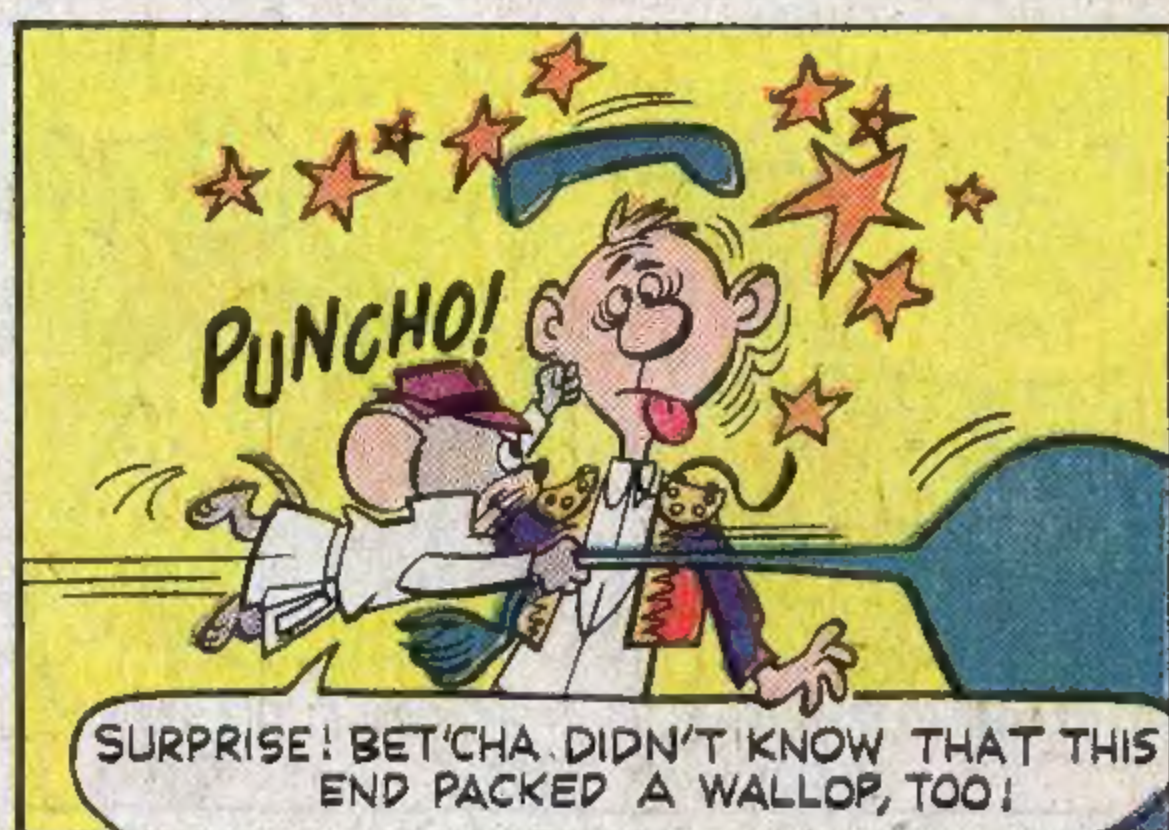
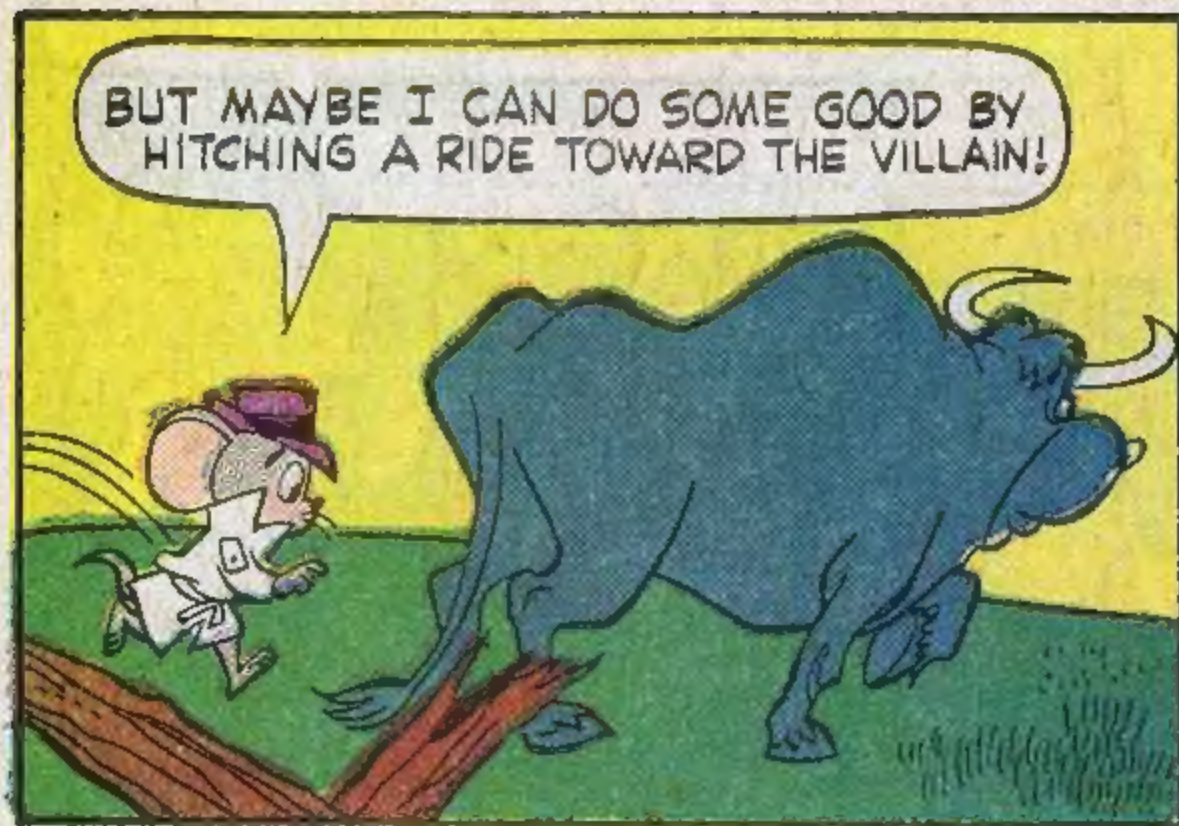
PLAZA DE TOROS

CARLOS VS DIABLO











KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

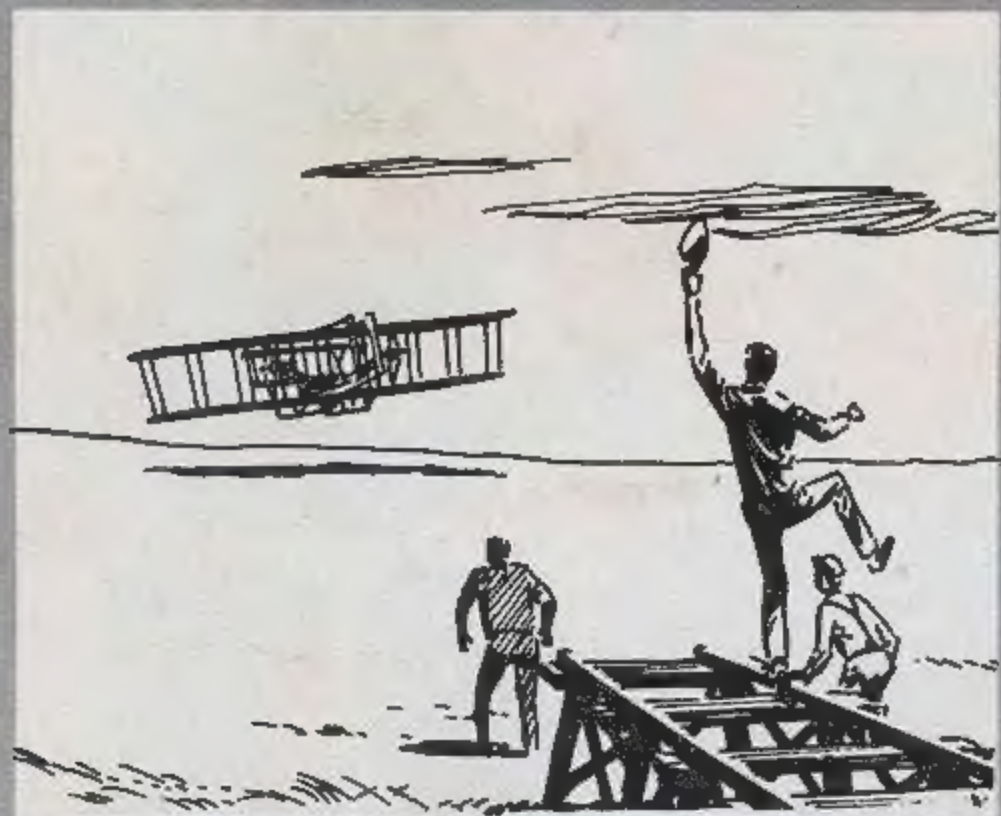
The HISTORY of FLIGHT

NUMBER 3

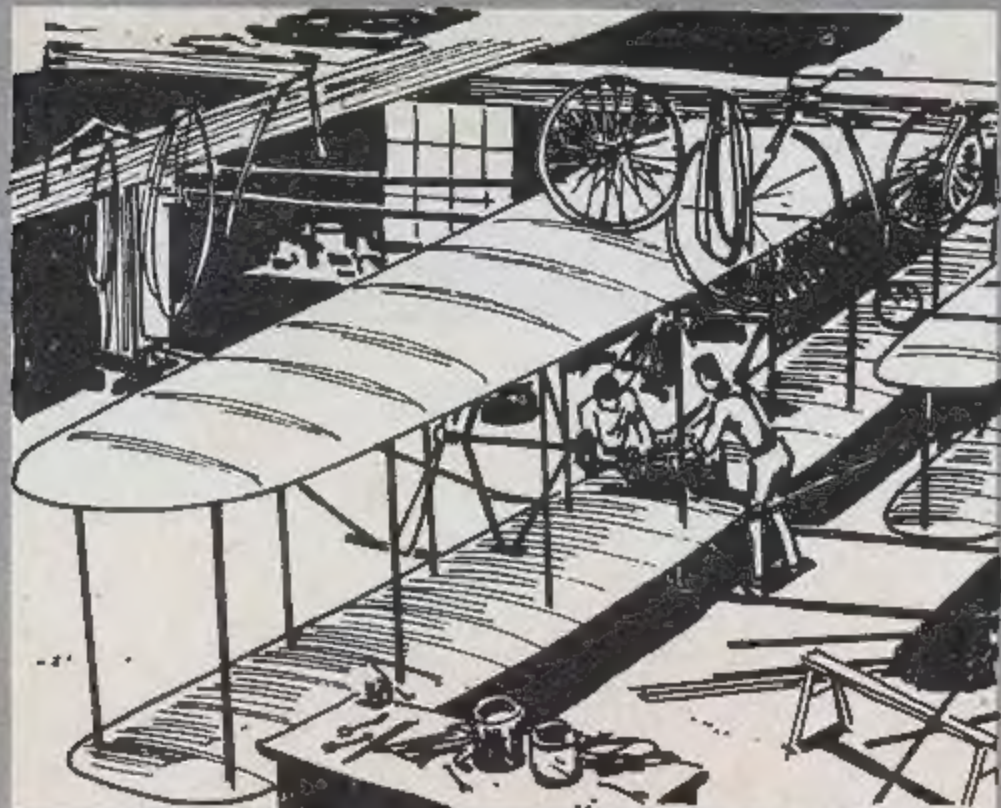
Power Takes to the Air

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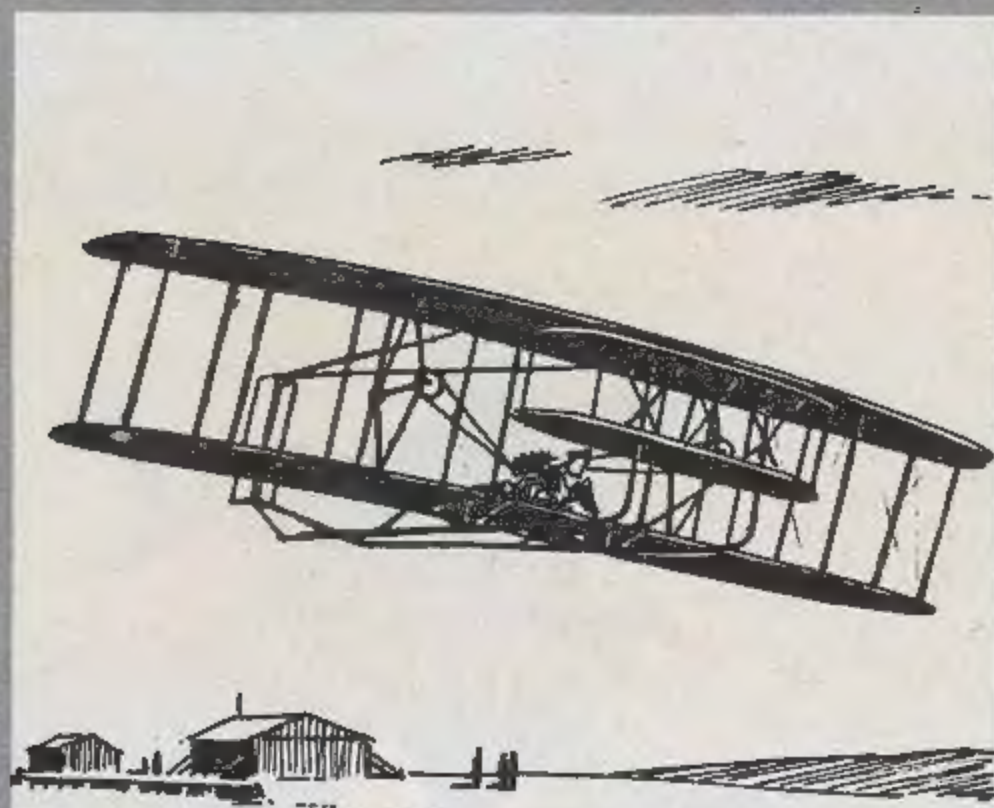
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



Launched from a rail of two-by-fours, their plane soared ten feet high and landed safely 120 feet away. Orville Wright was the pilot.



The Wrights, who were bicycle makers, built their entire plane themselves, even the engine. Its carburetor was an old tomato can.



On December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Orville and Wilbur Wright were first to achieve flight in powered aircraft.



That total flight does not even equal the wing span of today's transports. However, the fourth flight that day covered 852 feet.



Minutes after completing the four historic flights, the "Flyer" was buffeted to destruction by jealous, capricious winds.

SNOOPER and BLABBER PIN-UP NO. 3

